

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

RED RACKHAM'S *TREASURE*

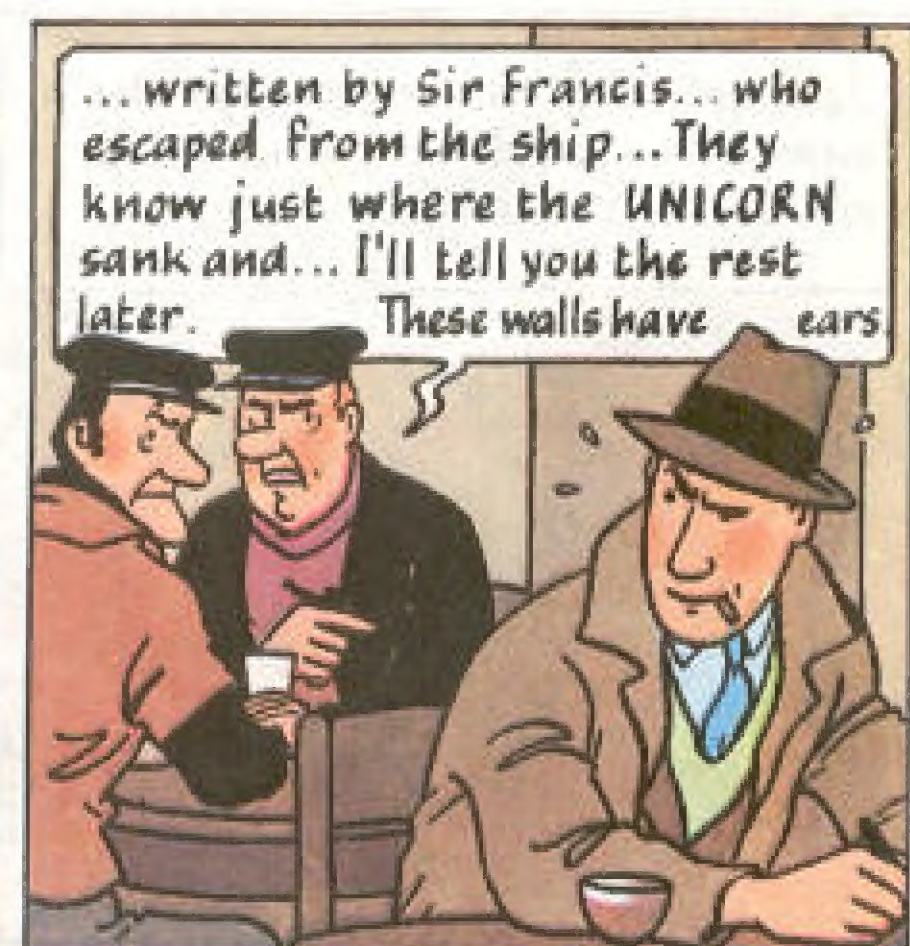
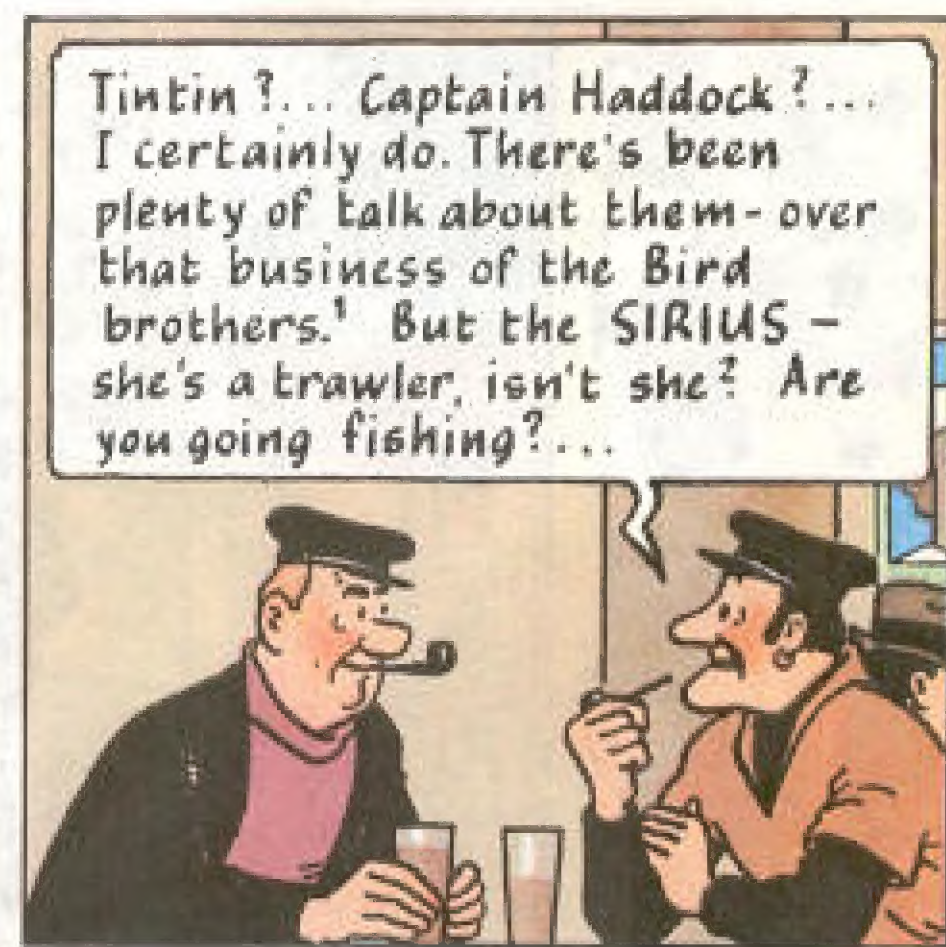
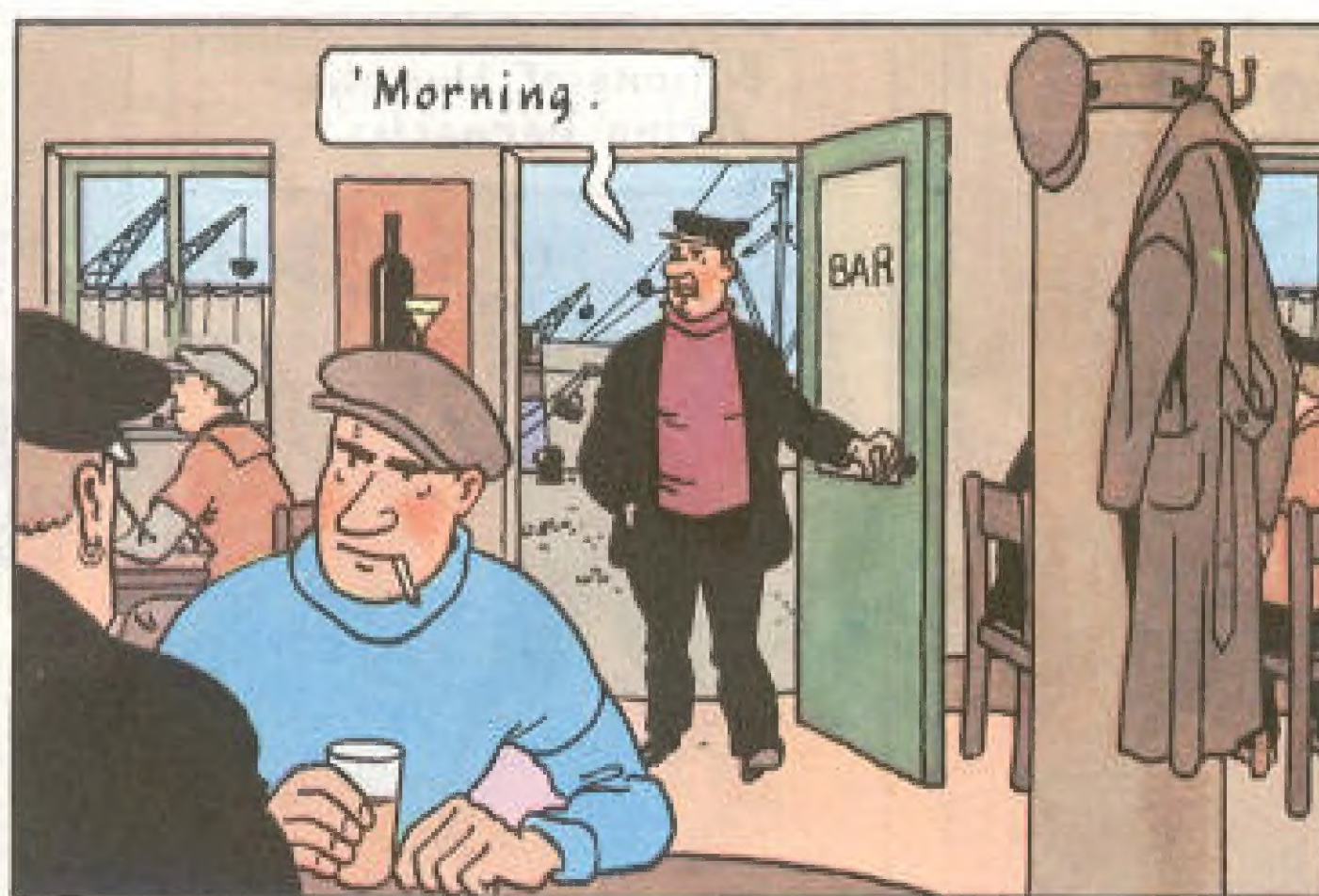
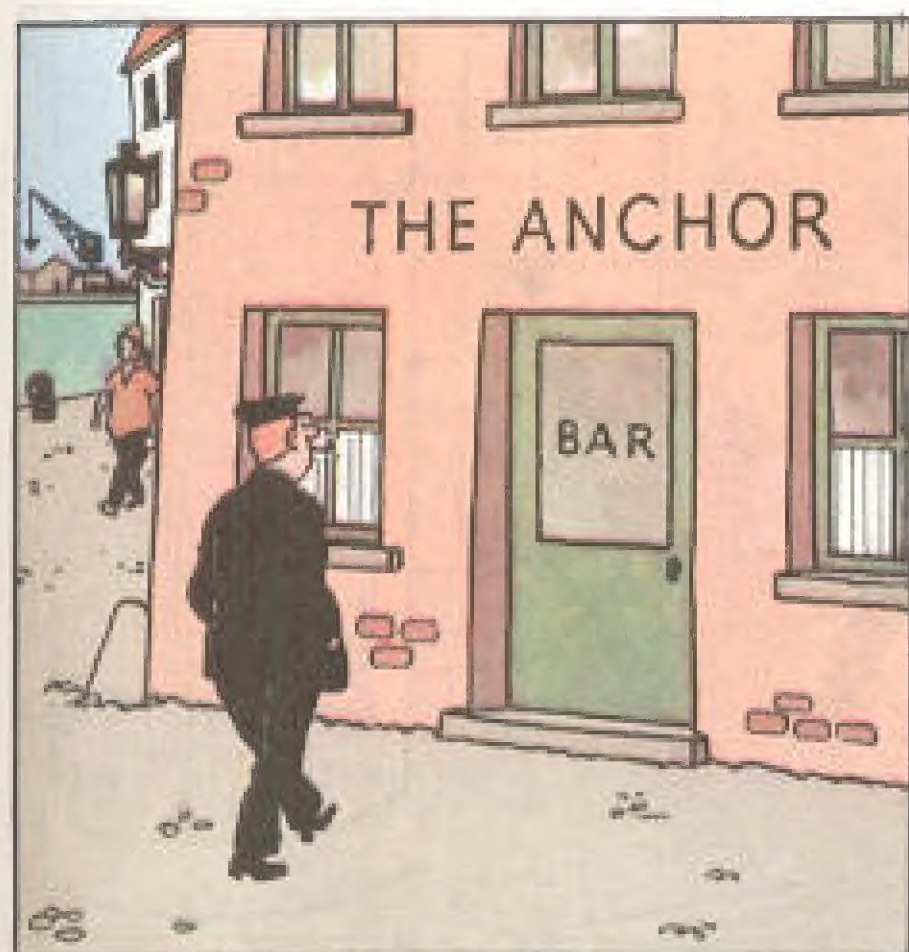


MAGNET

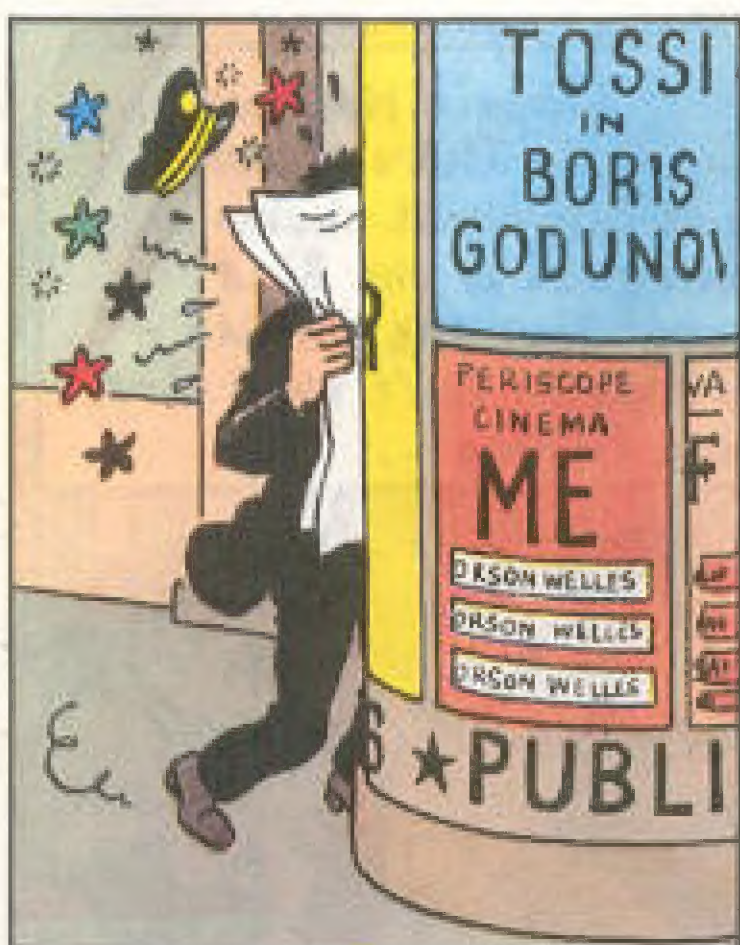
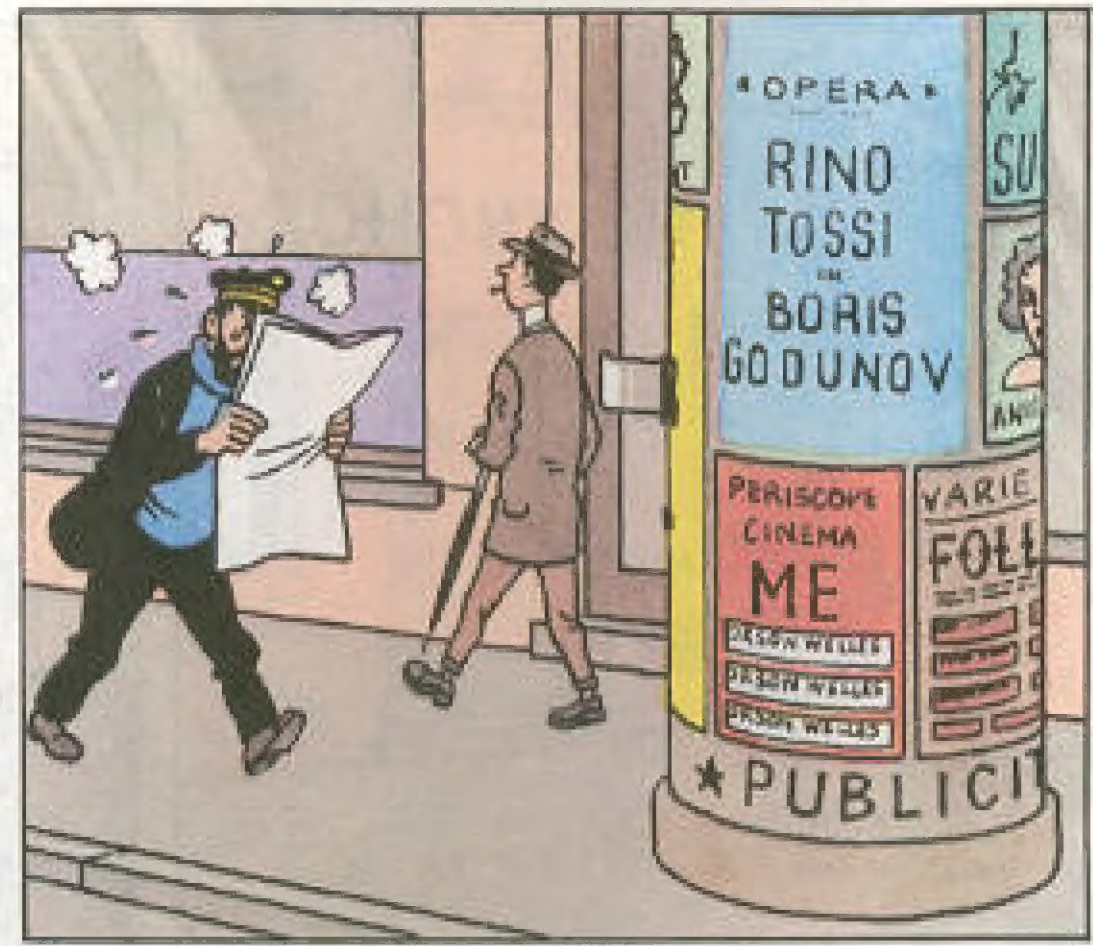


MAGNET

RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



¹ See The Secret of the Unicorn

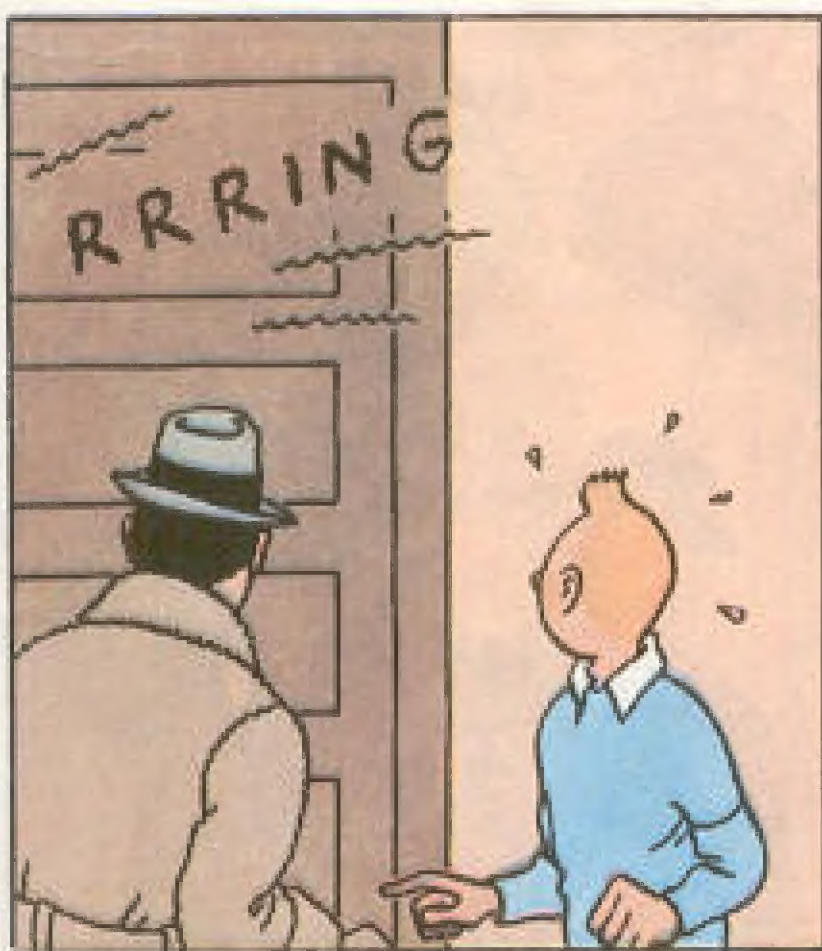


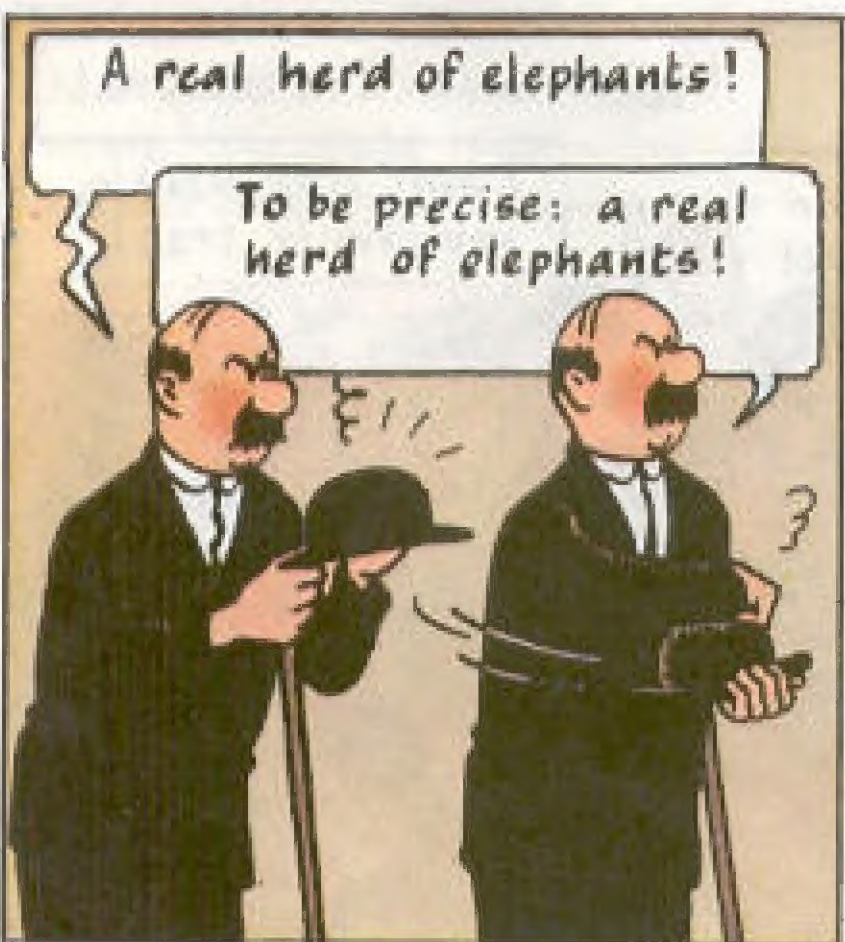
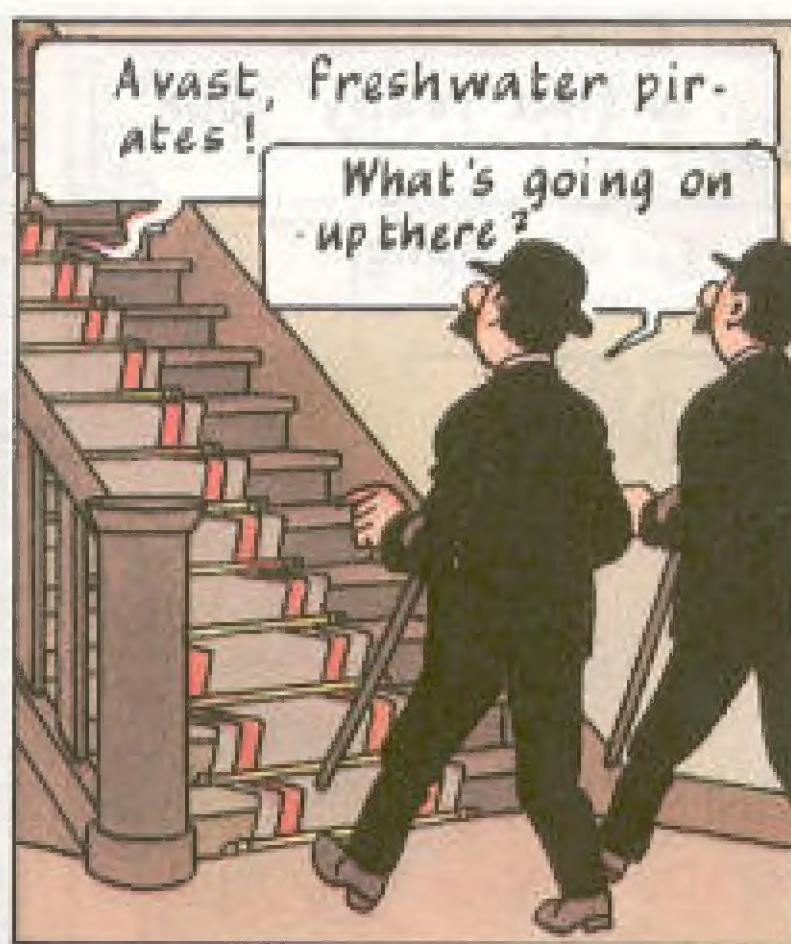
Red Rackham's Treasure

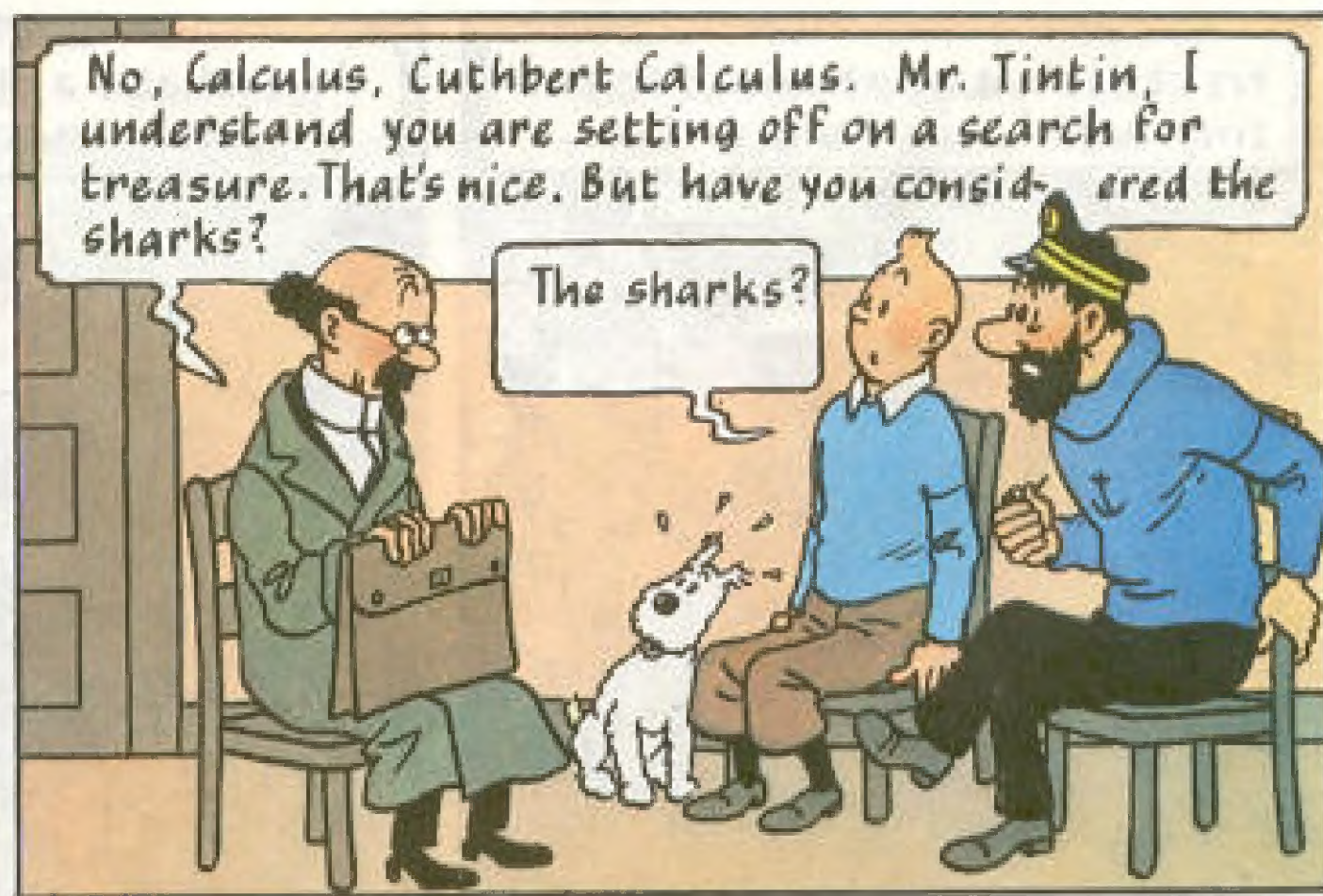
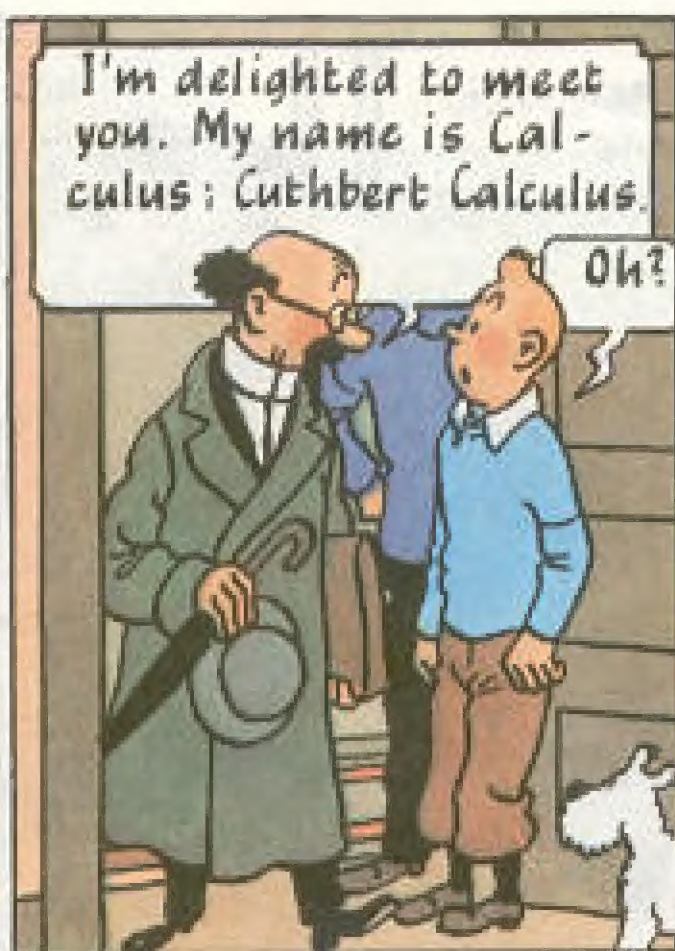
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

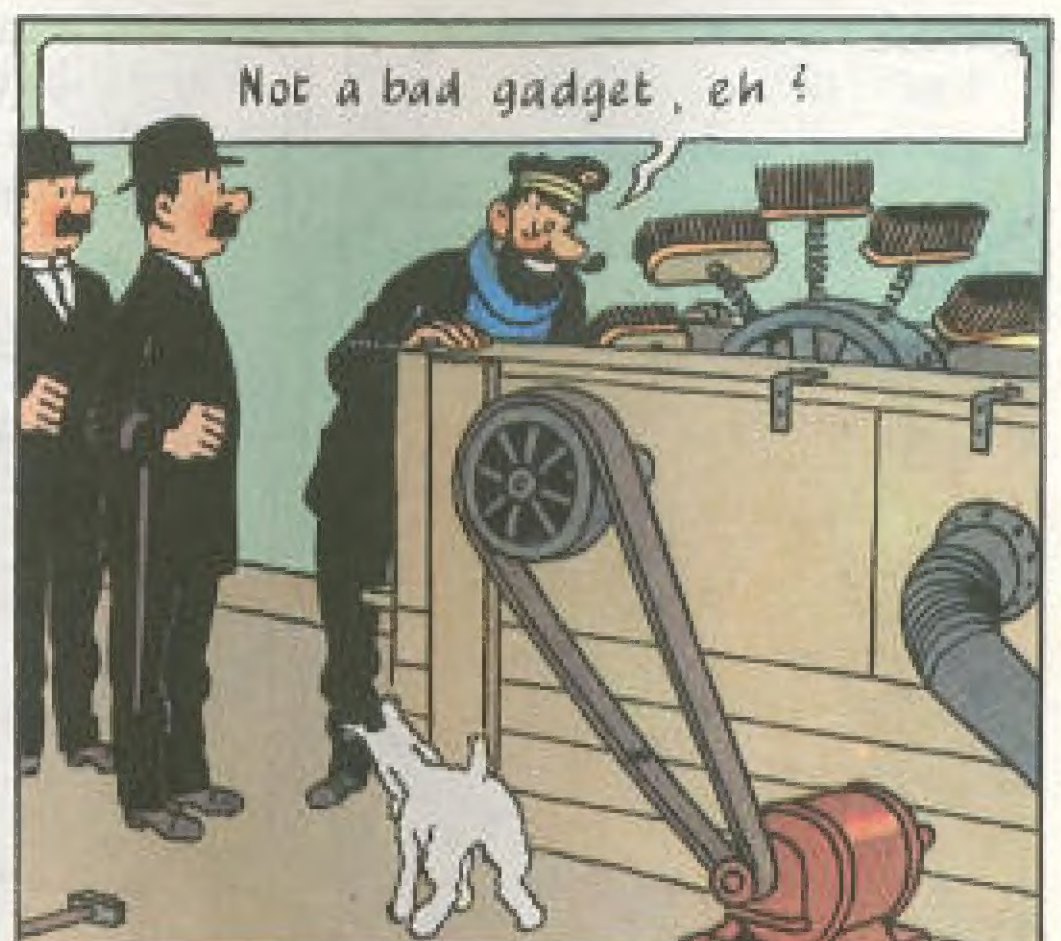
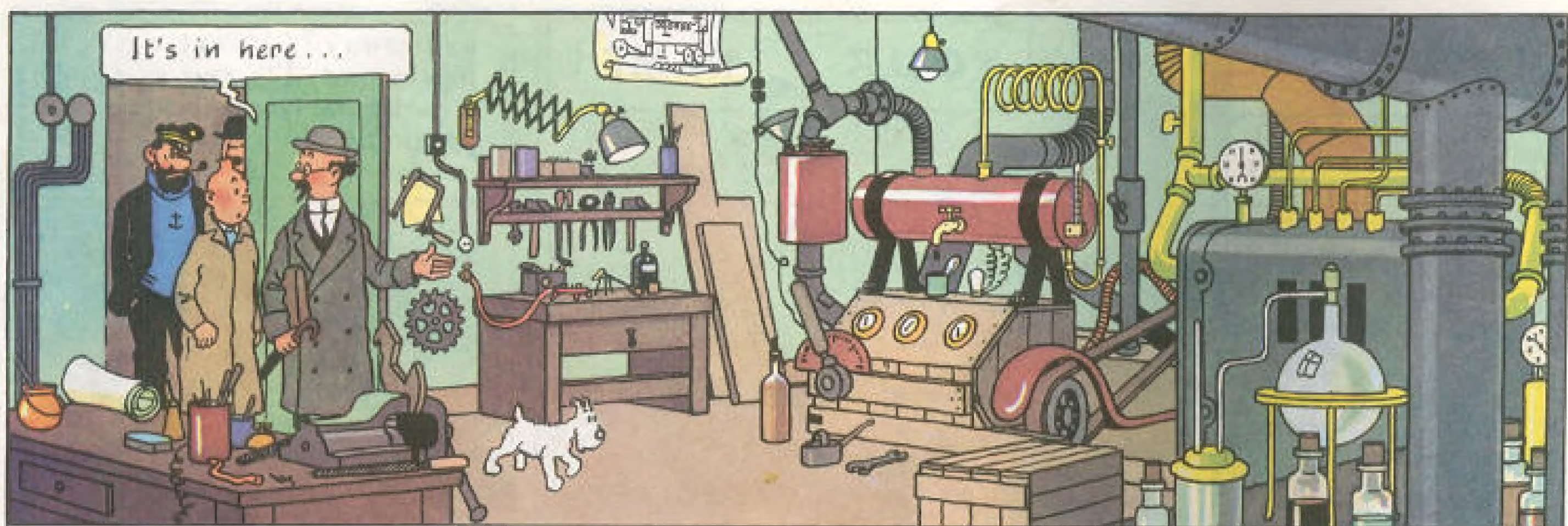
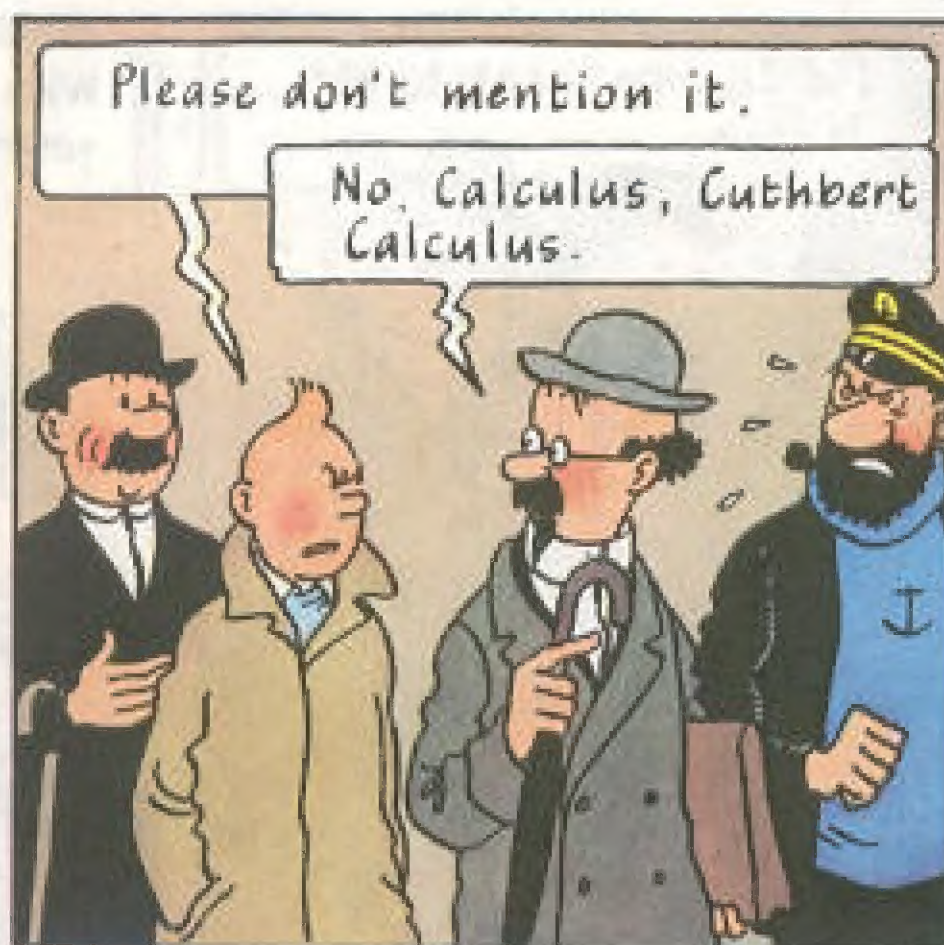
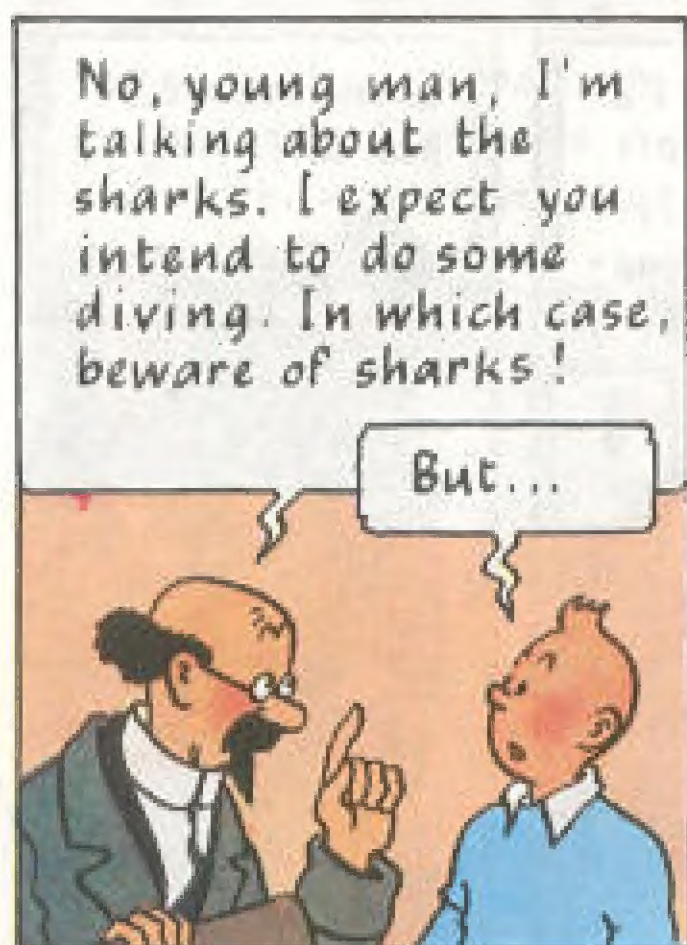
This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,

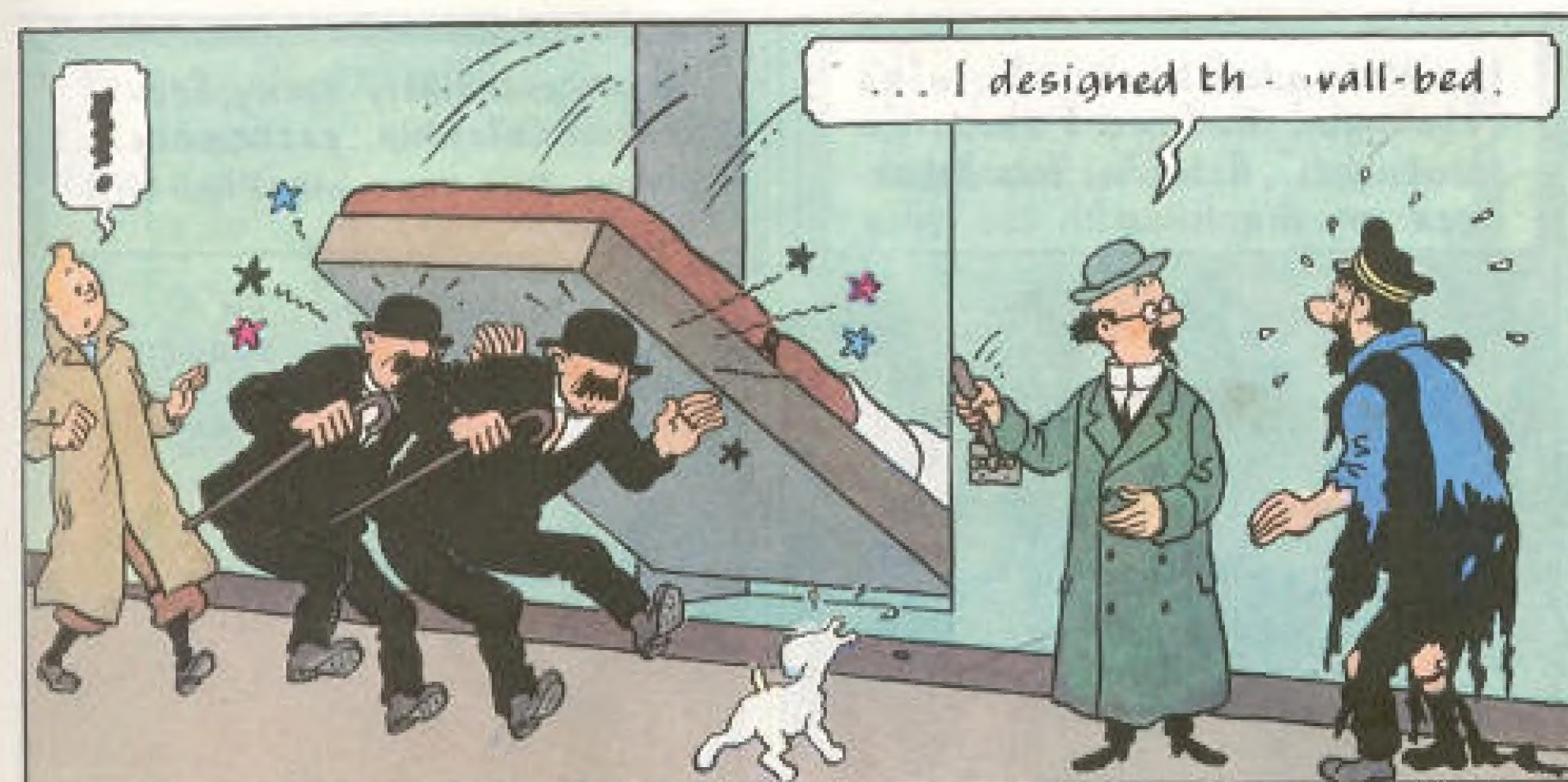
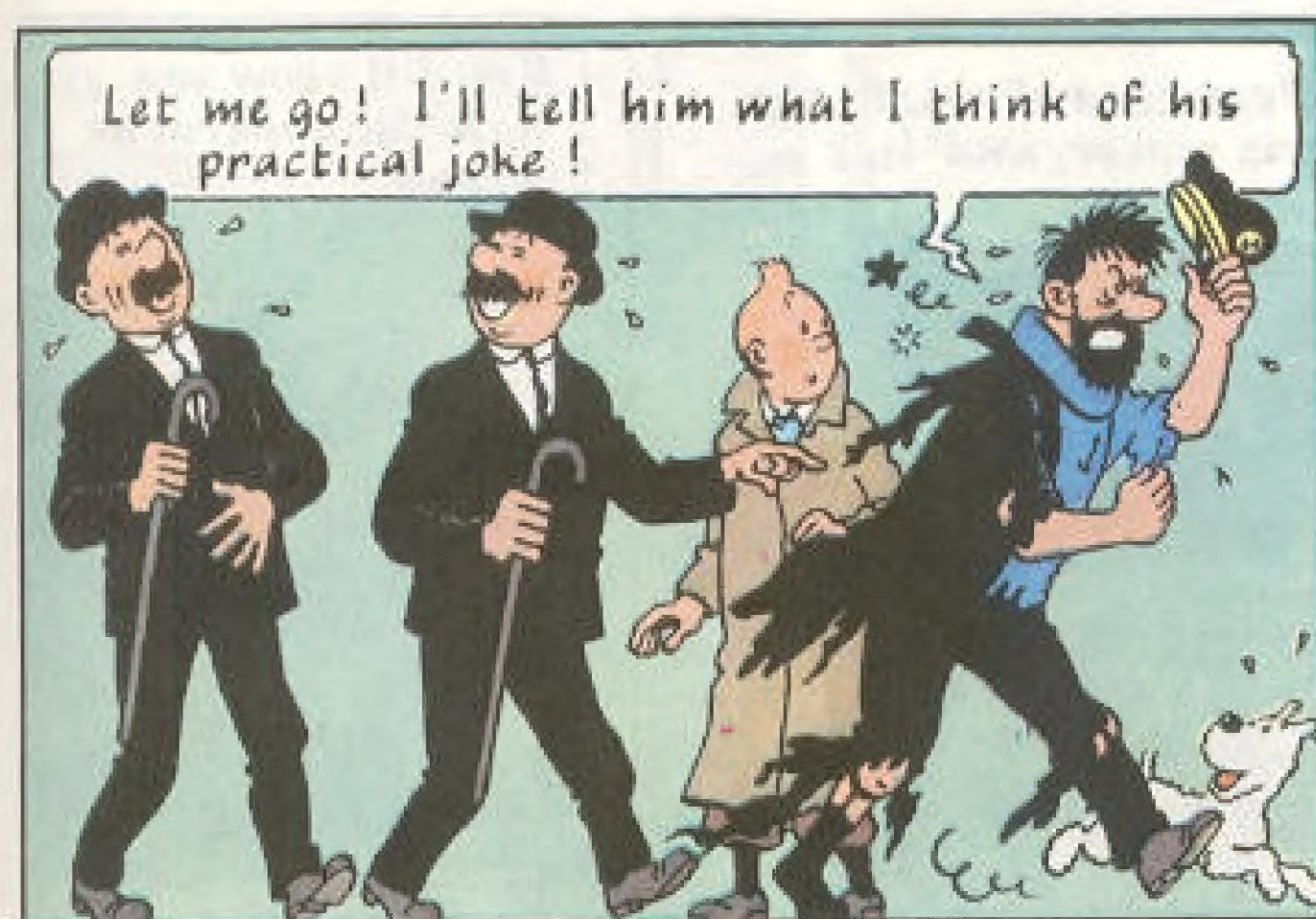
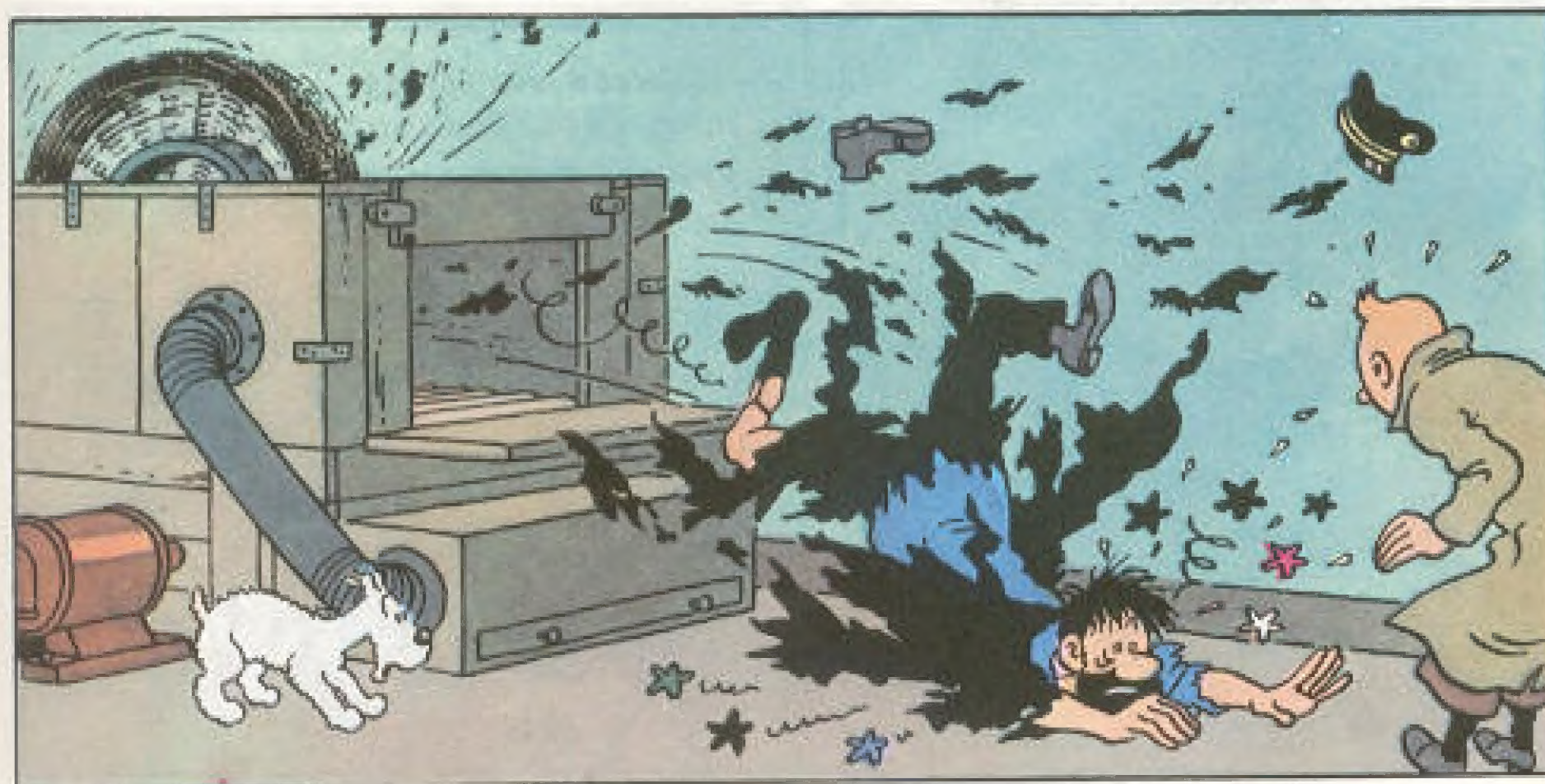


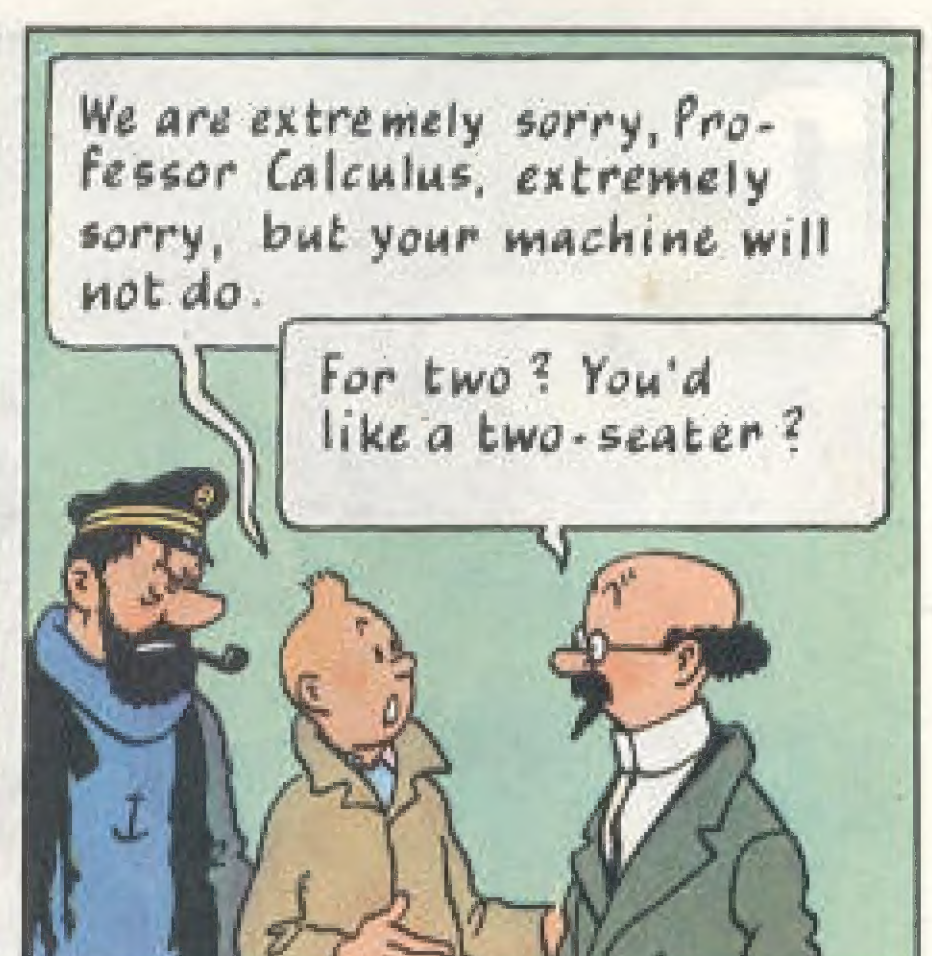
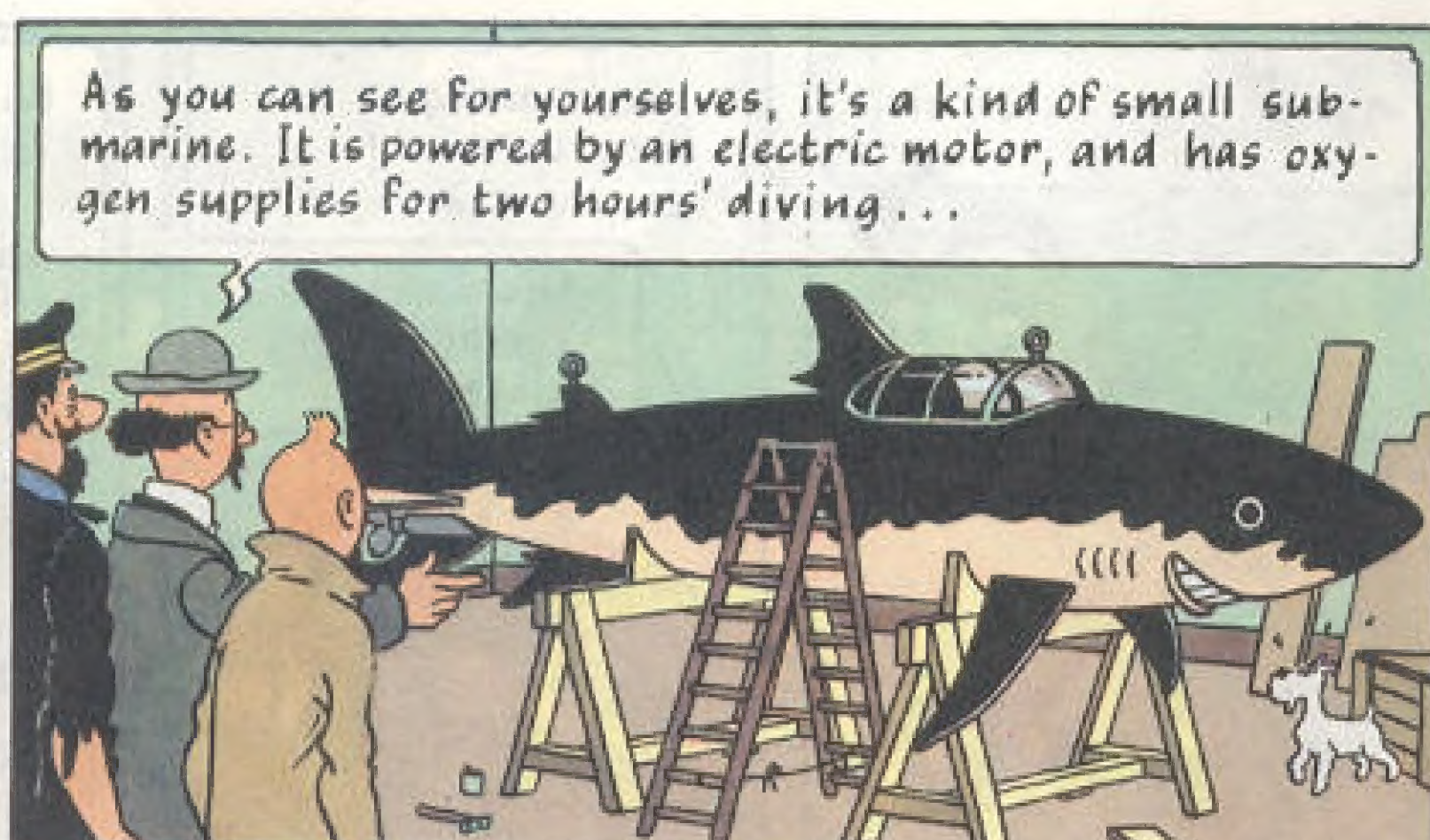
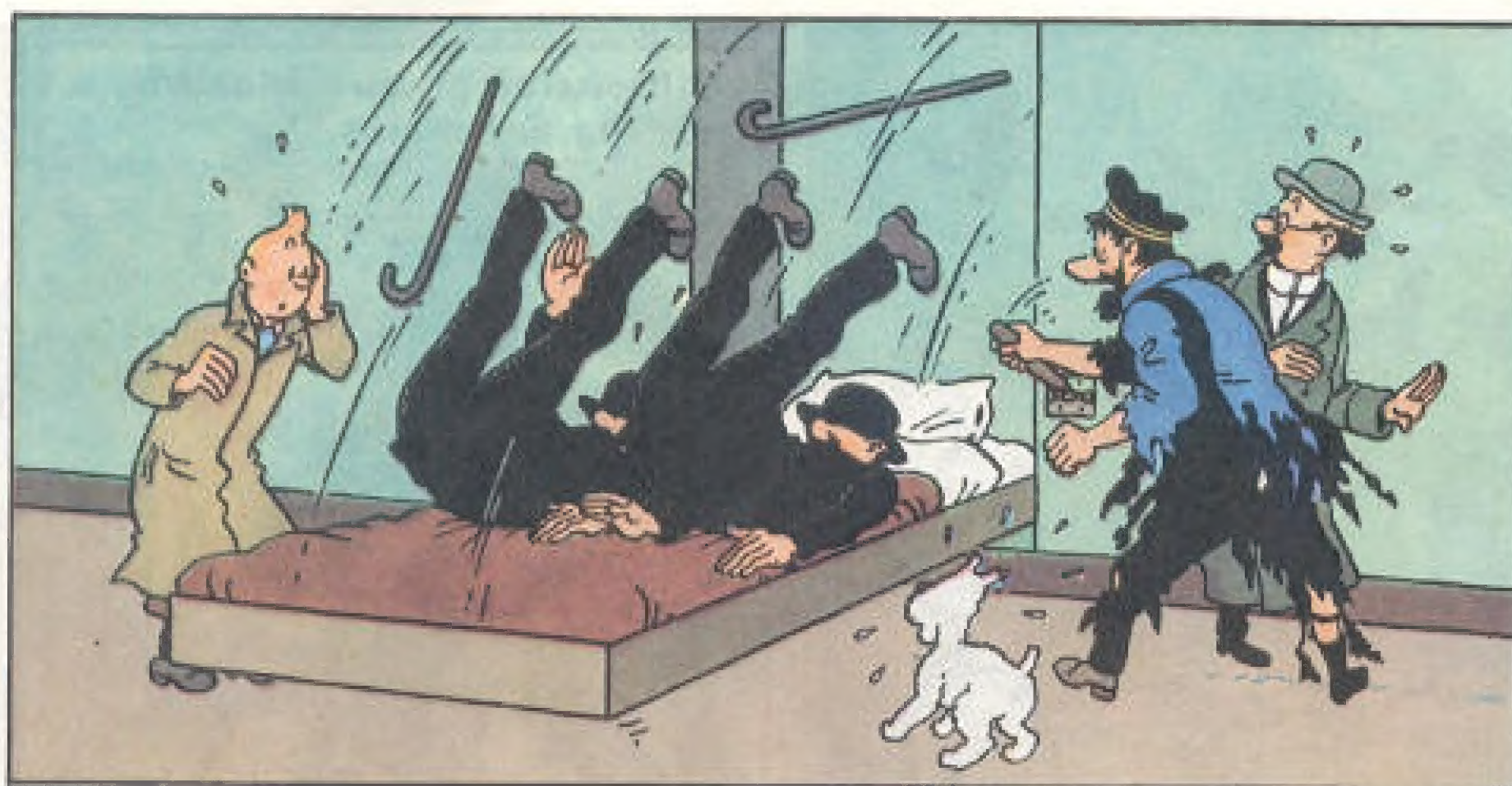
















It's horrible!... What's happened to me?



Nothing, Captain! It's just that you were looking in a concave mirror! And here's a convex one!

Thank goodness!



But here's another mirror... I'll just reassure myself!

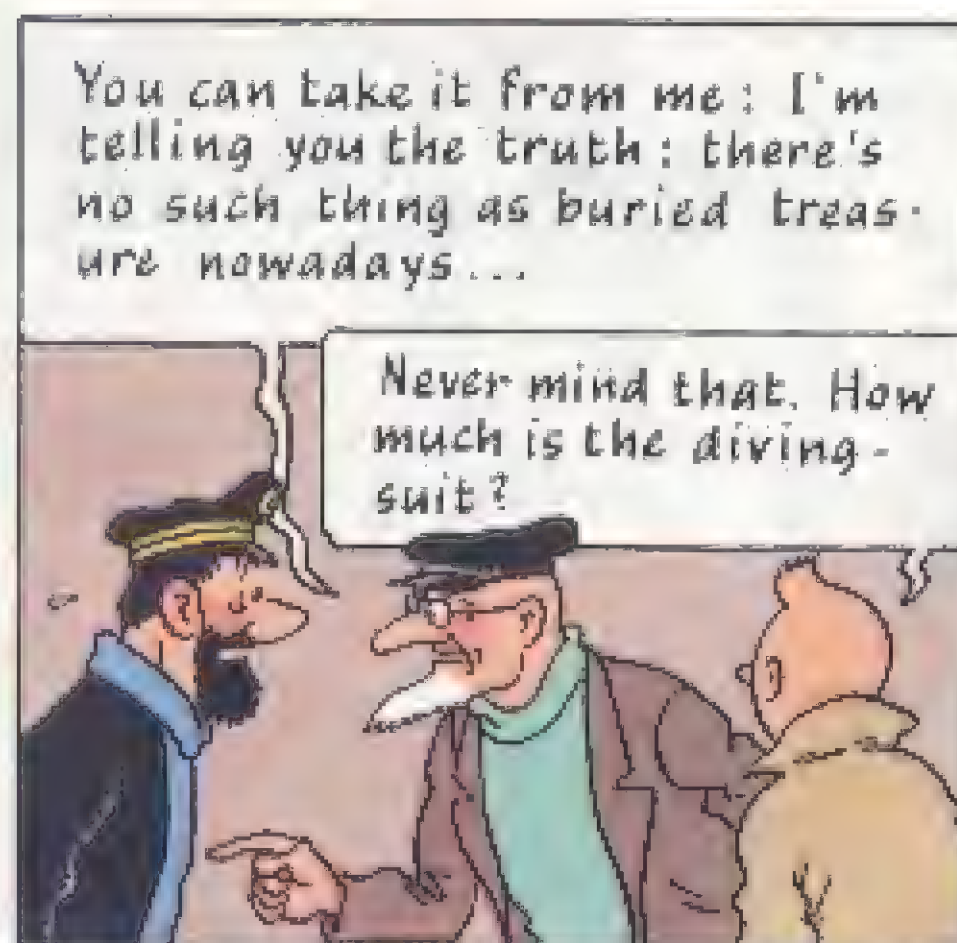


Oh!



Seven years of bad luck!

And two pounds for the mirror!



You can take it from me: I'm telling you the truth: there's no such thing as buried treasure nowadays...

Never mind that. How much is the diving-suit?

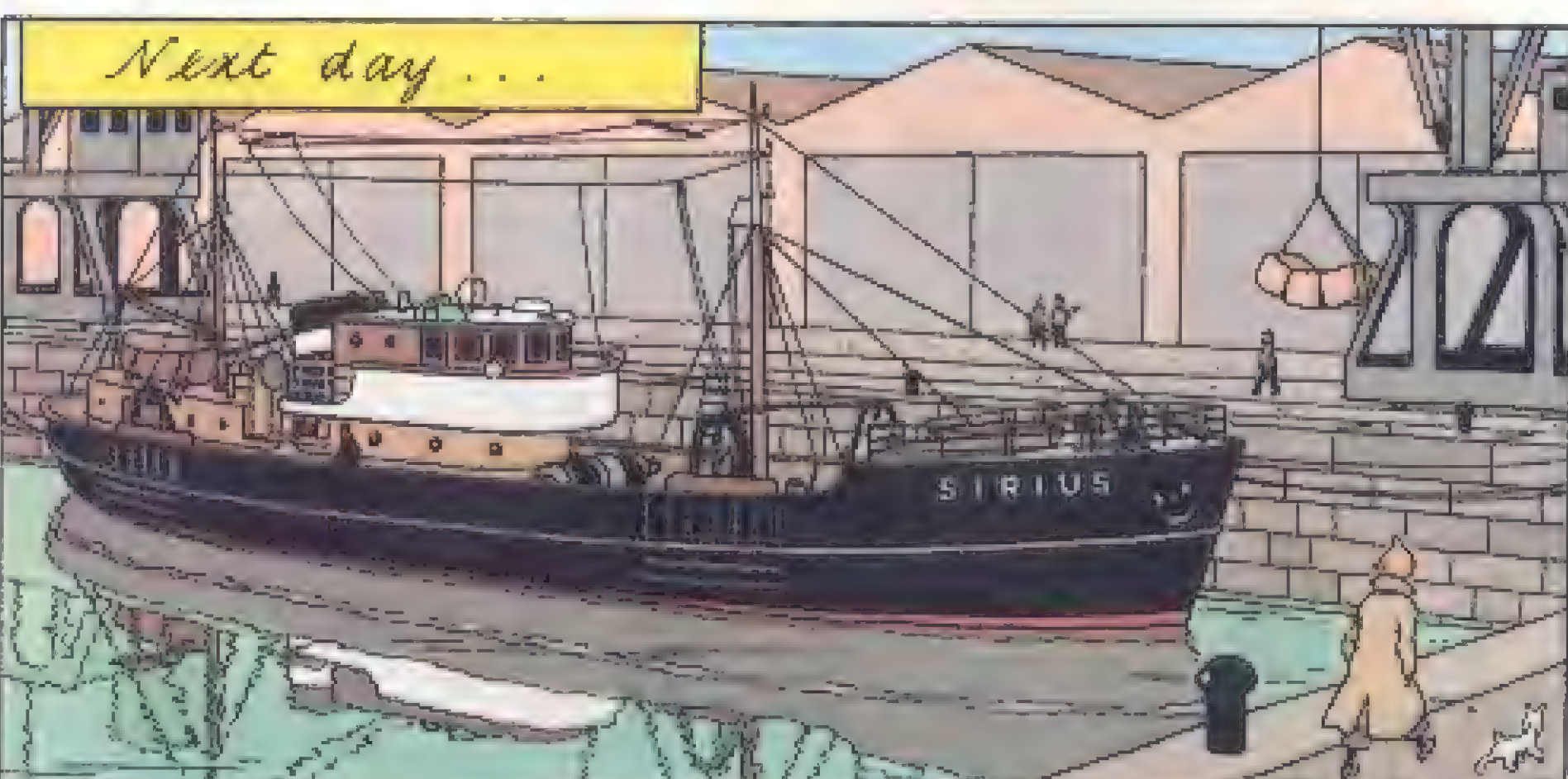


Ten pounds.

All right. We'll have it collected this afternoon. Shall we go, Captain?



Remember what I said, my lad. You won't find any treasure!



Next day...



Good morning, Captain. All well?

No, bad!

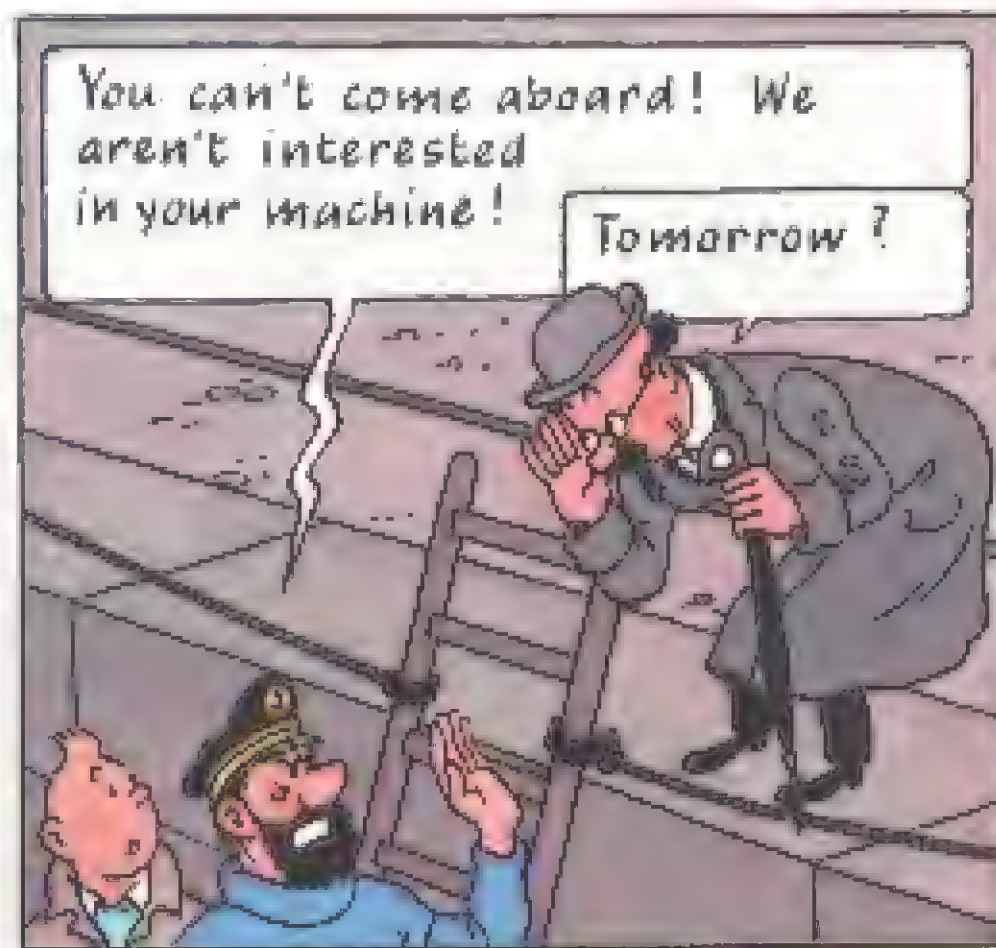
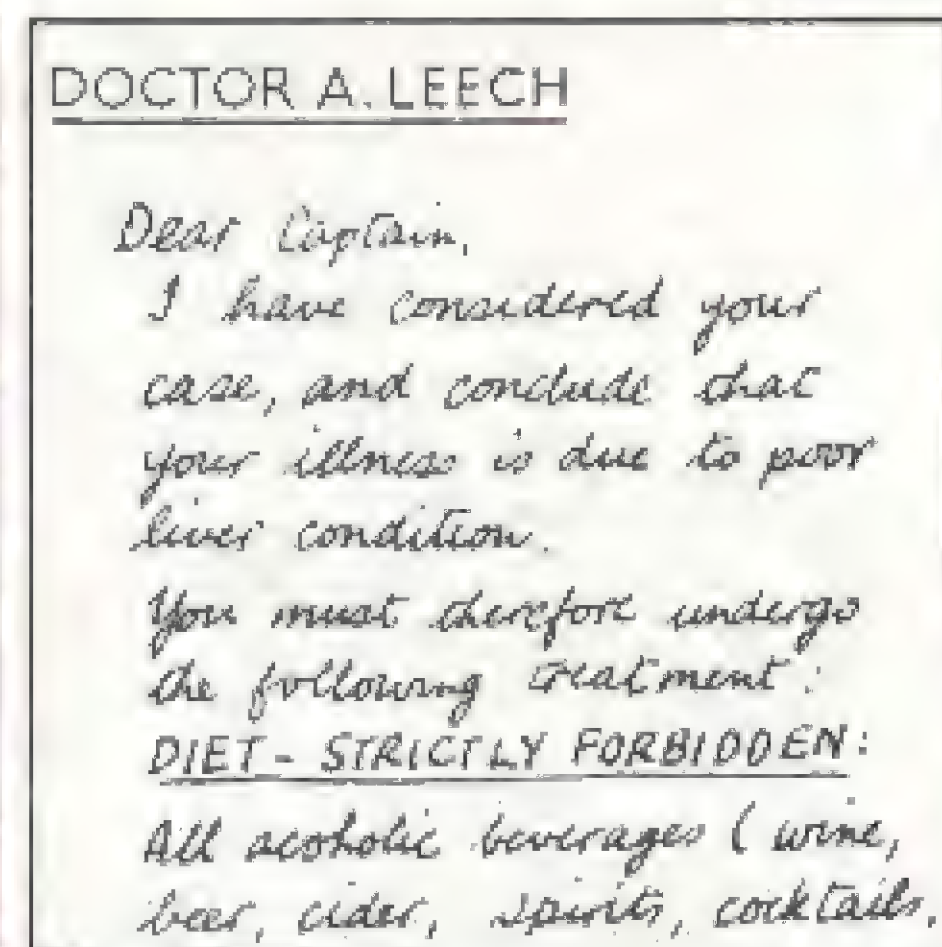
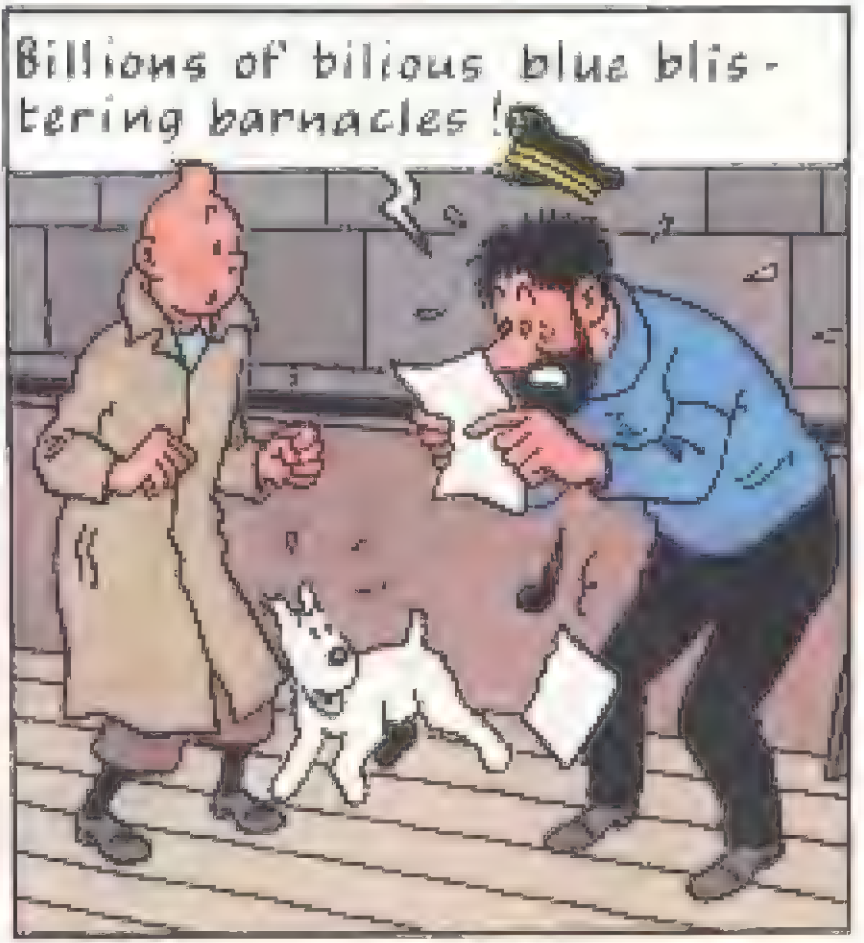
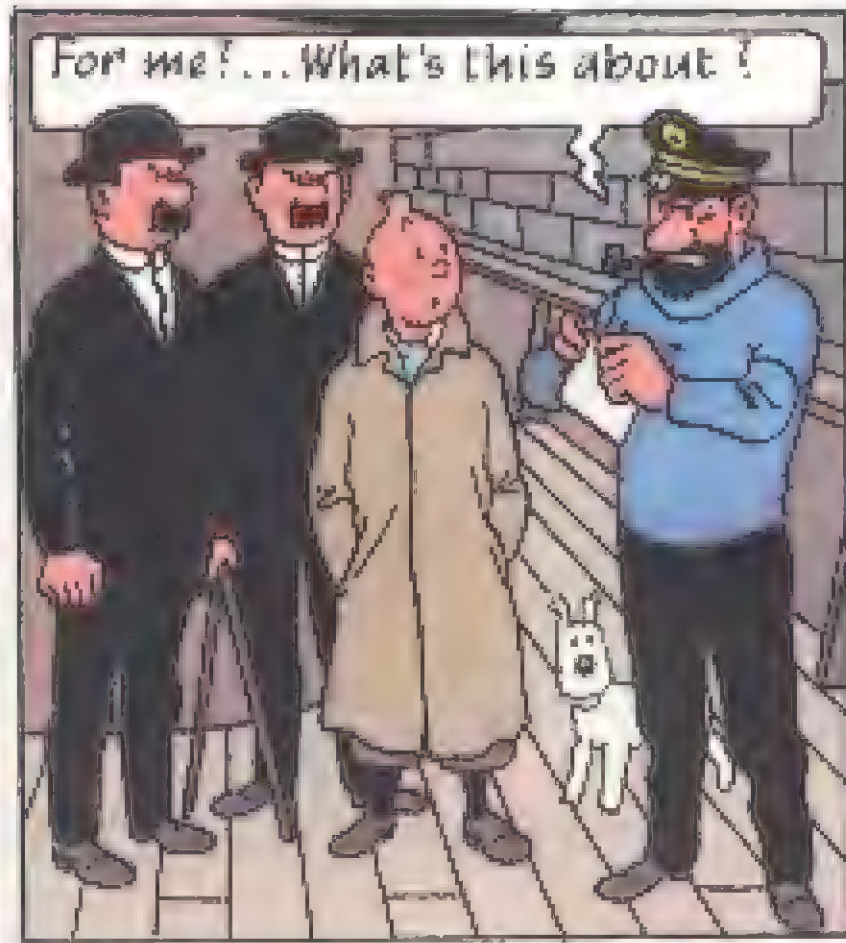
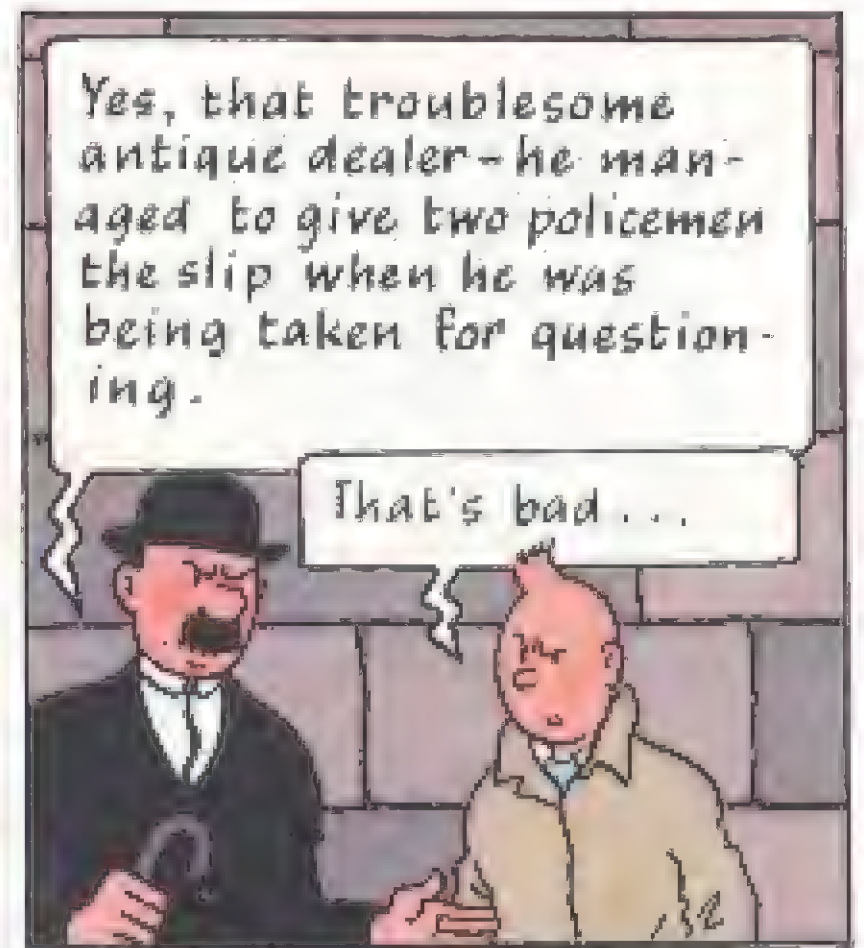


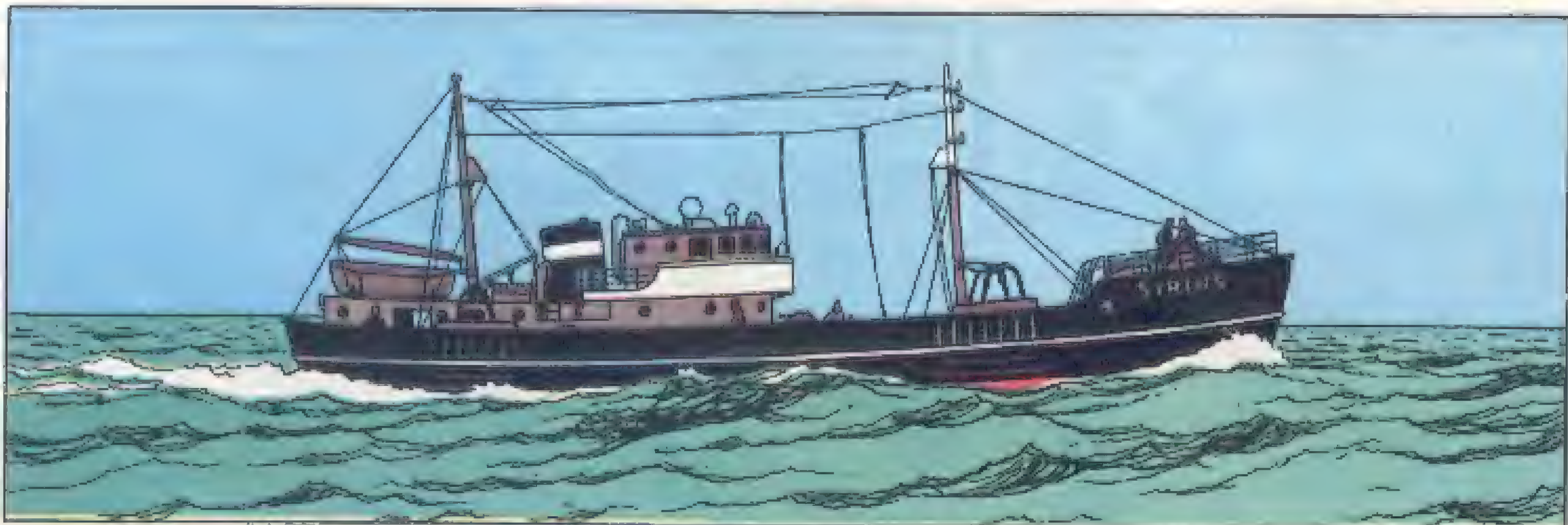
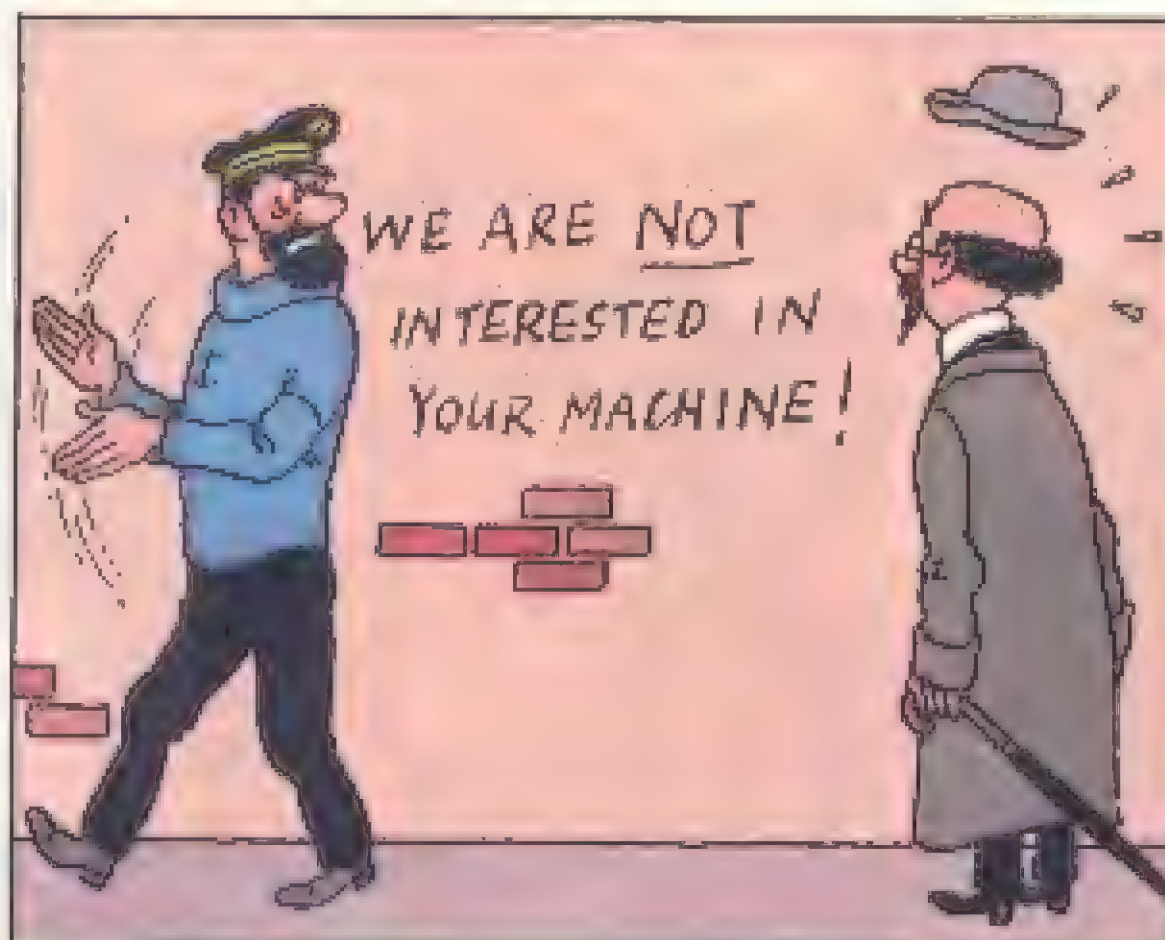
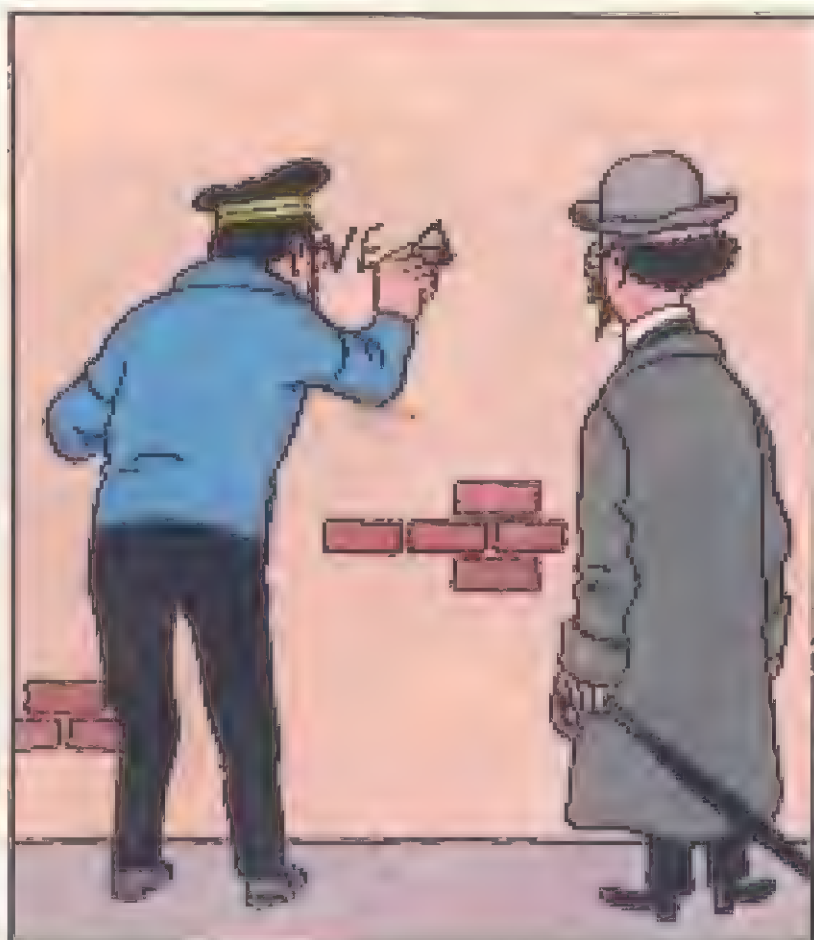
Yes, bad. Very bad... I'm ill... 'Flu, I expect... And I've been thinking... I... well... briefly, to put it in a nutshell, I'm not going!

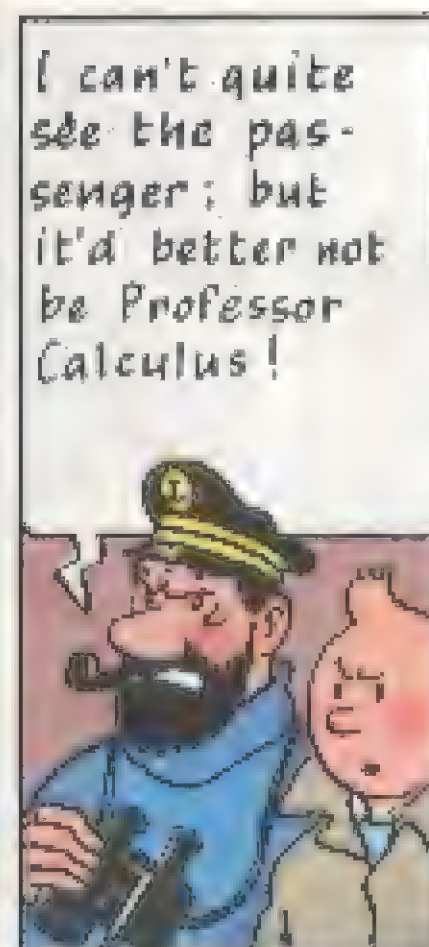
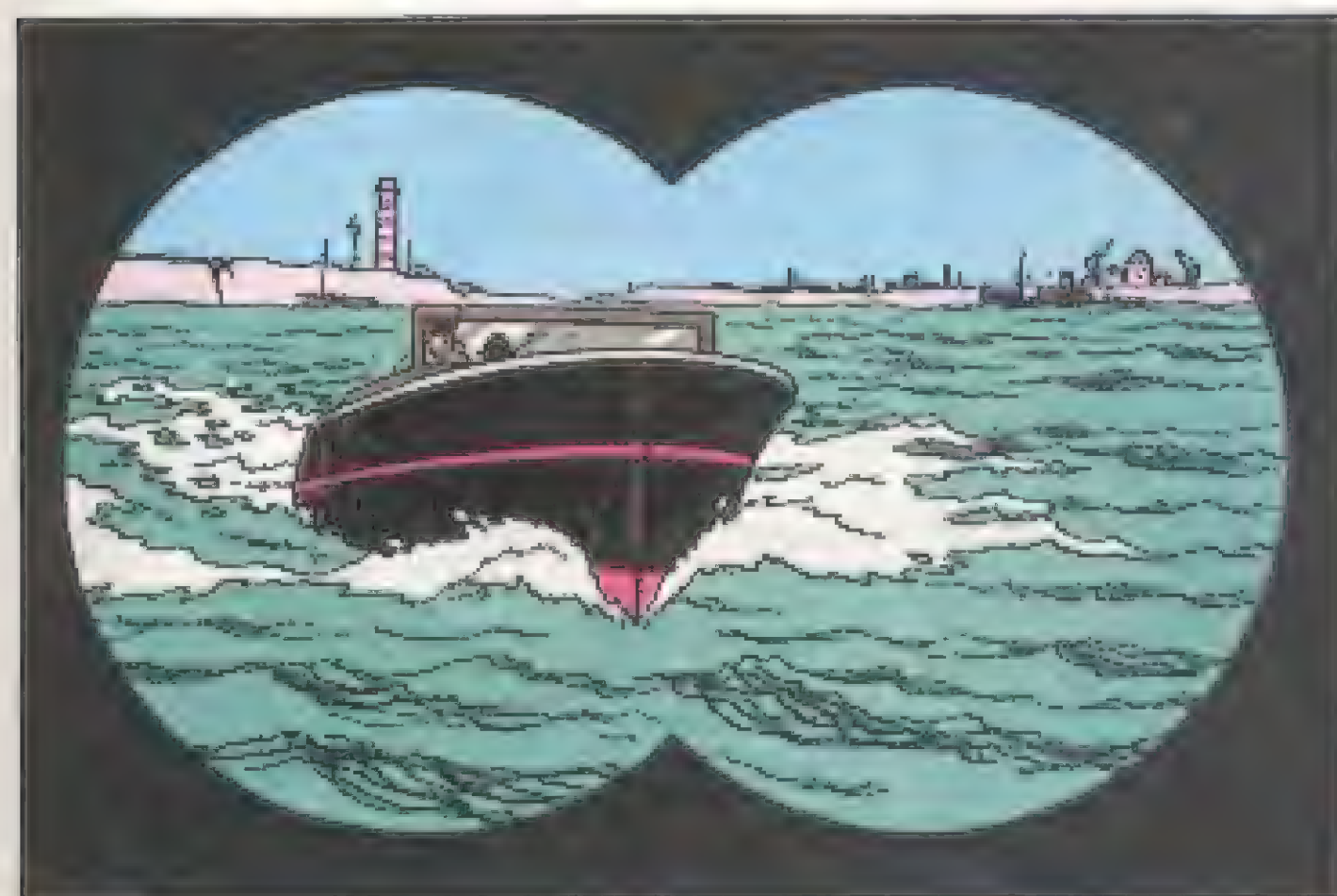


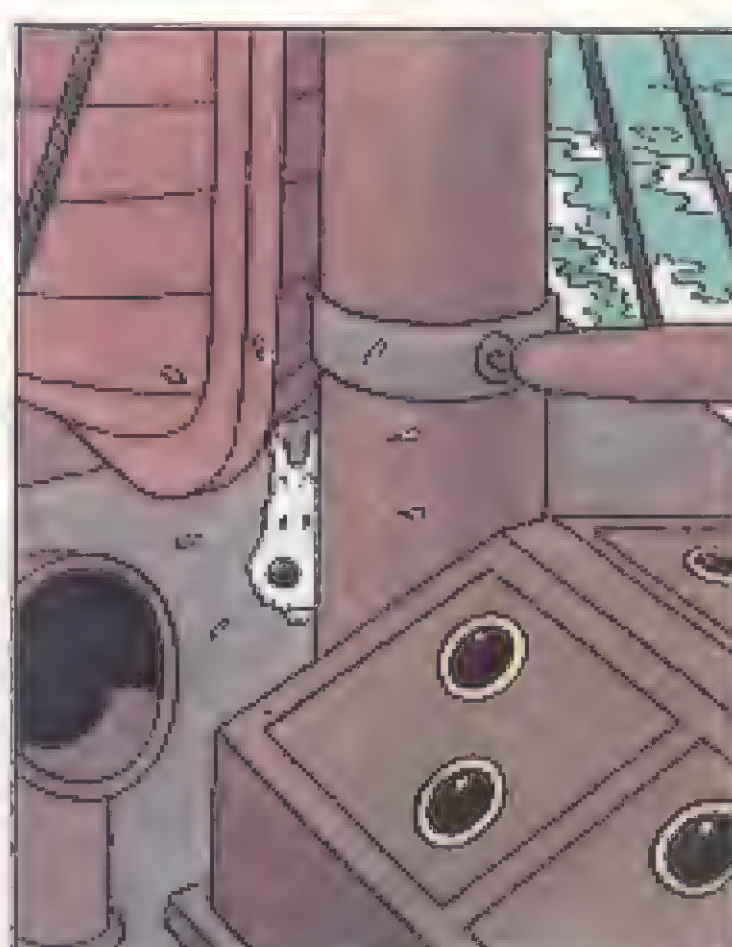
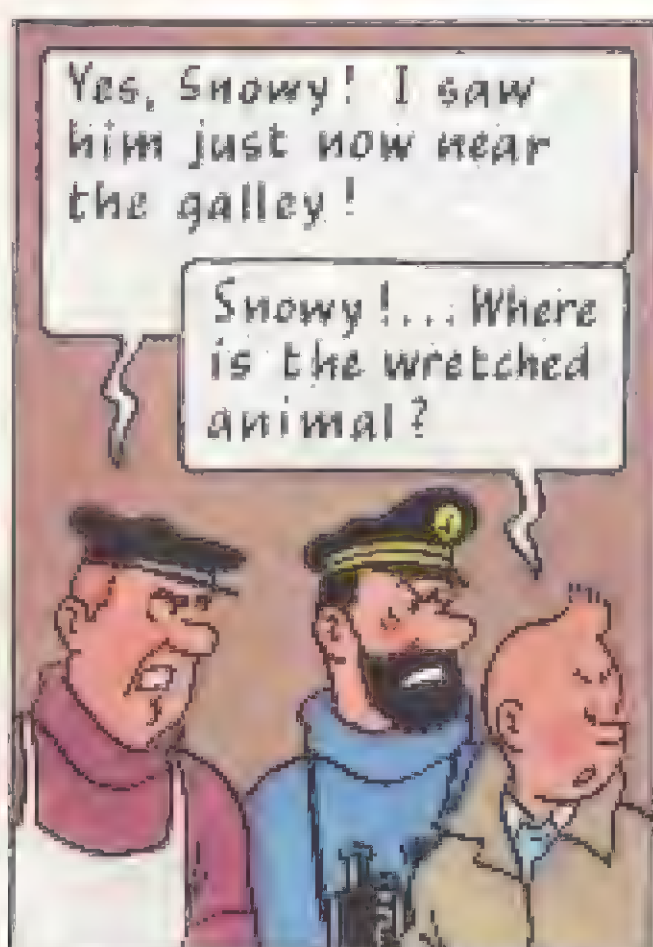
You can't be serious!

Perfectly serious. I'm not superstitious, but to break a mirror on the eve of a voyage... No, definitely, I'm not going!









We must behave like old sea-dogs



For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco. All old sea-dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these...



What do we do, Captain? We're bearing down on that fishing fleet...

Give a blast on the siren; that'll warn them.

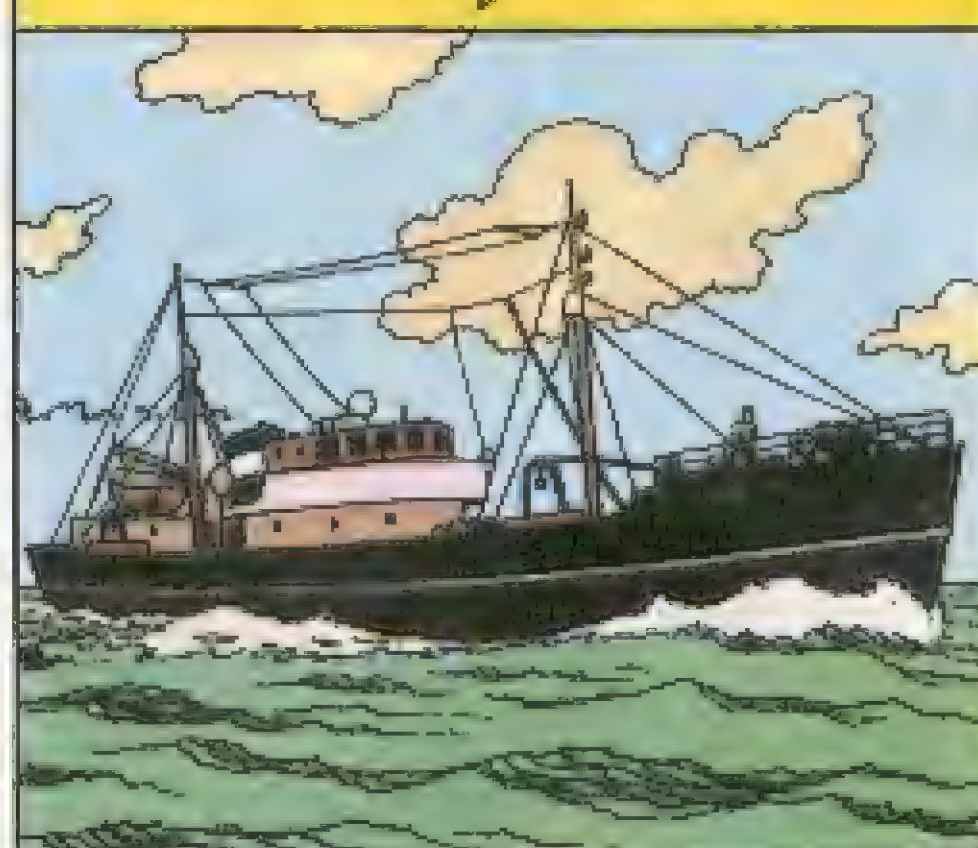


Goodness!... My tobacco!...

Mine... mine too... I swallowed it!...



Next day...



This has got to stop!... Yes, it's got to stop!



Yes, Captain. Yesterday it was a box of biscuits! This morning a whole chicken has disappeared!

The wretched dog!



Snowy!... Snowy!... Where's he hiding?... Snowy!



Snowy!... Snowy!...



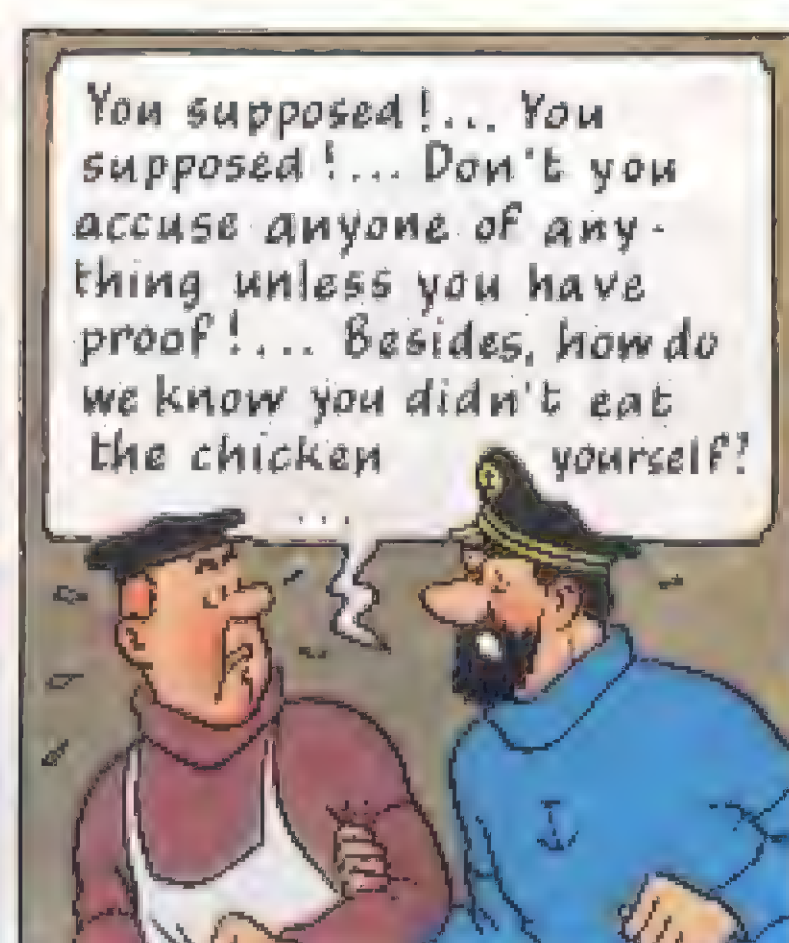


Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?...



You really saw him make off with the chicken?

Well, I didn't exactly see him, but I supposed...



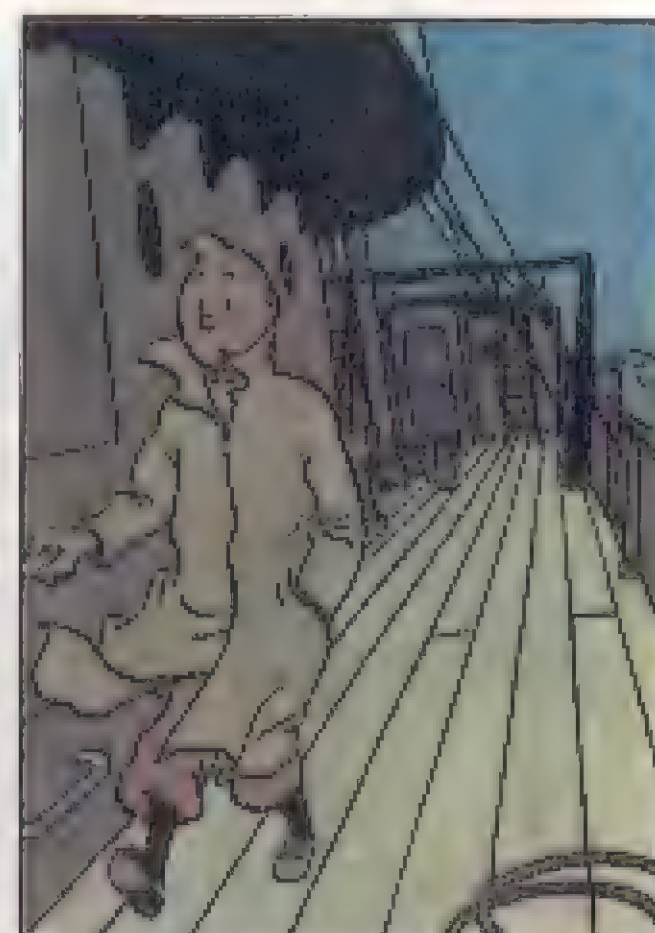
You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of anything unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



That evening...

Good night. You might just keep an eye on Snowy.

Don't worry, I'll watch him! Good night, Captain...



THIEF!
SAME TO YOU



Crumbs! That's the two detectives...



What's going on here?...



It's him, Tintin!... He's stolen my pillow!

That's not true! It's him - he's taken one of my blankets!



Aren't you ashamed, at your age? Quarrelling over such trifles! Now, that's all over, isn't it?

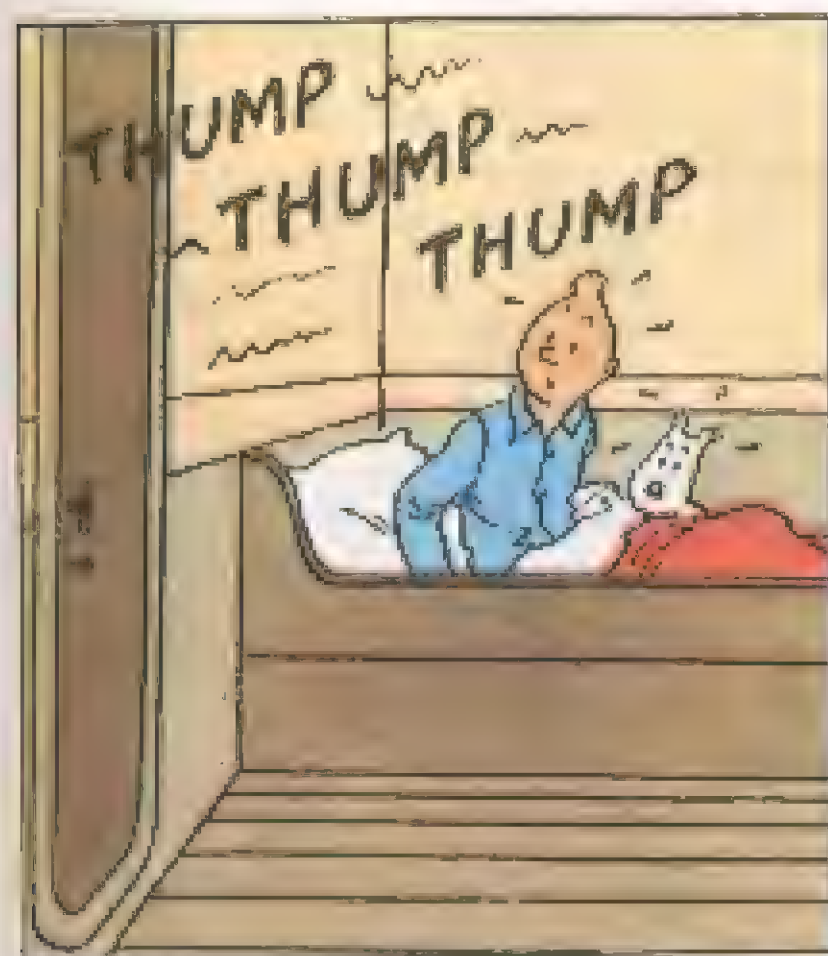
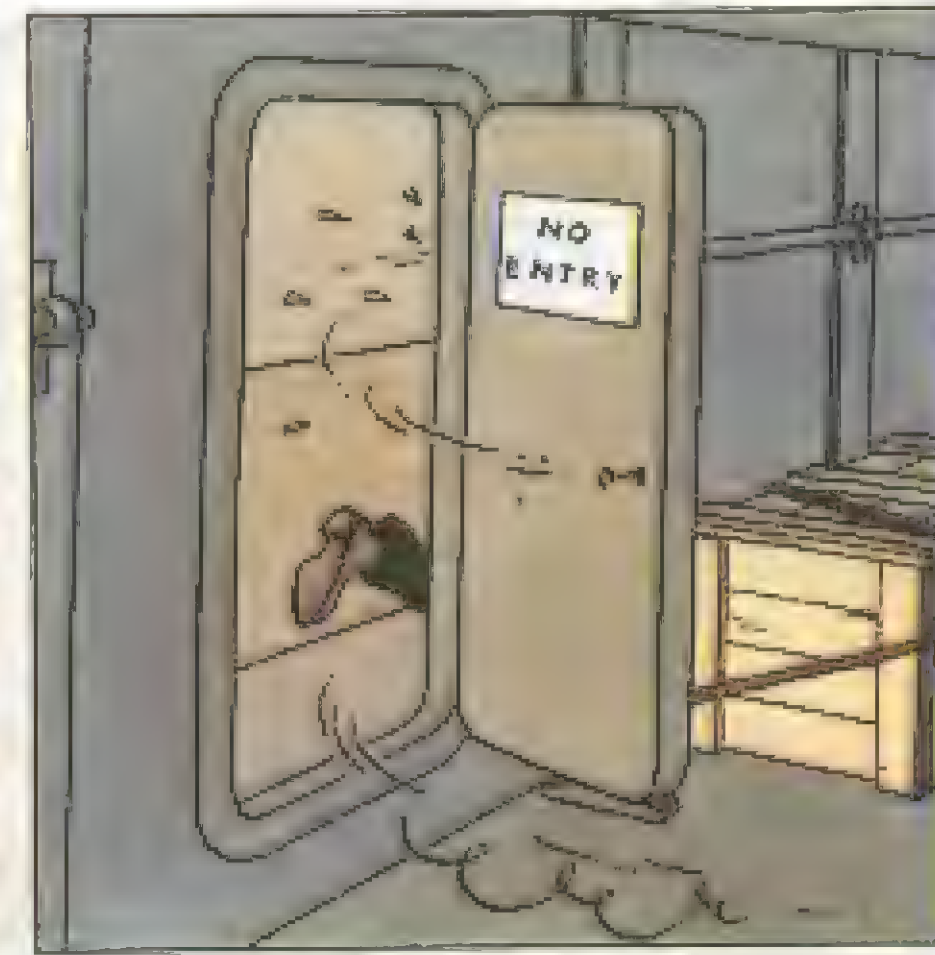
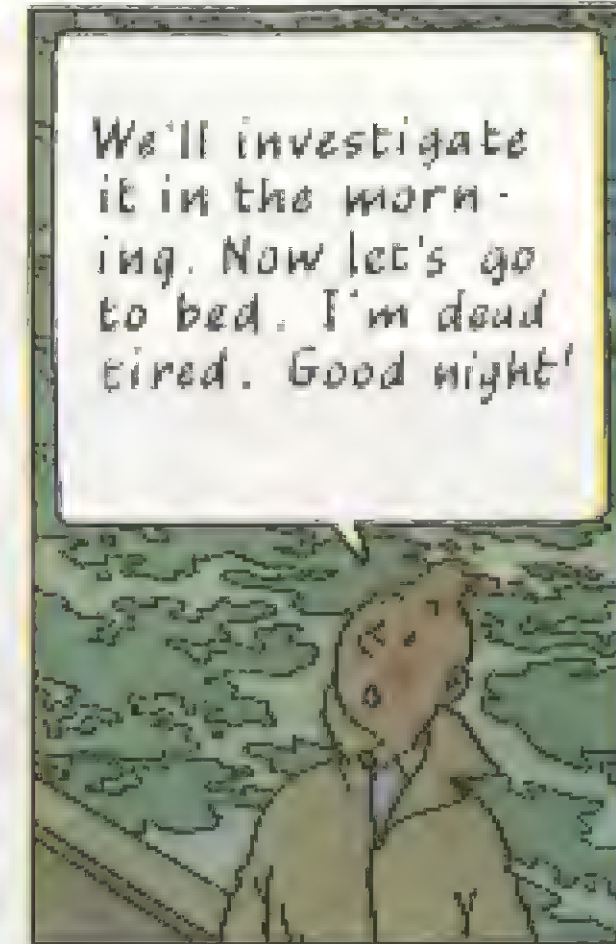
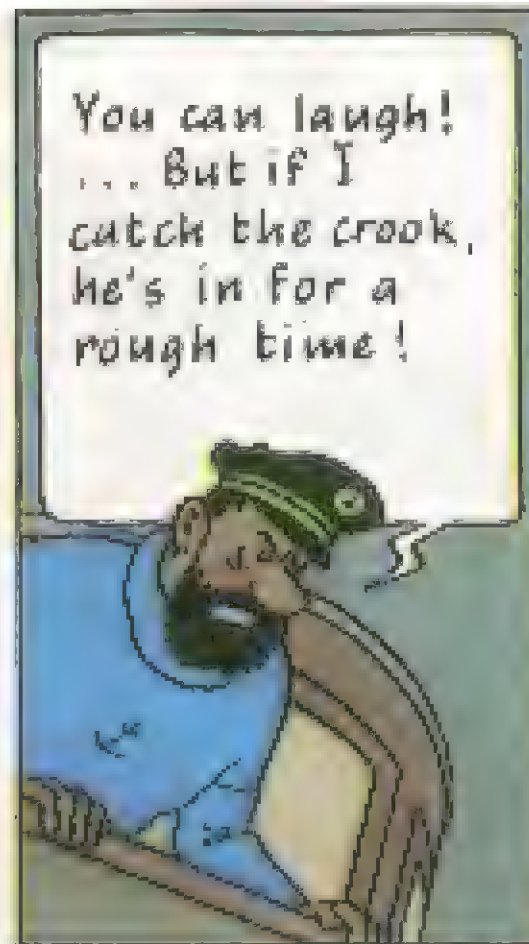
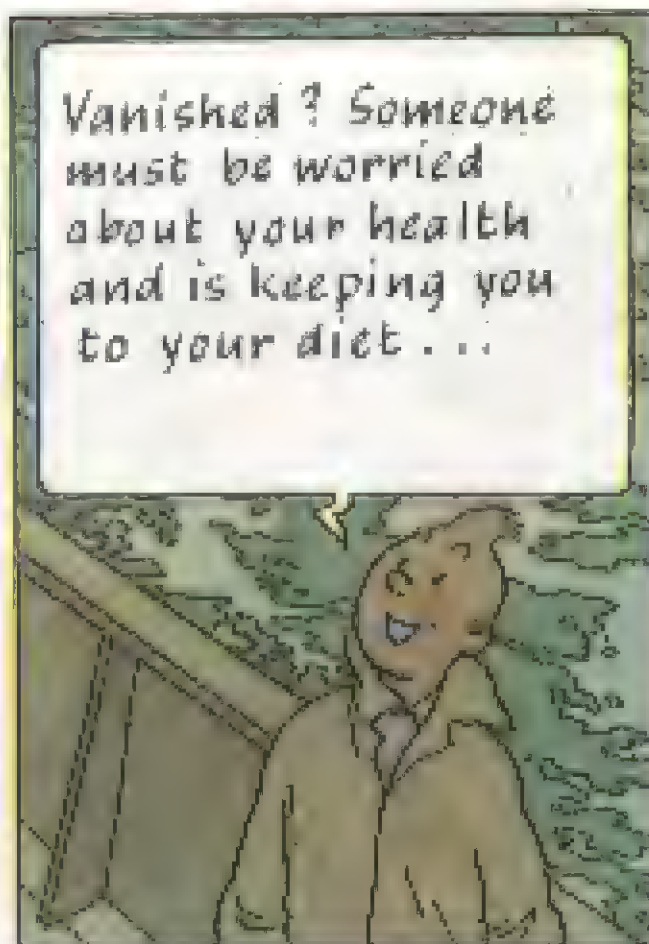


Now let's go to bed!



Billions of blistering barnacles!

?







OH!



Great snakes!... He... he... why, he's drunk!



Snowy, what have you done? Pooh! Your breath smells of whisky!



Now come on!... Show us where you found the whisky...

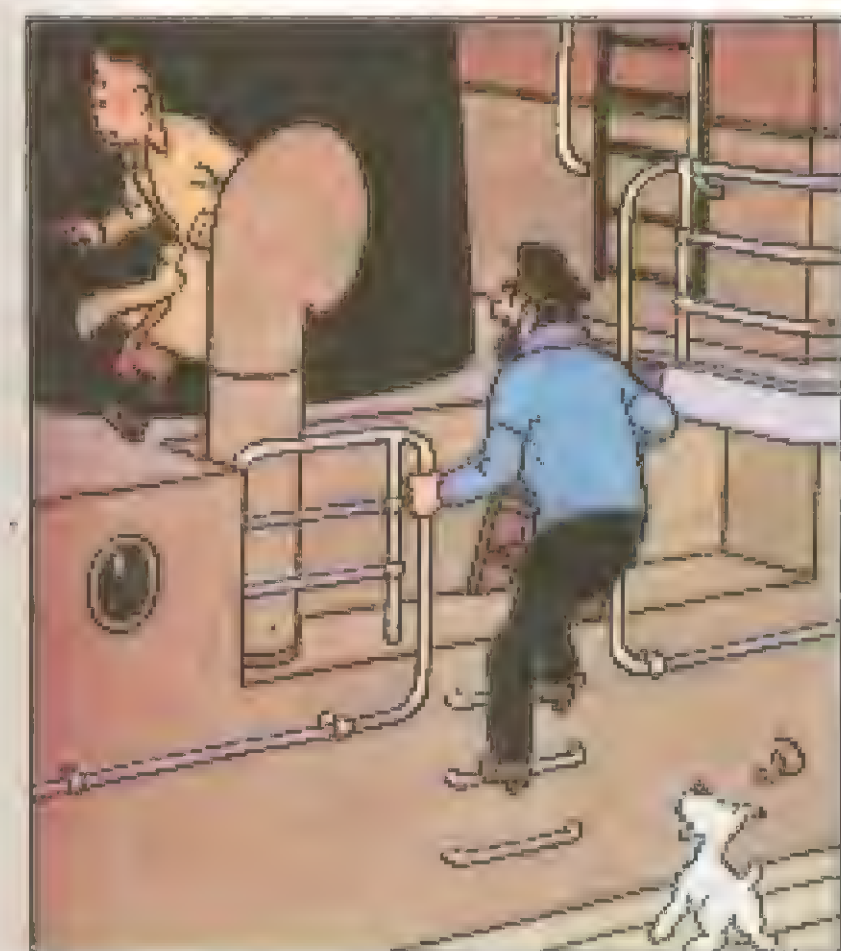
All right... You... you want a d-d-d-drink too?



Look!



See, the bottle must have smashed up there. Let's investigate.



There!



Blistering barnacles! If I ever catch him!



Sh!... Listen...



ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...

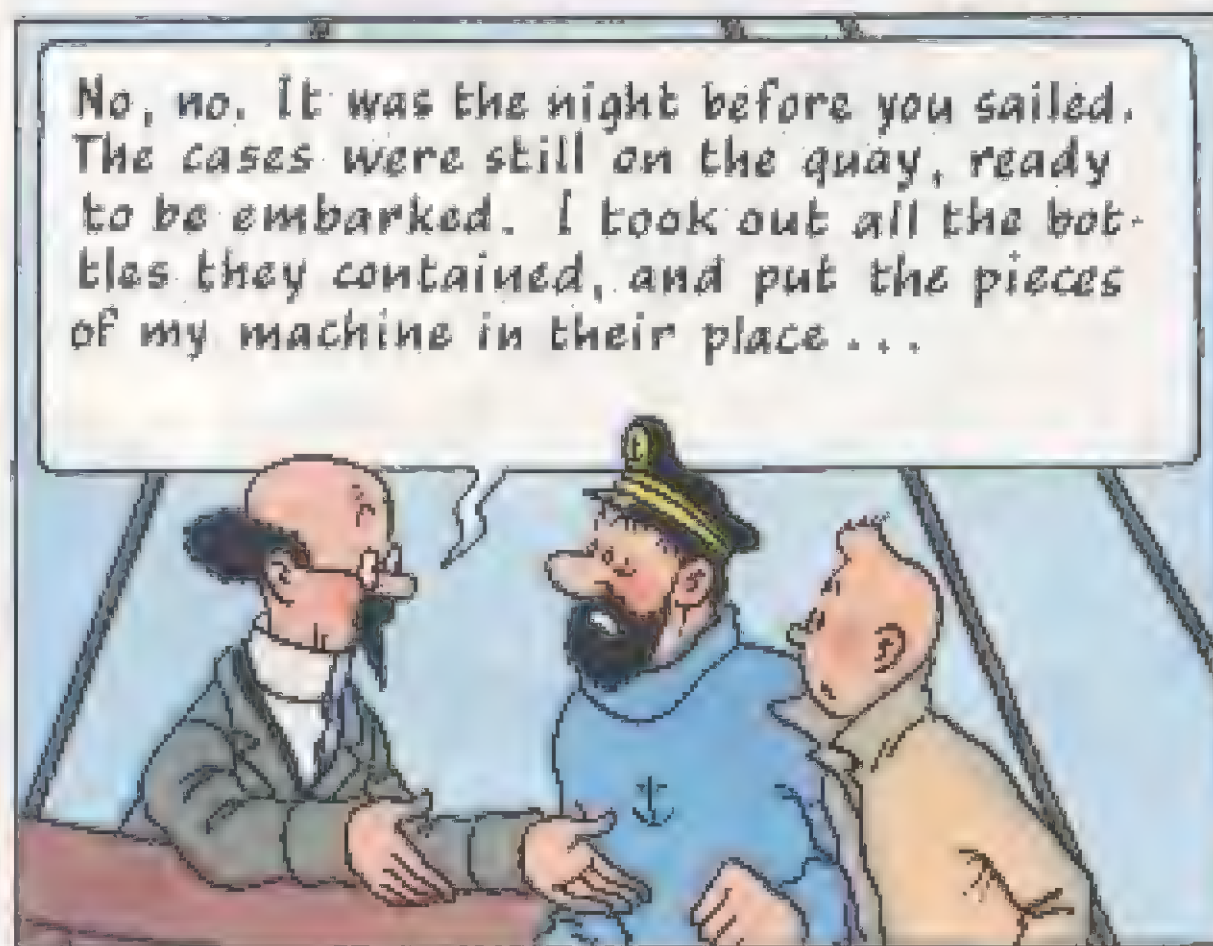
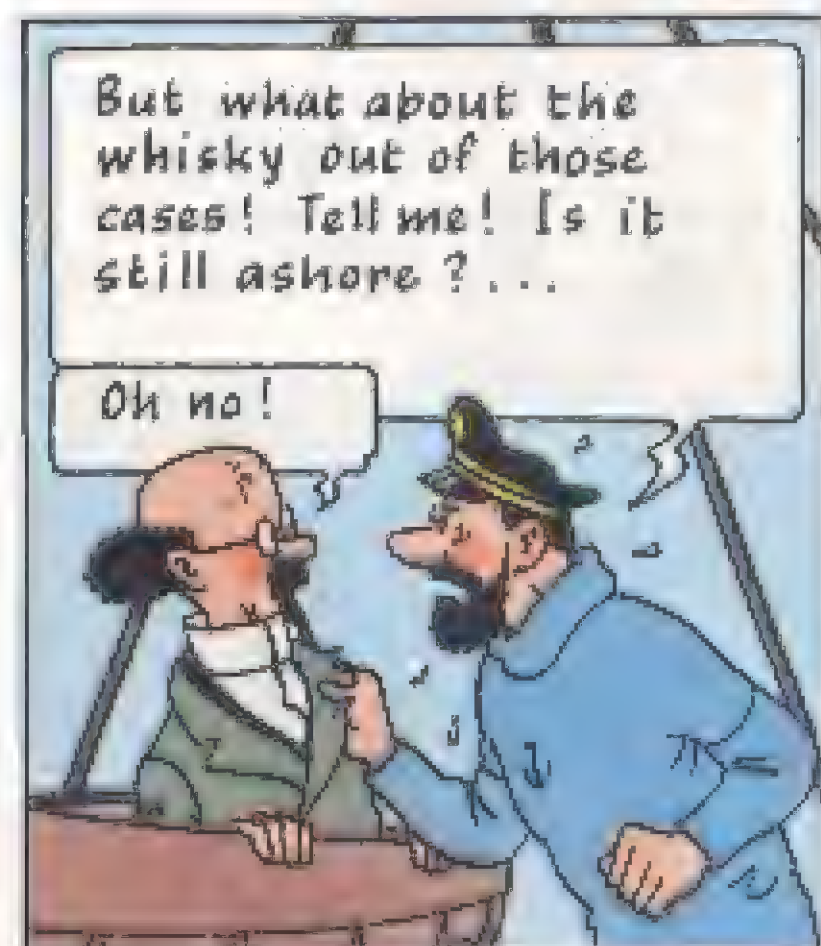
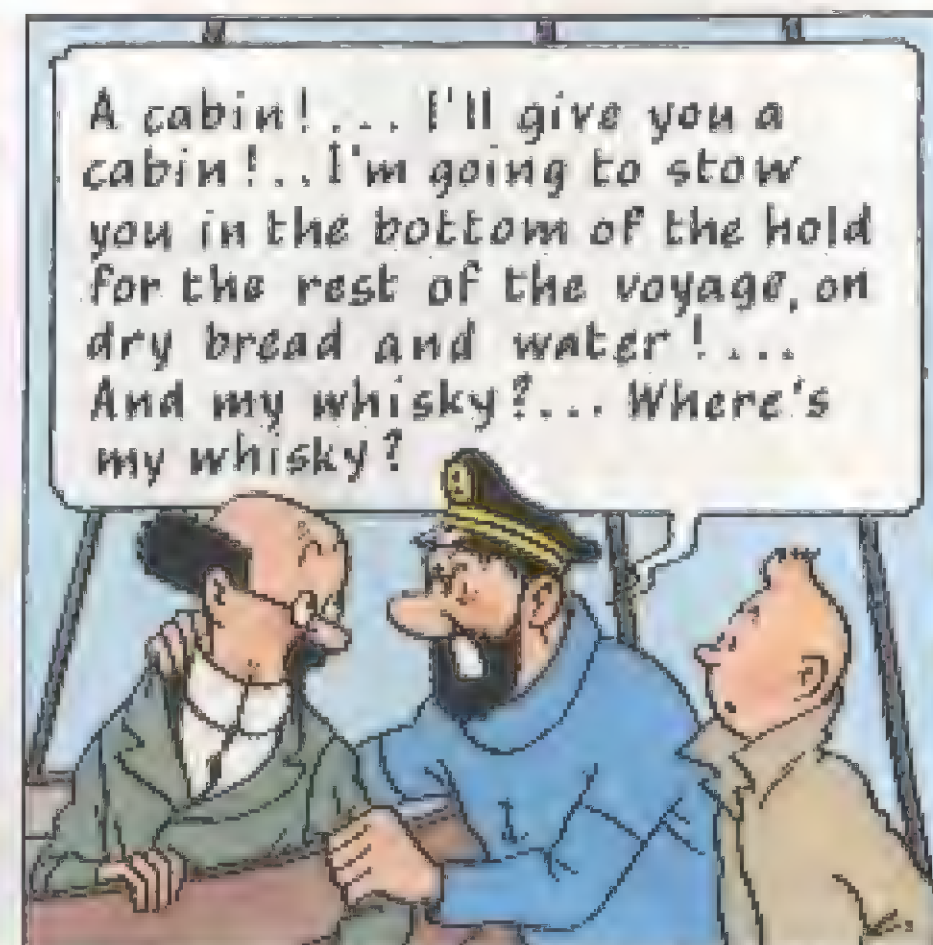


Someone is asleep in this life-boat!

Impossible: the lashings are secure... At least...



Blistering barnacles! The lashings are free this side! There's someone in this lifeboat!





Still no sign... It's very strange...



What's the name of the island?

How should I know?... It's not marked on any of the charts.



Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?

Positive! I plotted the position yesterday at noon.



Yes, I see. But... er... supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



Oh, so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I?... All right: they're on my table. Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!



Ah, I didn't think it could have been a fish...



A few minutes later...

You must forgive me, Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look, this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake. Gentlemen, please take off your hats...

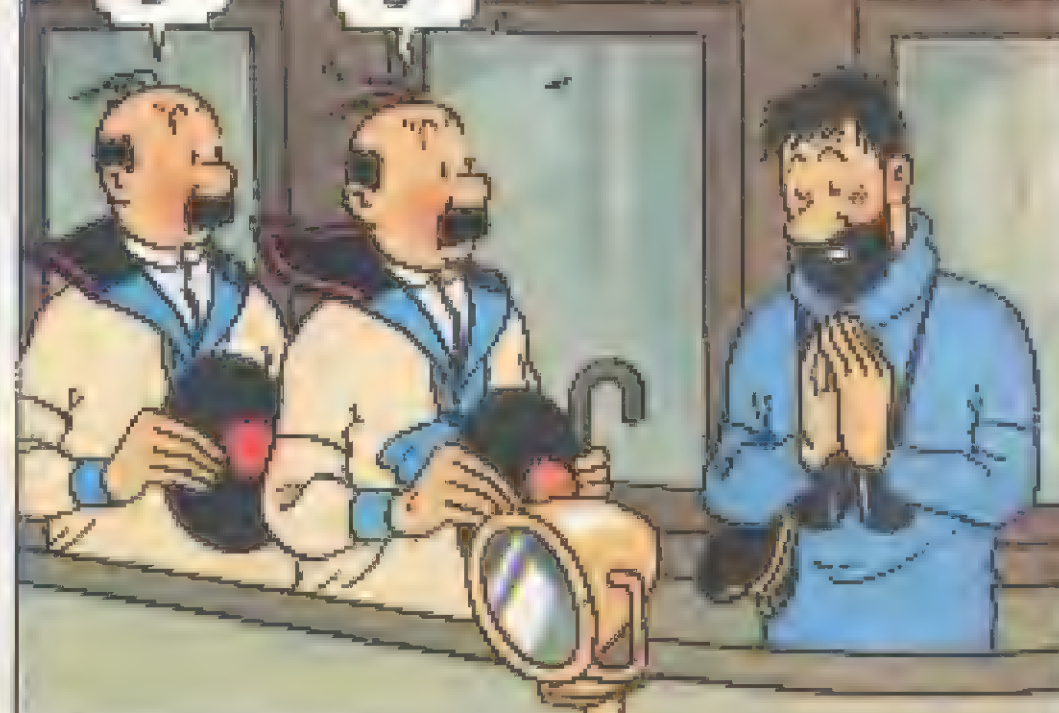


Why must we take off our hats, Captain?...

Sh!...



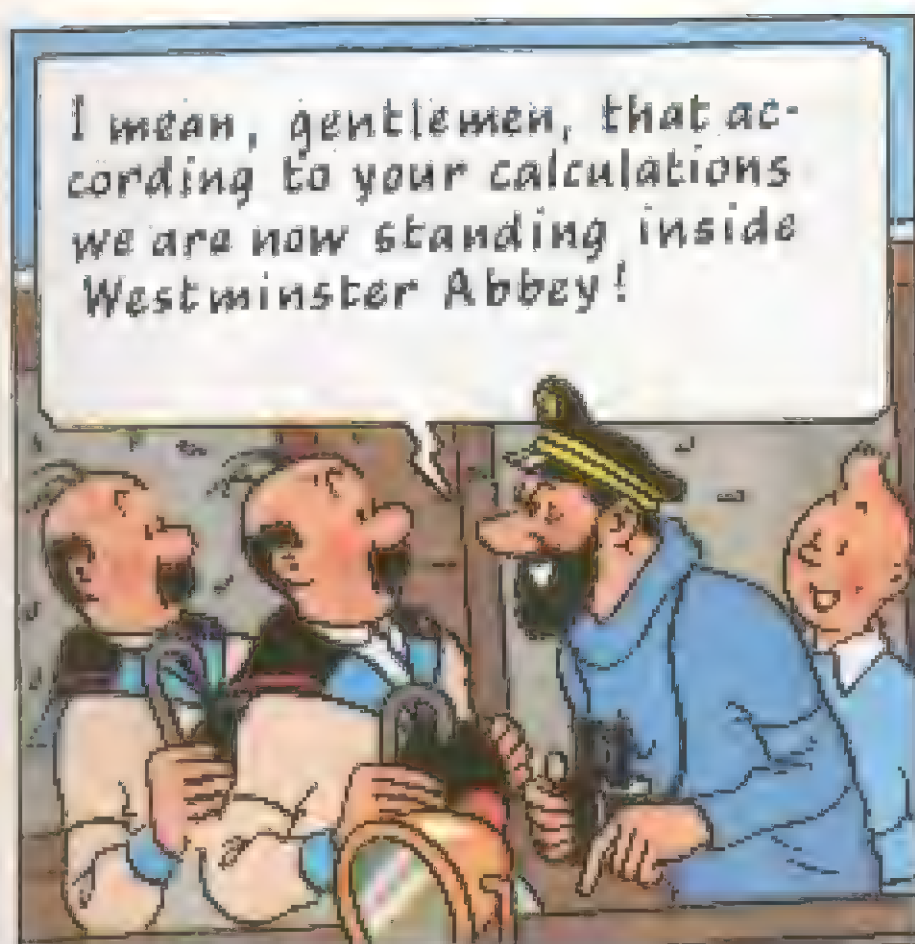
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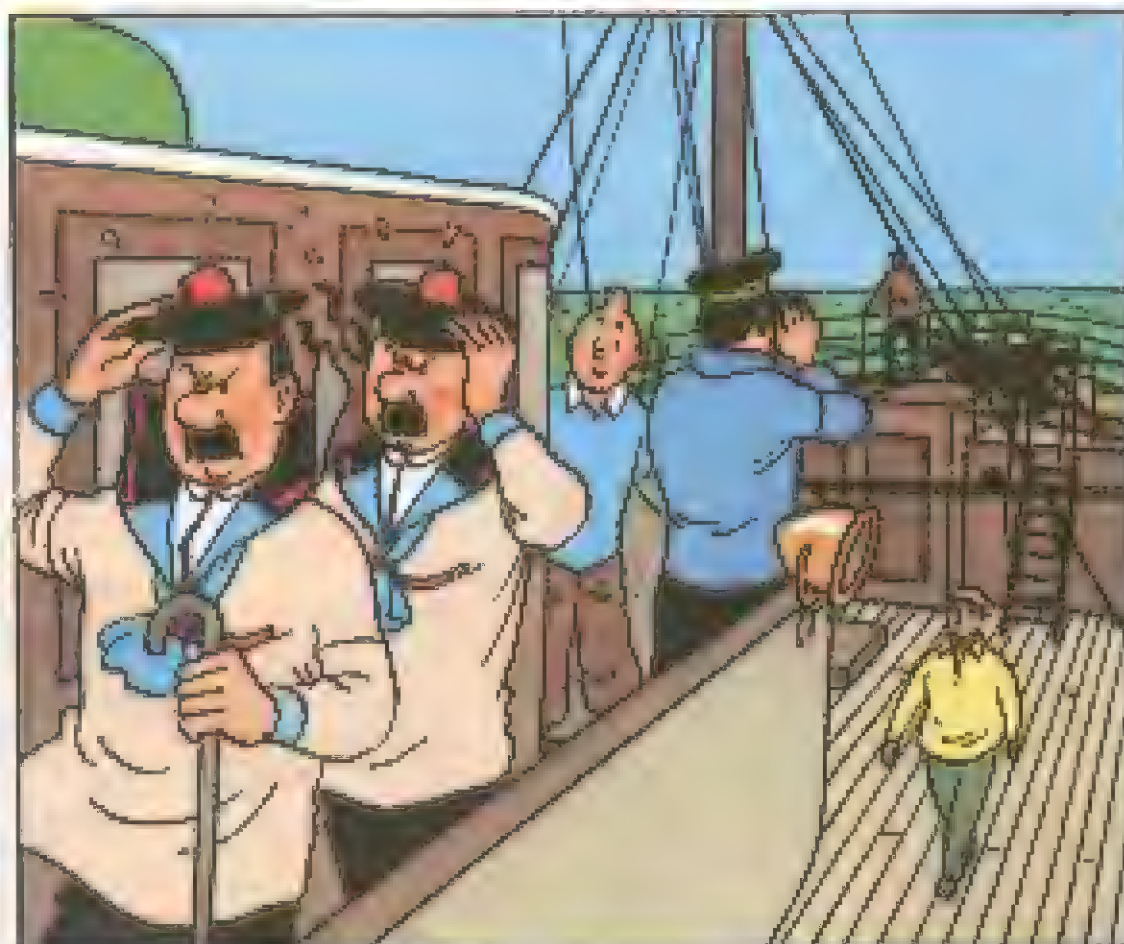
Now...

But Captain, tell us what you mean...

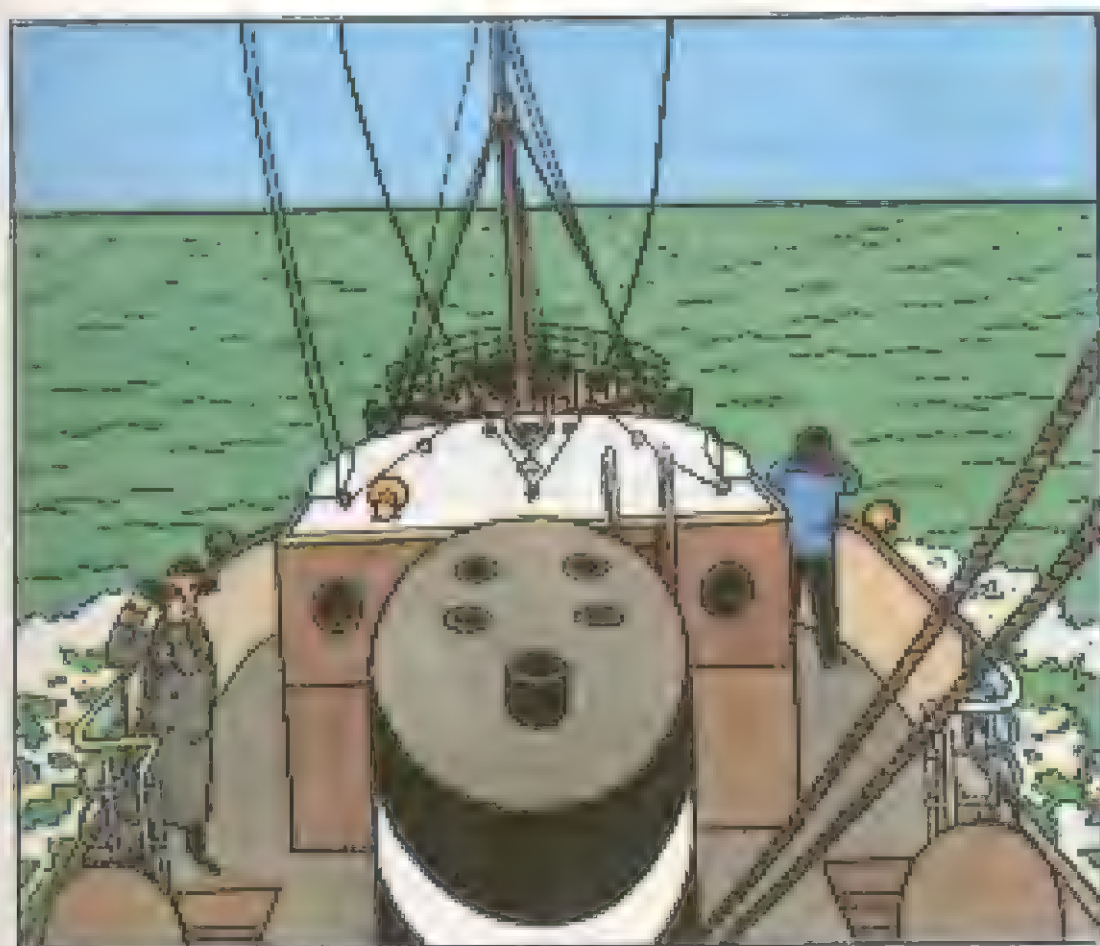




I mean, gentlemen, that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



I'm beginning to think Sir Francis Haddock was pulling our legs.

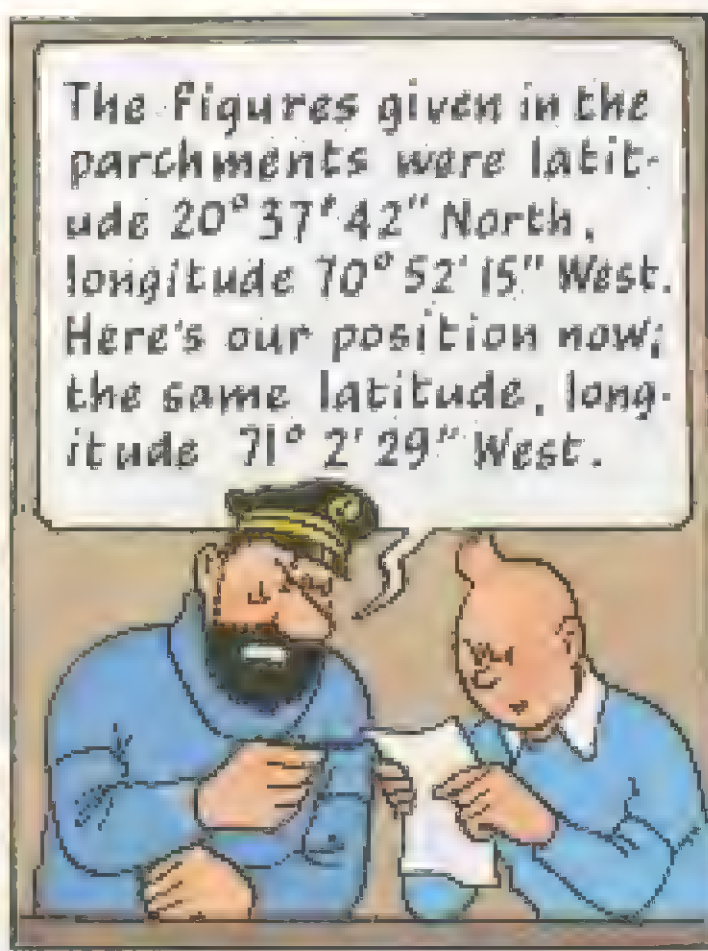
I'm beginning to think so too!



We'll soon see! It's almost noon. We'll take a sight. I'll go and fetch my sextant.



That's it... Let's go in, and I'll work it out...



The figures given in the parchments were latitude $20^{\circ}37'42''$ North, longitude $70^{\circ}52'15''$ West. Here's our position now; the same latitude, longitude $71^{\circ}2'29''$ West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!

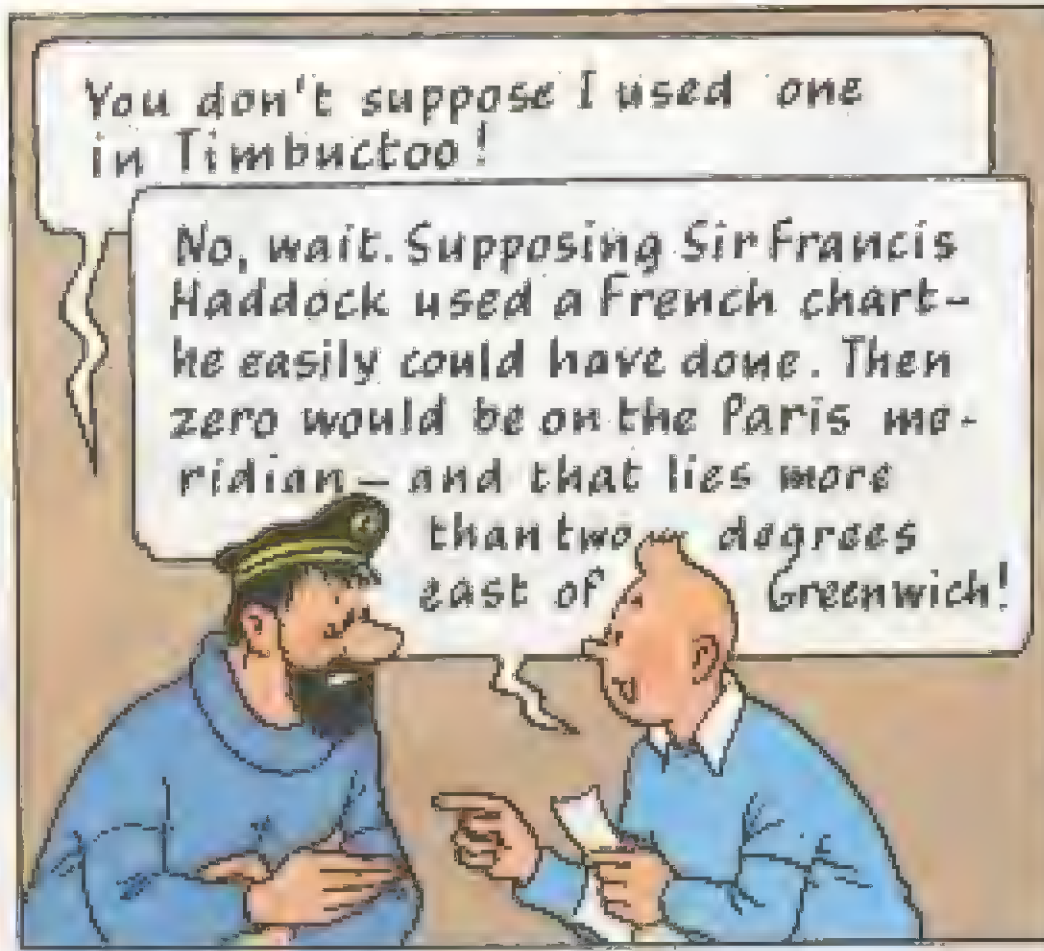


Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...

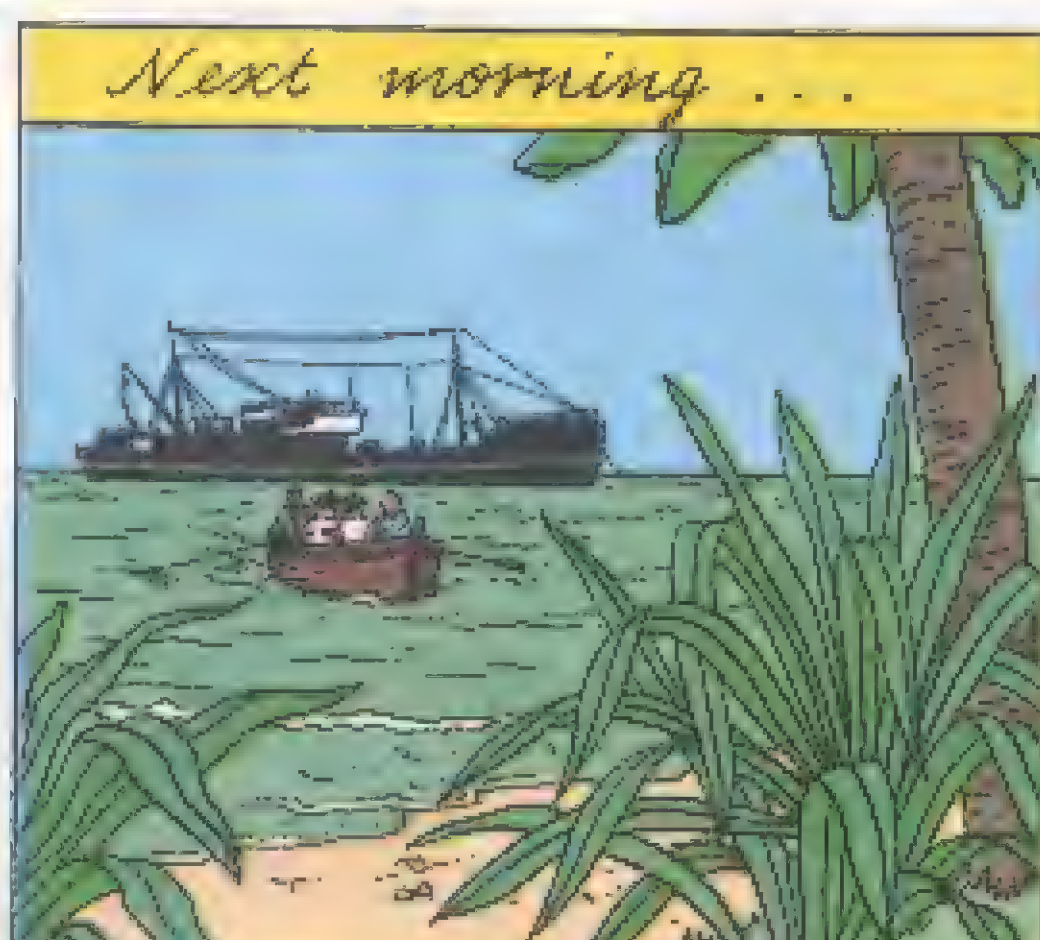
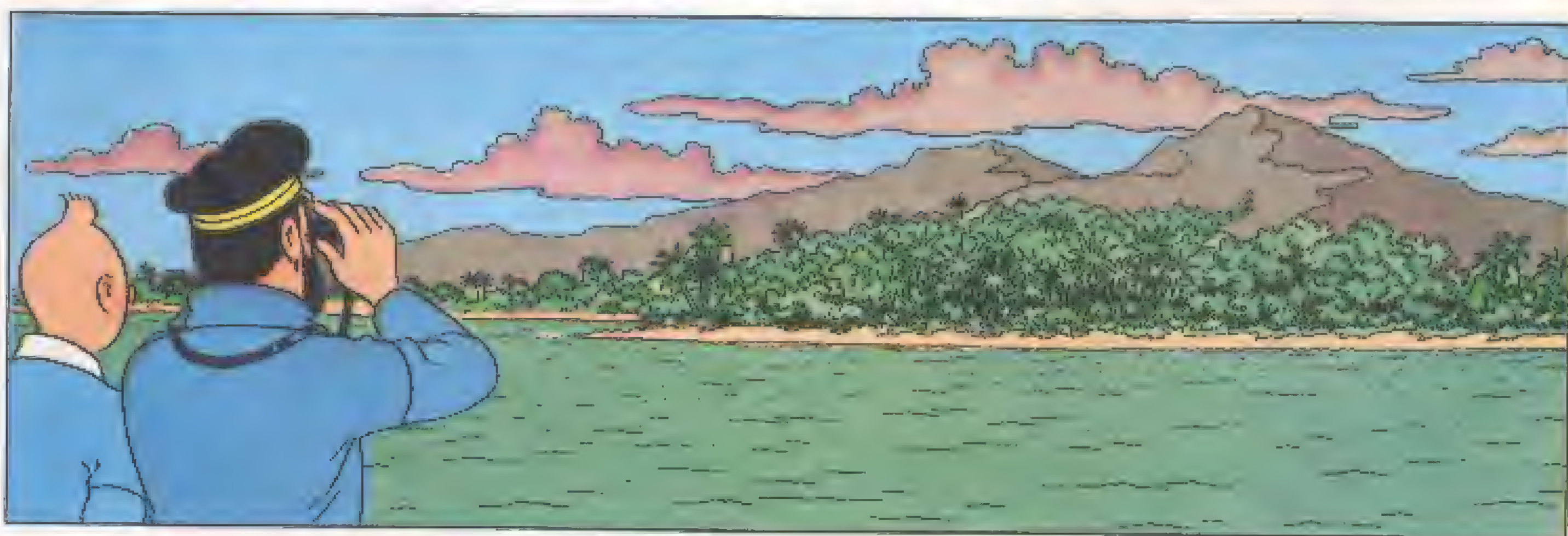
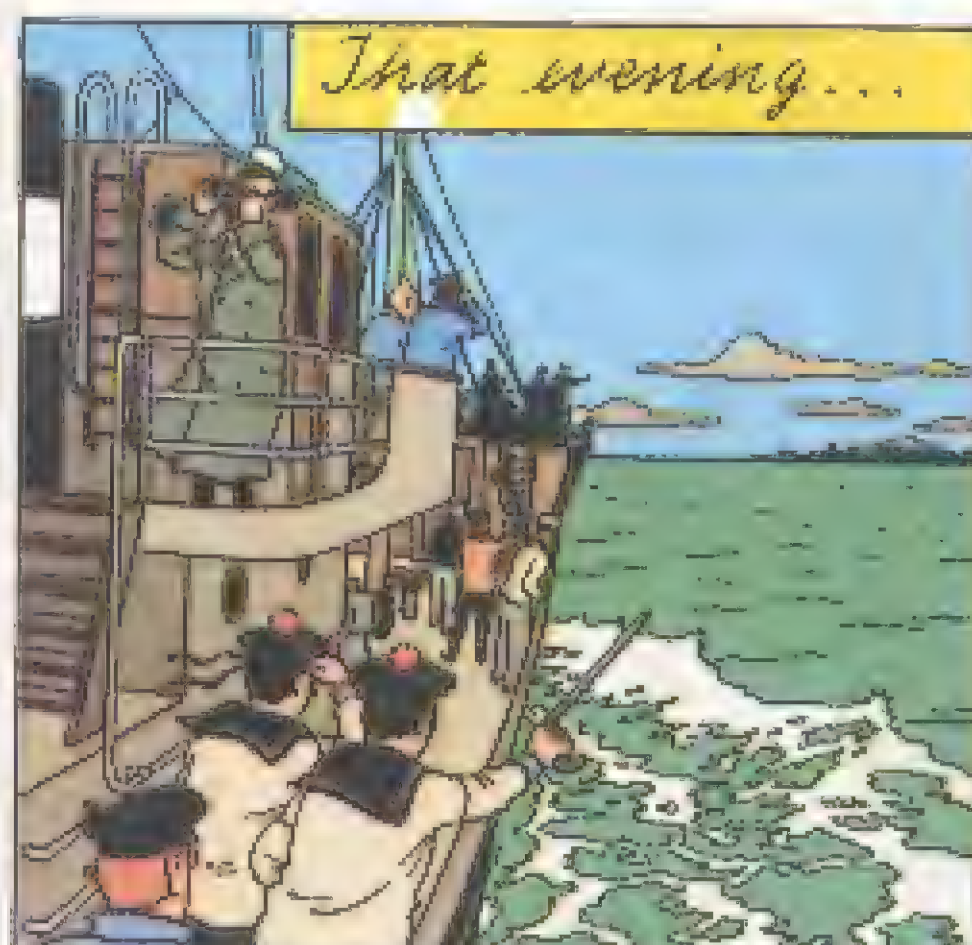


You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo!

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart—he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian—and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



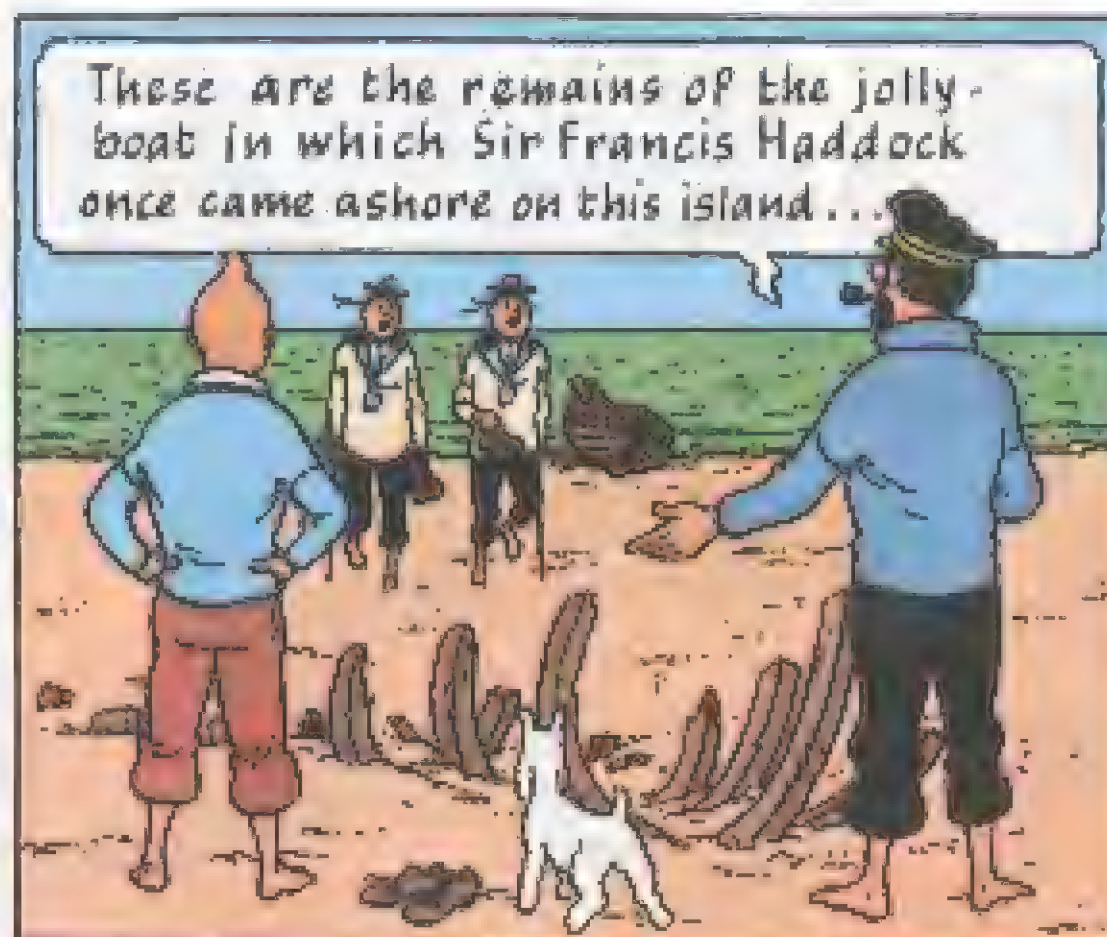
Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



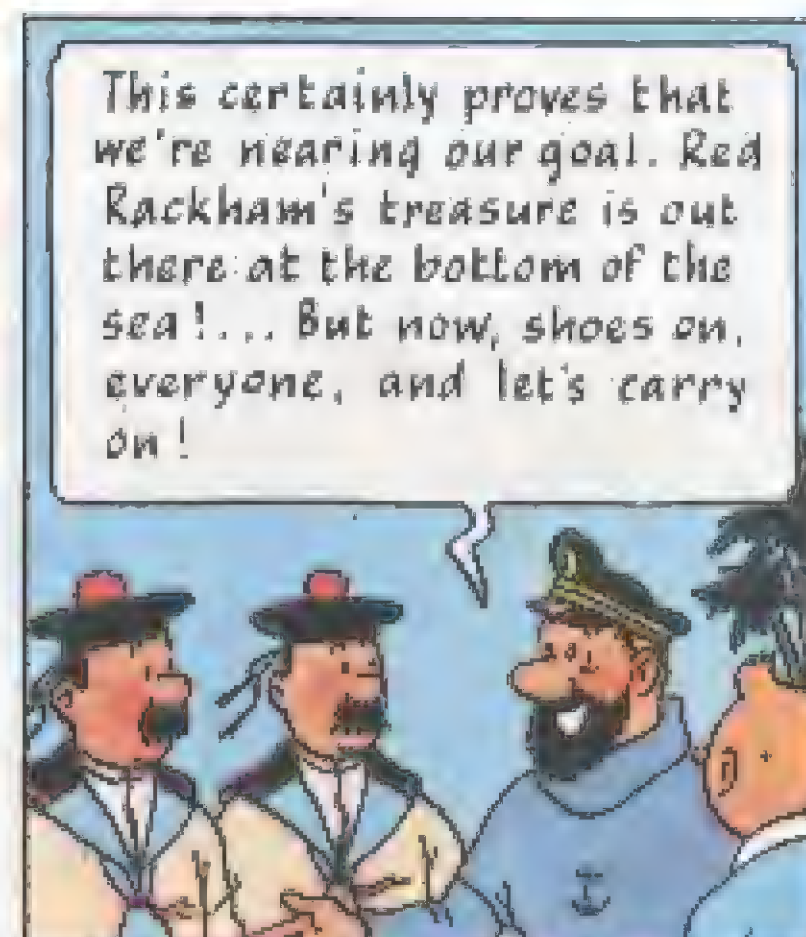




Hello, what have they found?



These are the remains of the jolly-boat in which Sir Francis Haddock once came ashore on this island...

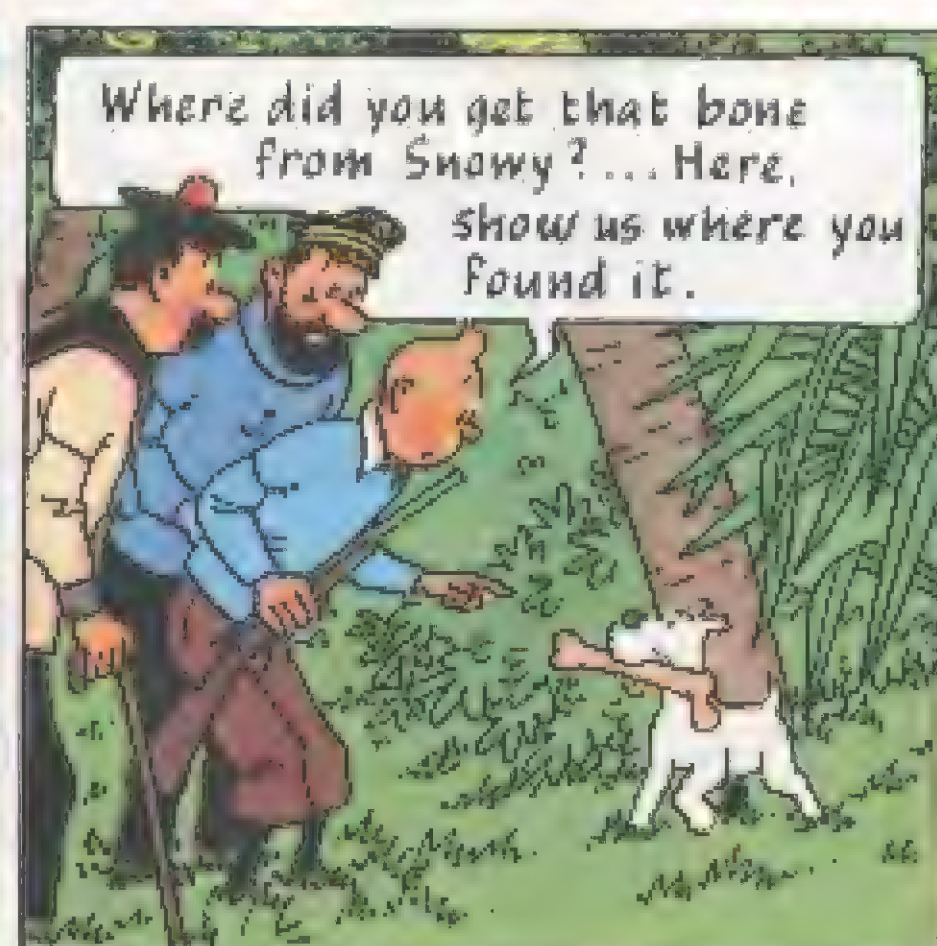


This certainly proves that we're nearing our goal. Red Rackham's treasure is out there at the bottom of the sea!... But now, shoes on, everyone, and let's carry on!



WOOAH!

That's Snowy!... He ran on ahead!...



Where did you get that bone from Snowy?... Here, show us where you found it.



Blistering barnacles! I bet these are the remains of the pirates killed when the UNICORN blew up!

They can't be, Captain.



If they were, we'd have found them down by the shore. No, look at this spear. It's more likely that they were natives, killed in a fight, and probably eaten on the spot by their enemies.



Eaten?... Do you mean cannibals lived on this island?... Man-eaters!

That's what we're going to find out. Come on.



Ouch! I've got a pebble in my shoe!



You go on. I'll catch you up...



Look!... There!...



An idol!...

Yes, an idol... But... It's incredible



My word! It's meant to be
Sir Francis Haddock!



Look at that mouth! His voice
must have made an enormous
impression on the natives. I
can just imagine their faces the
first time they heard
him shout:
"Ration my
rum!"



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



What's the matter,
Captain?



Who shouted
like that?



What?... Wasn't
it you?

No, it wasn't me! Thun-
dering typhoons!

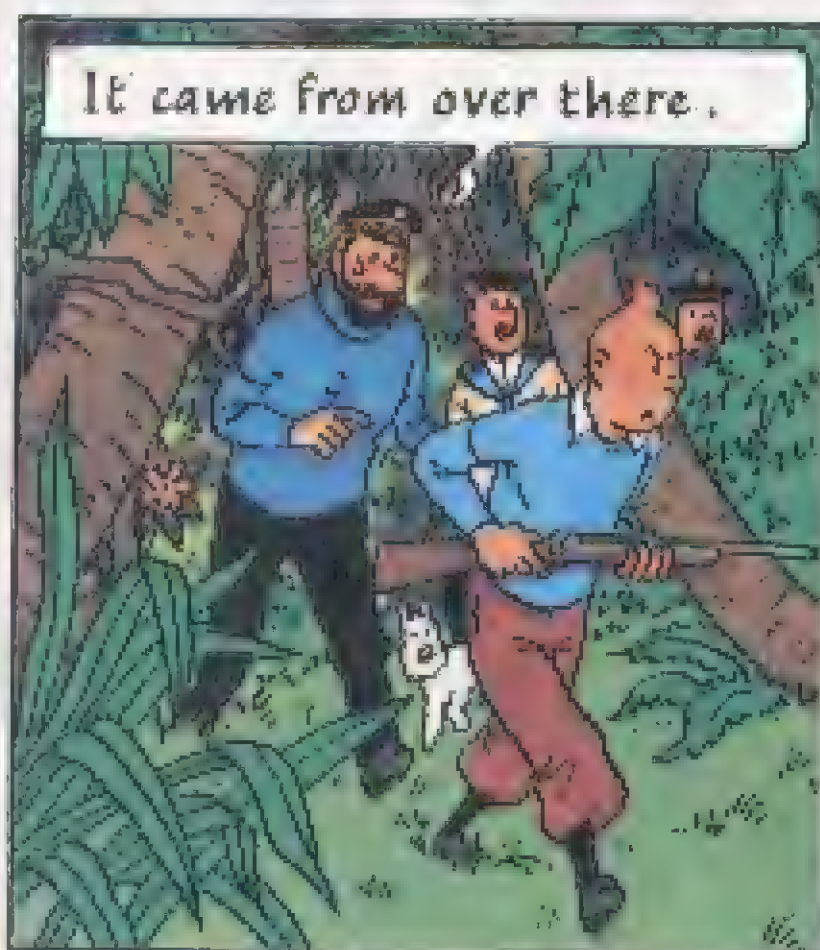
Yes, it's Sir Francis
Haddock.



RRRATION MY
RRRUM!



It came from over there.



Not a soul!



This island is h-h-haunted,
Captain. Let's hurry back t-t-to
the sh-sh-ship.

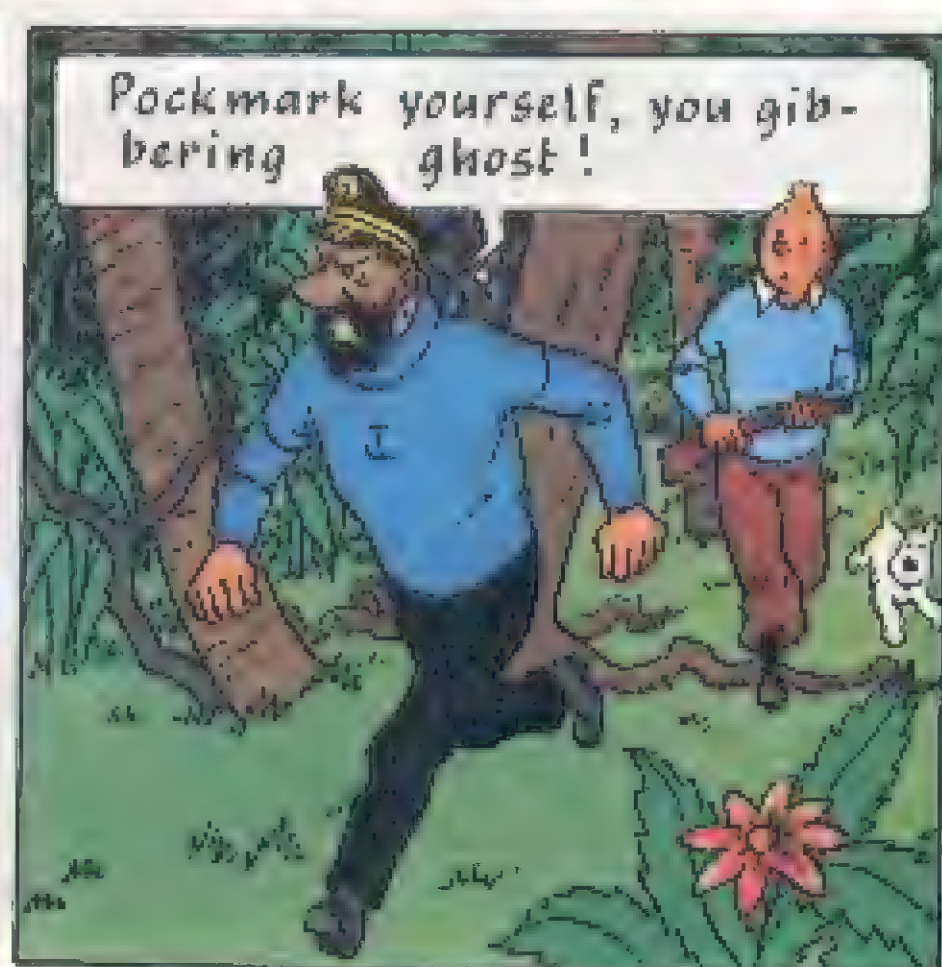
To b-b-be precise: I-let's
hurry back t-t-to the
sh-sh-ship.



Pithecanthropus!...
Pockmark!...



Pockmark yourself, you gib-
bering ghost!







Hey, Captain, calm yourself. After all, they're only parrots!

Bandits!

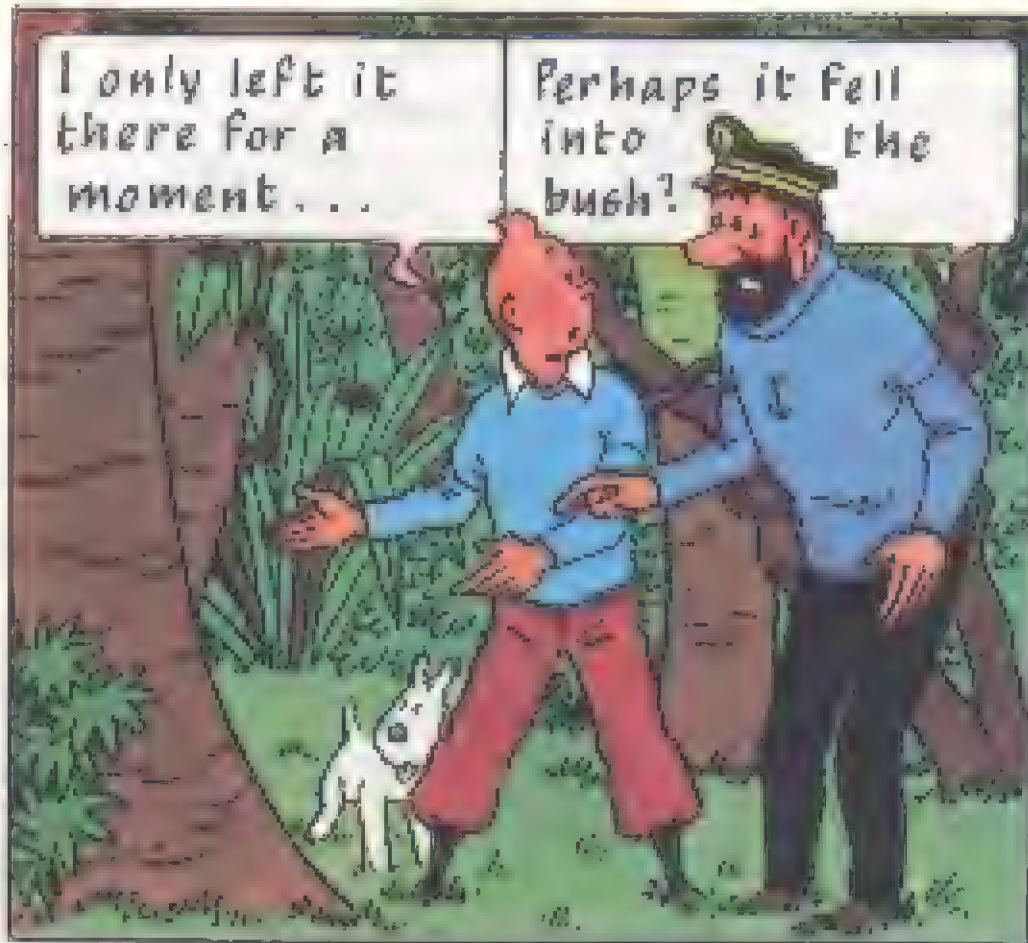


Forget about them, Captain. Let's go on.

You're right. Come on, let's go.



My gun!... Who has taken my gun?...



I only left it there for a moment...

Perhaps it fell into the bush?



Got it?



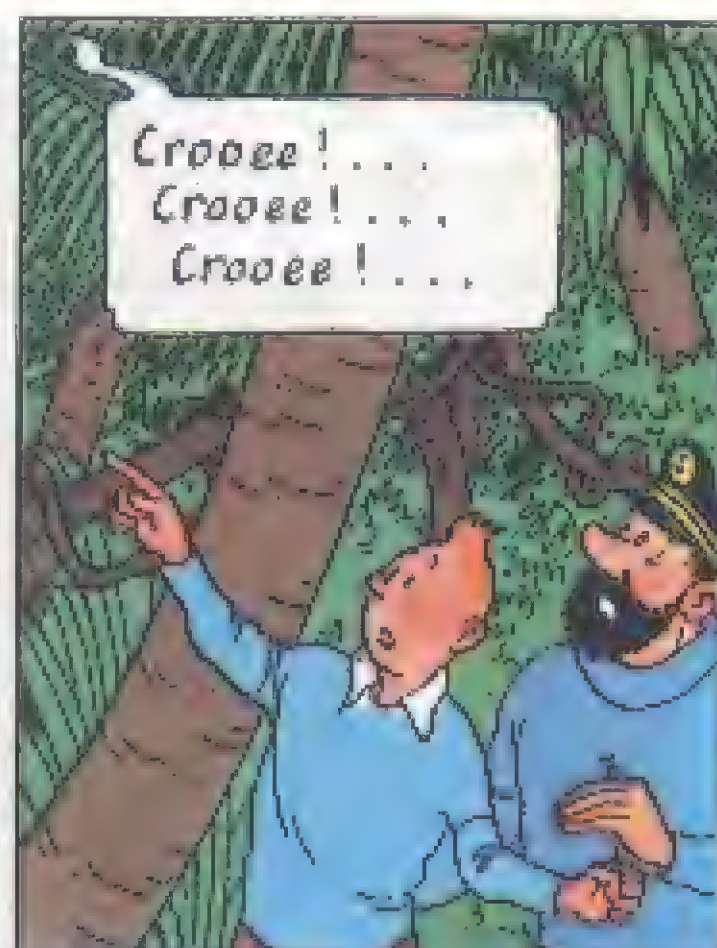
No... it's vanished completely!

Blue blistering...



Sh!... Listen!

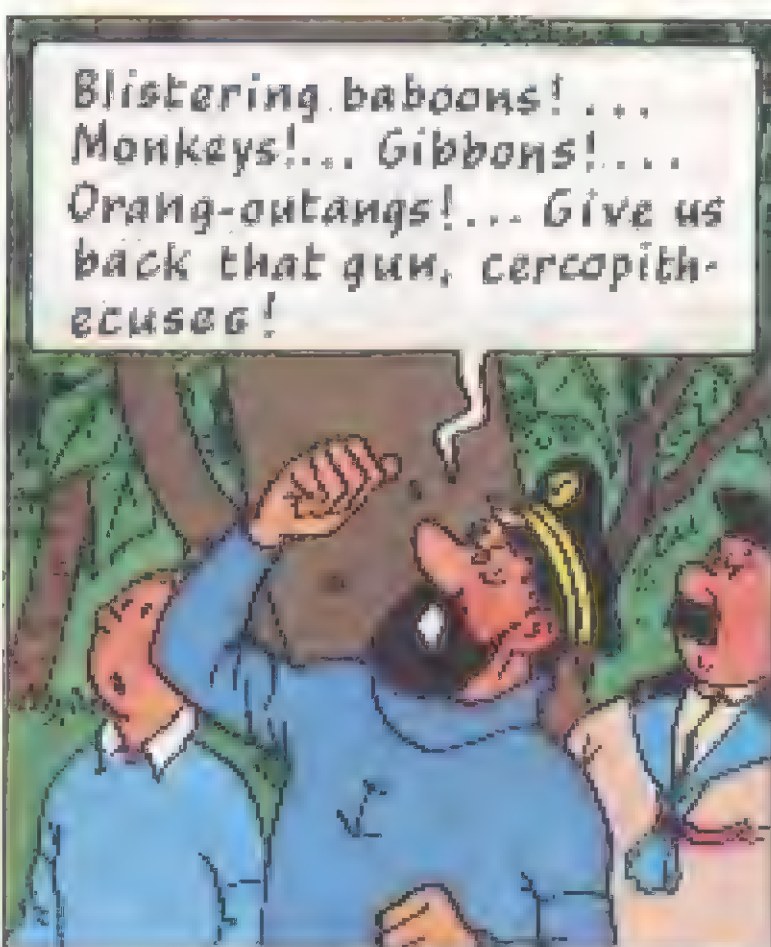
What's that noise?



Croooo!... Croooo!... Croooo!...



Croooo!... Croooo!...



Blistering baboons!... Monkeys!... Gibbons!... Orang-outangs!... Give us back that gun, cercopithecuses!

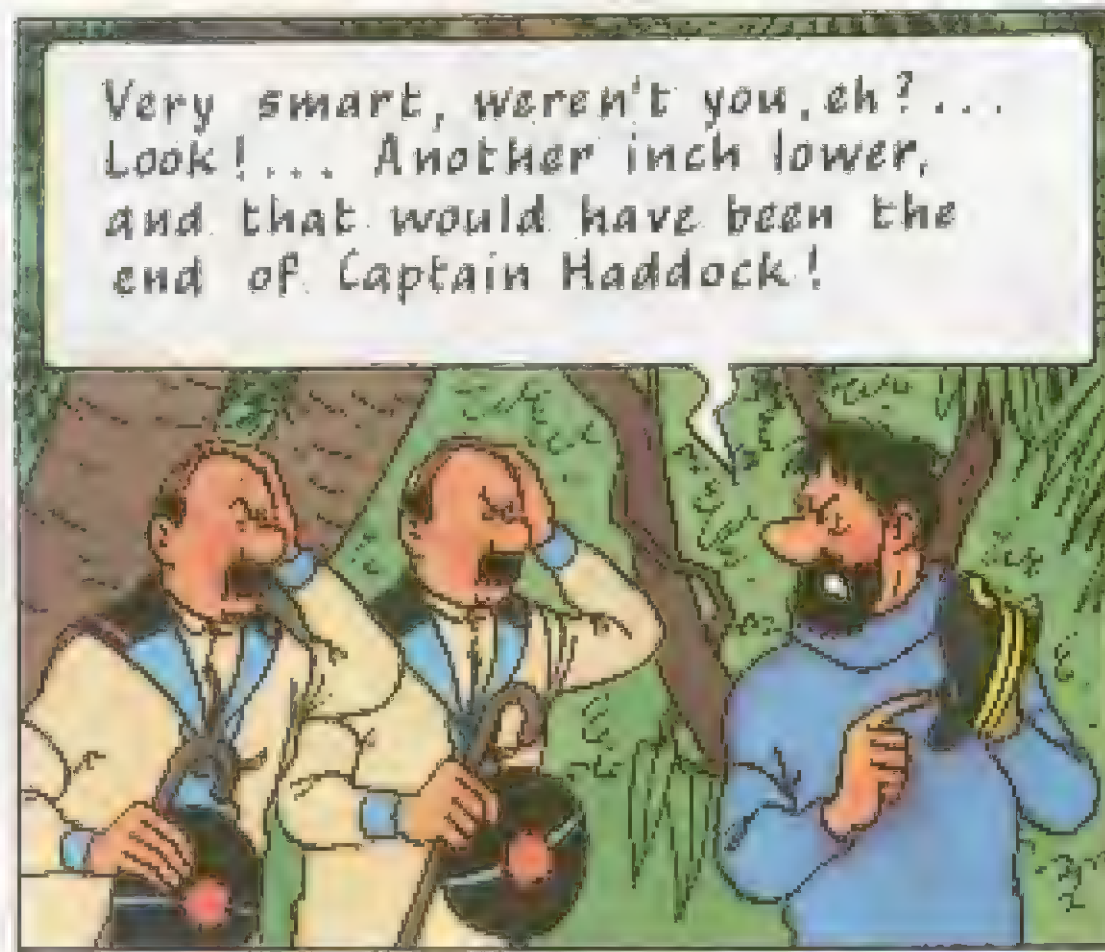
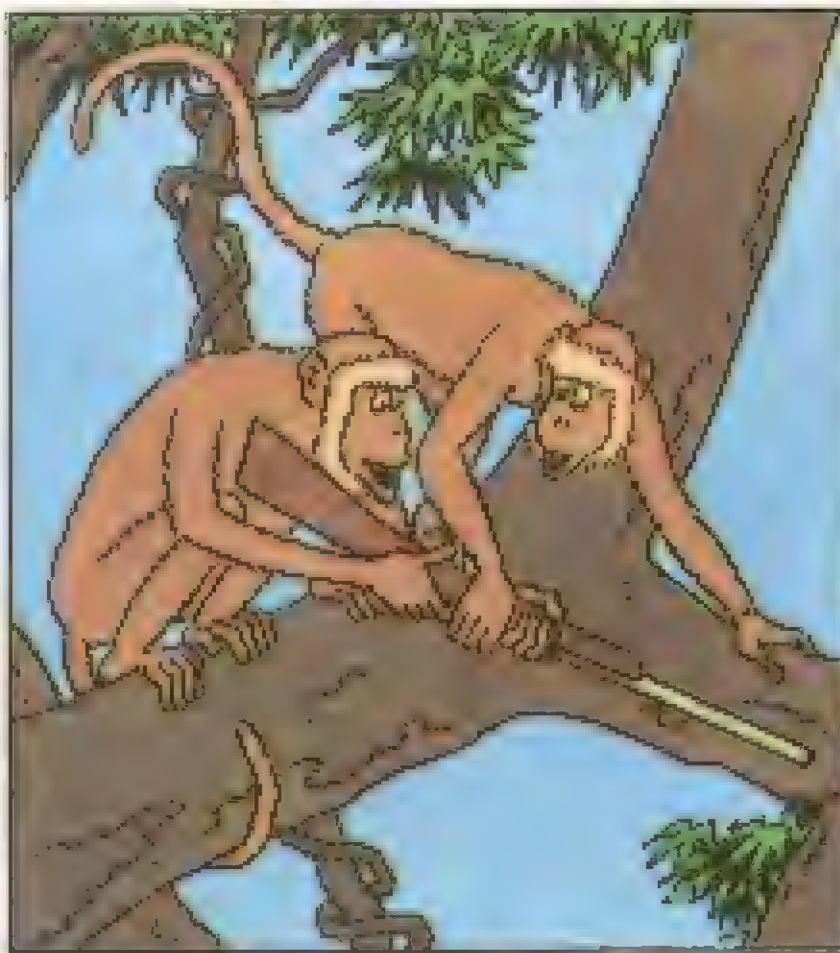
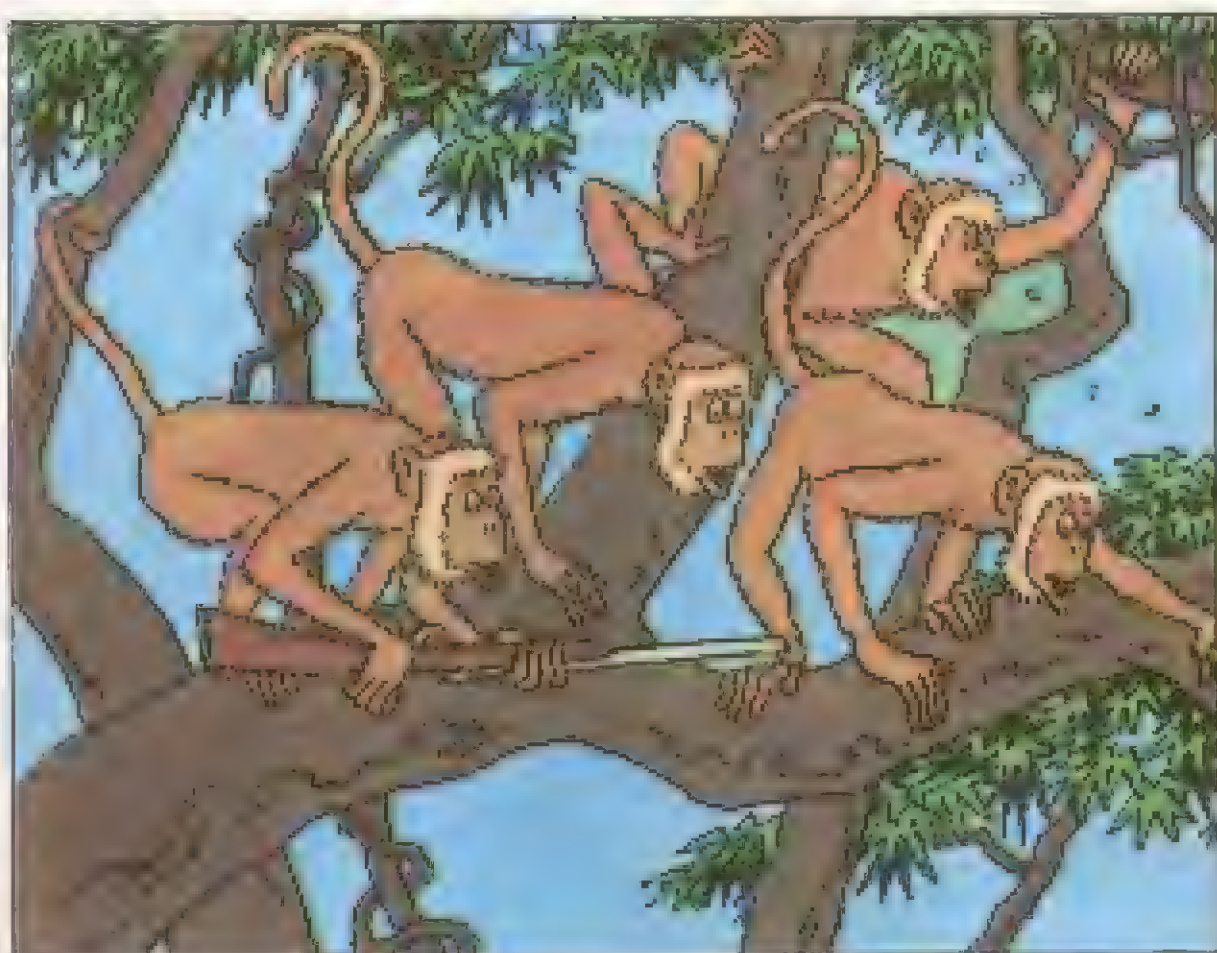


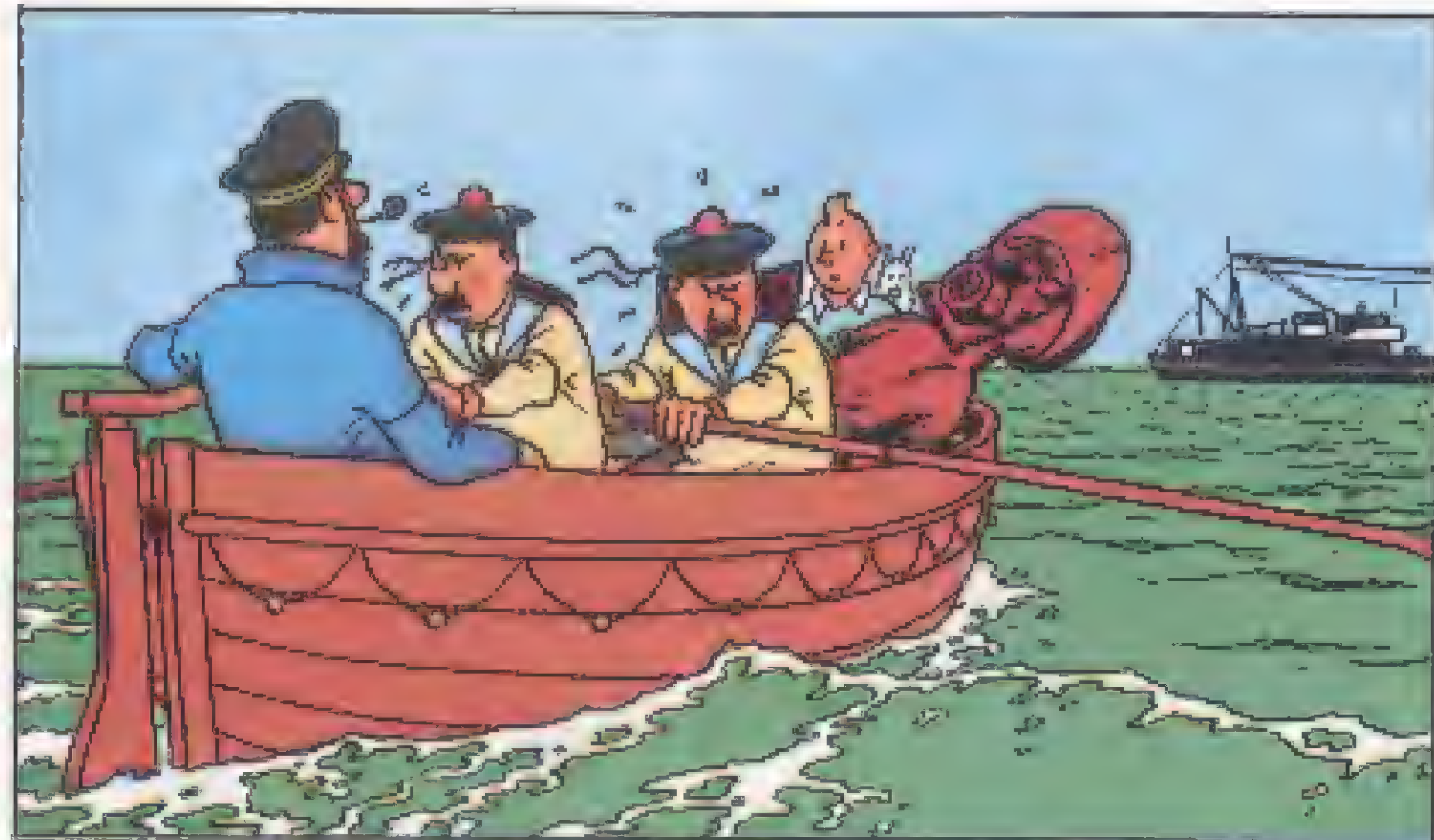
That's no use, Captain. Leave it to me. I'll frighten them.



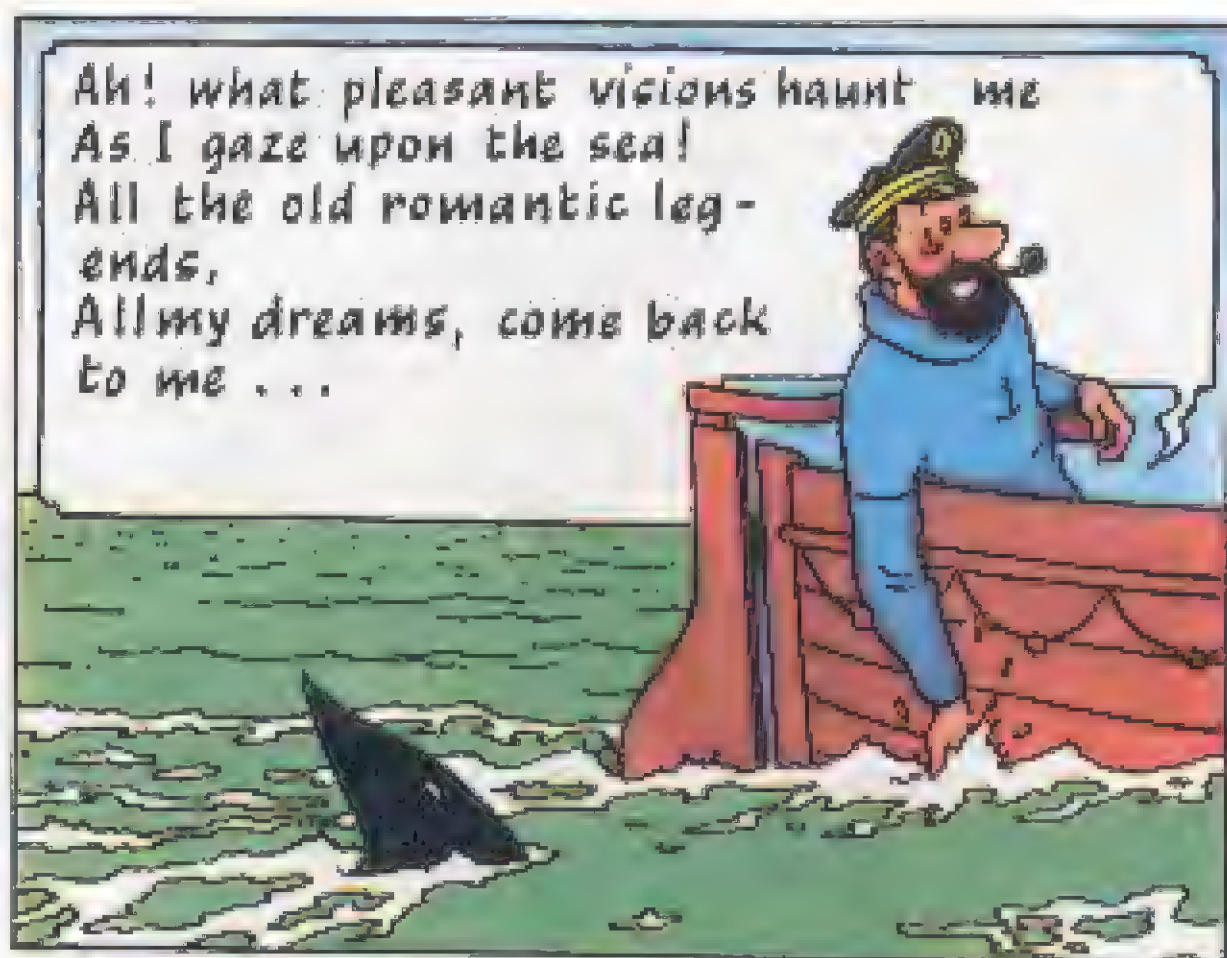
Hands up!... Bang!... Bang!... Bang!

Hey, don't do that!





Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic leg-
ends,
All my dreams, come back
to me ...



Look out!...
A shark!...



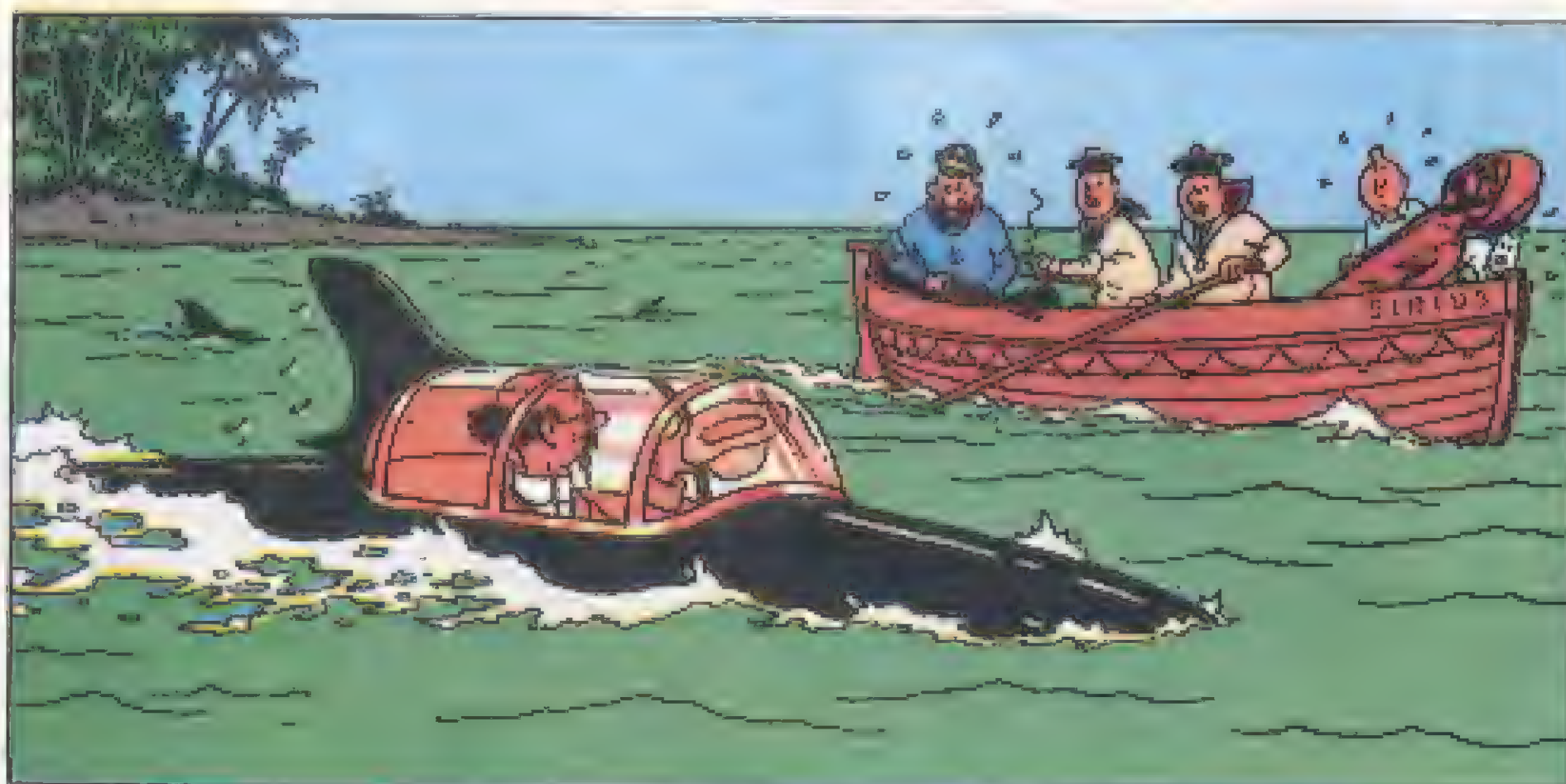
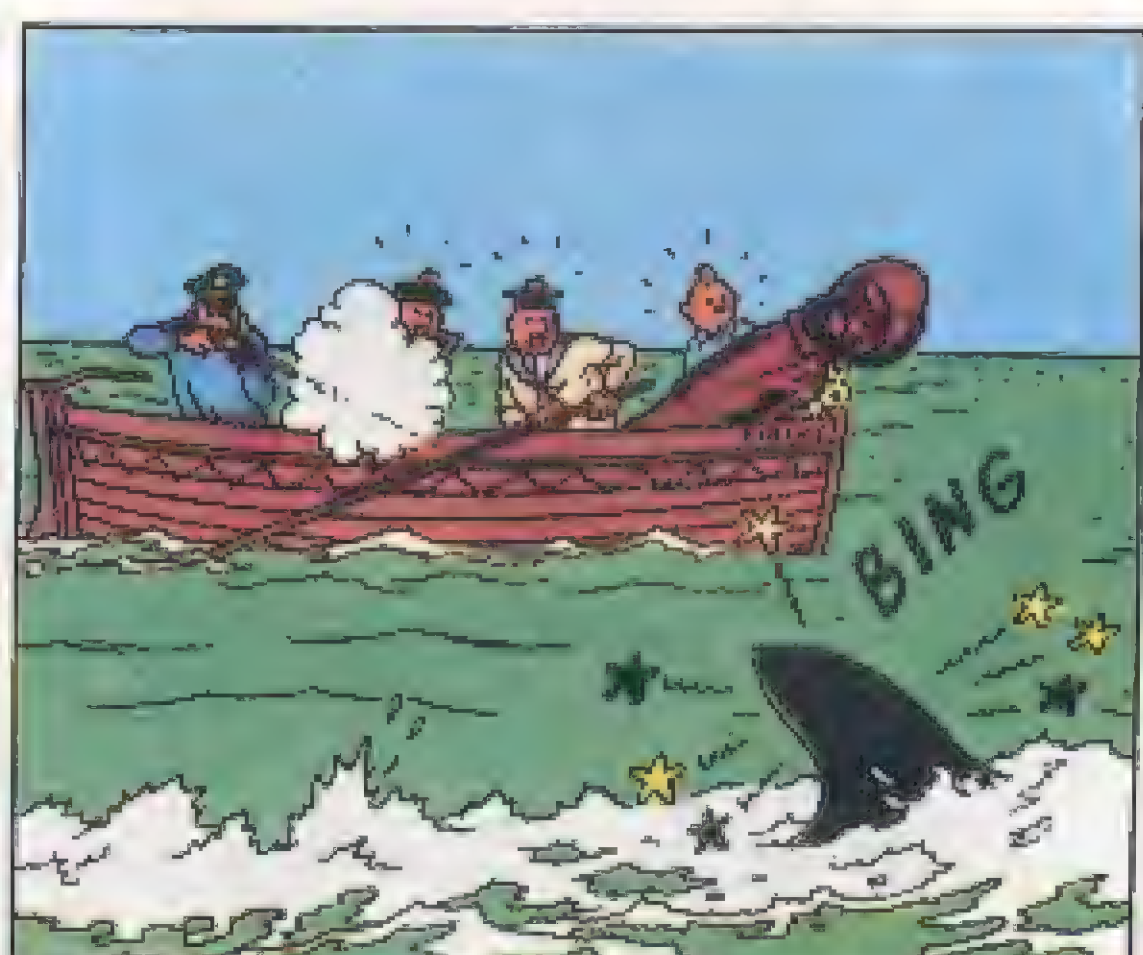
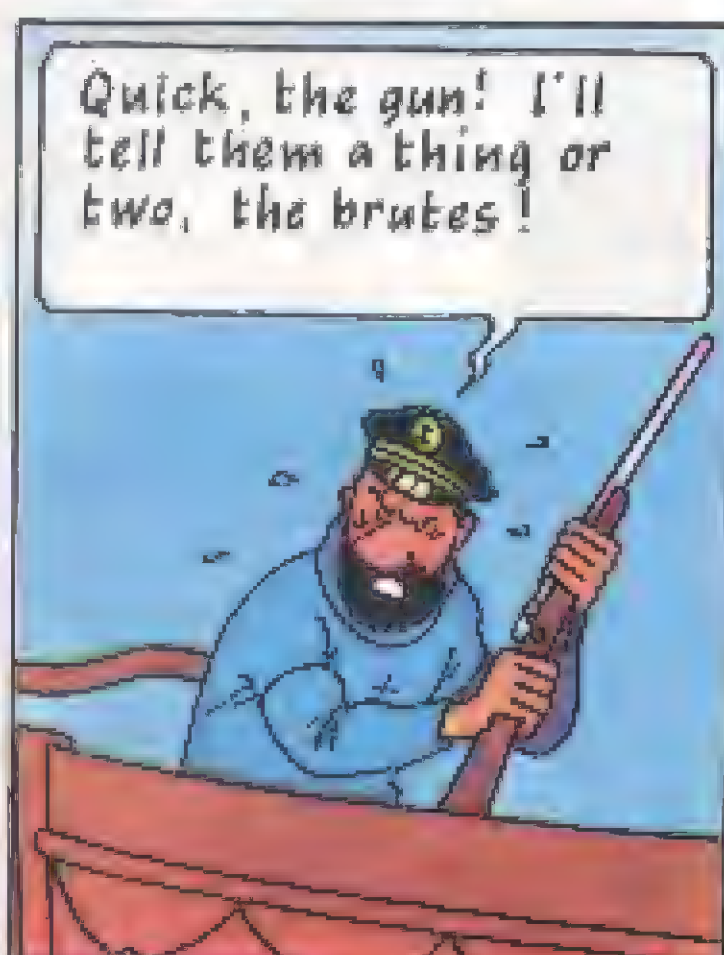
Thundering typhoons!... It almost
had my hand off!



Look, there's another!...
And there... and there ...



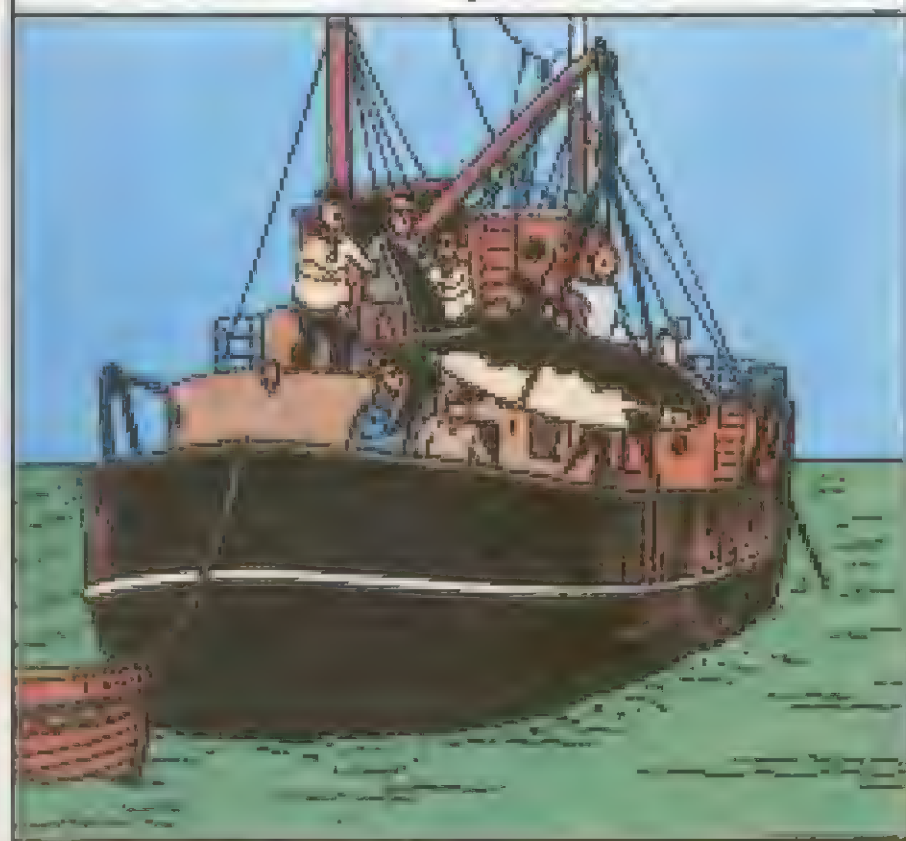
Quick, the gun! I'll
tell them a thing or
two, the brutes!



You know, Captain, I'm begin-
ning to think Professor Cal-
culus's machine may come
in very handy for us ...



Next day...



You've made up your mind?

Yes... Professor Calculus has explained exactly how his machine works. It'll be all right...



Stop!... Just a minute!...

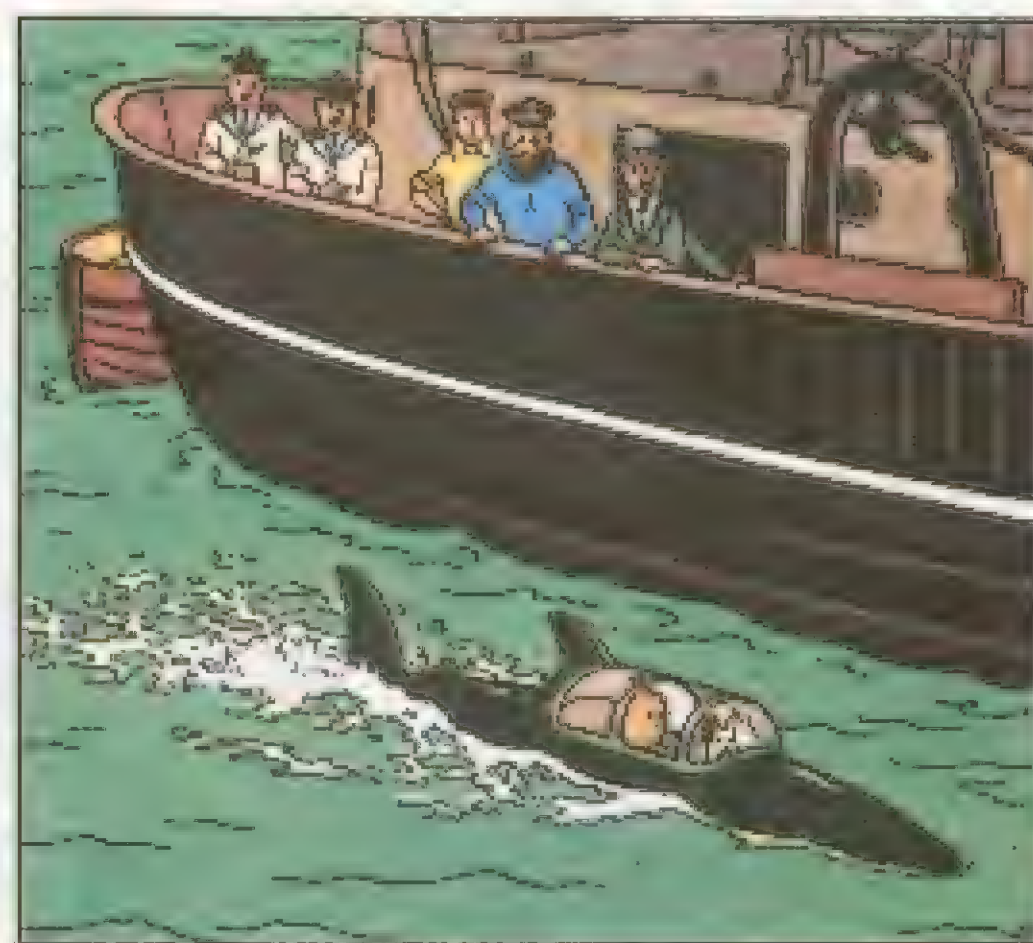


I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.

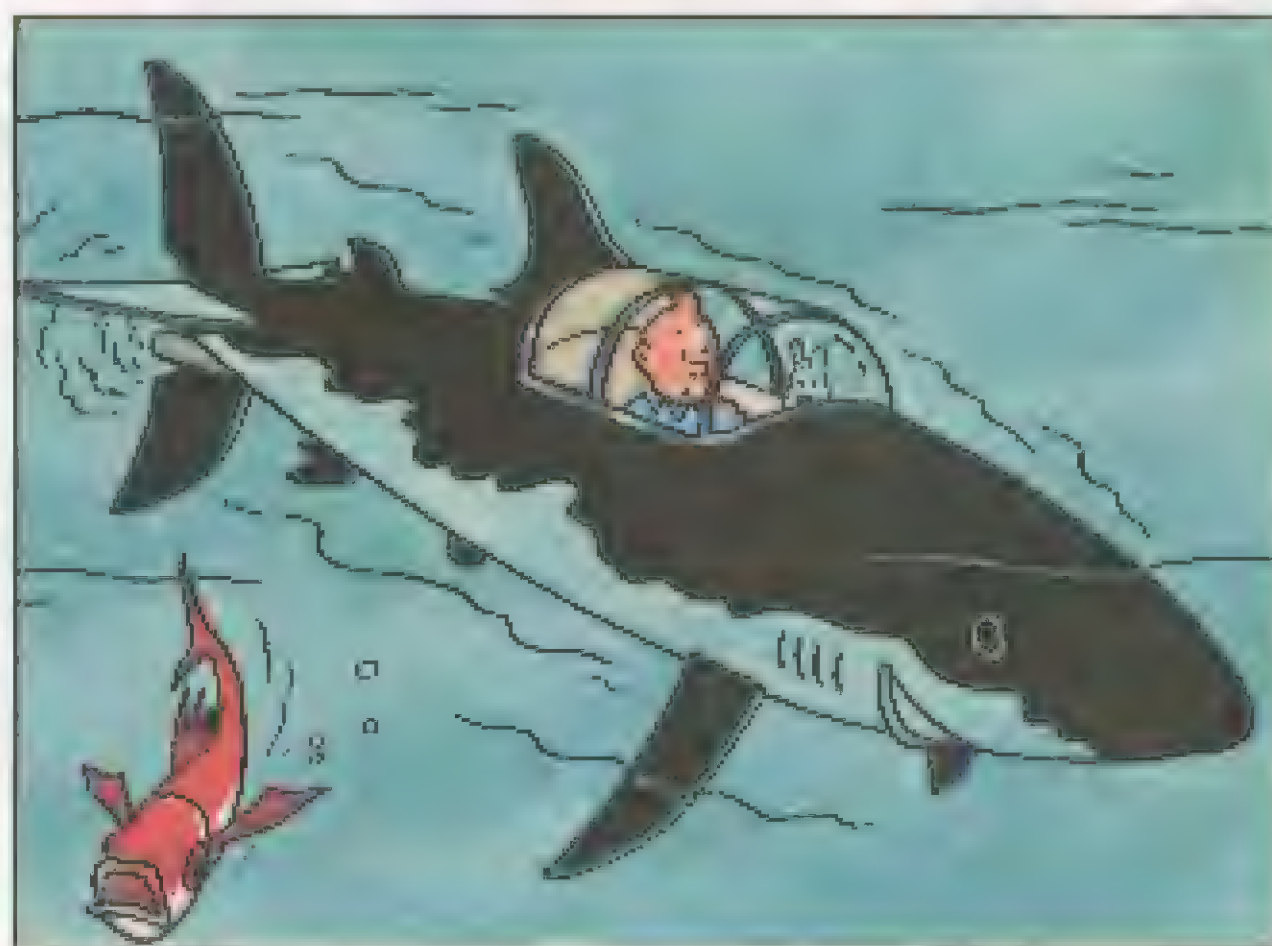
A little red button?... Right!



No, red! A little red button... You've got it? Good... Well, goodbye, and good luck!



There he goes: he's dived.



This is fun, eh Snowy?

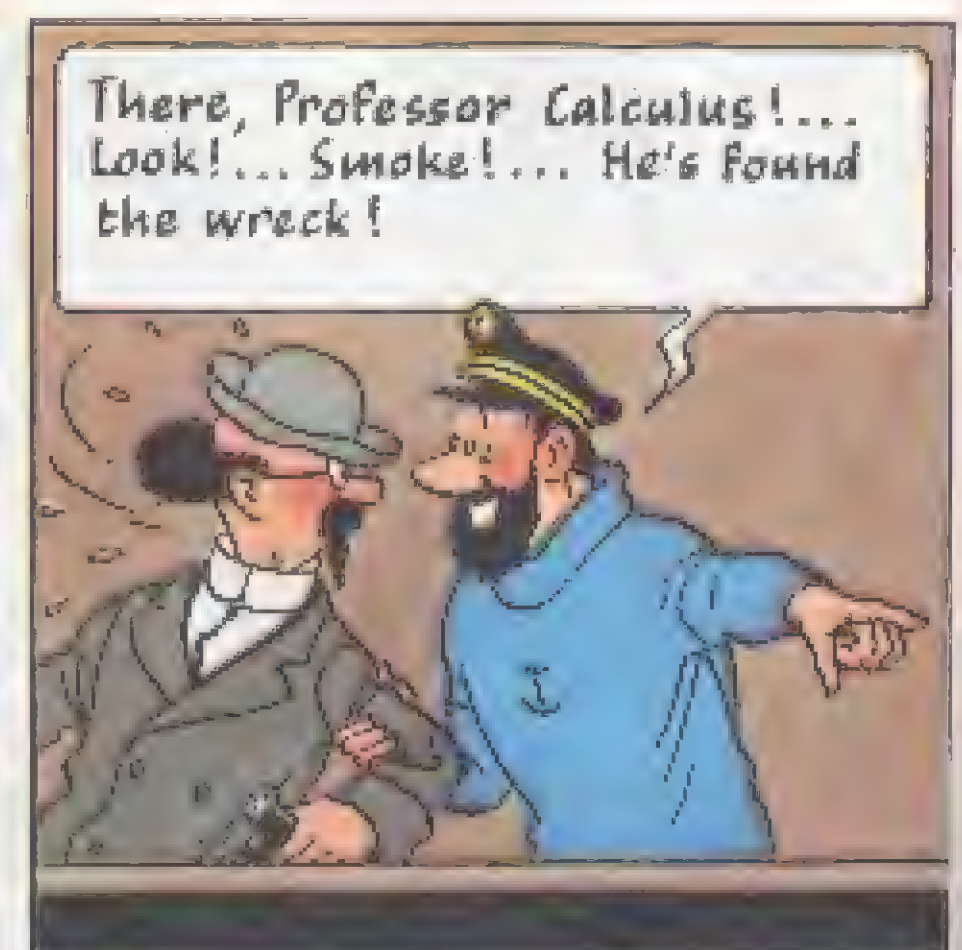
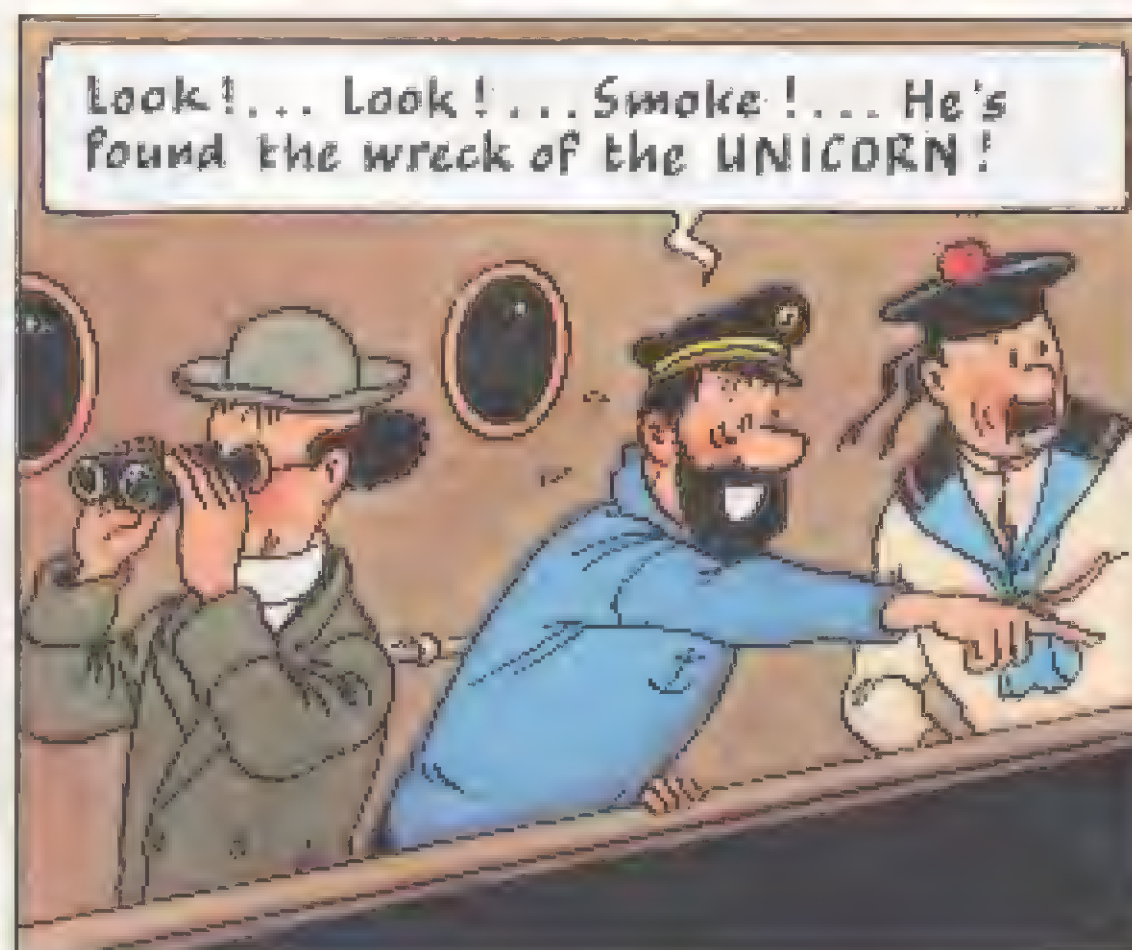
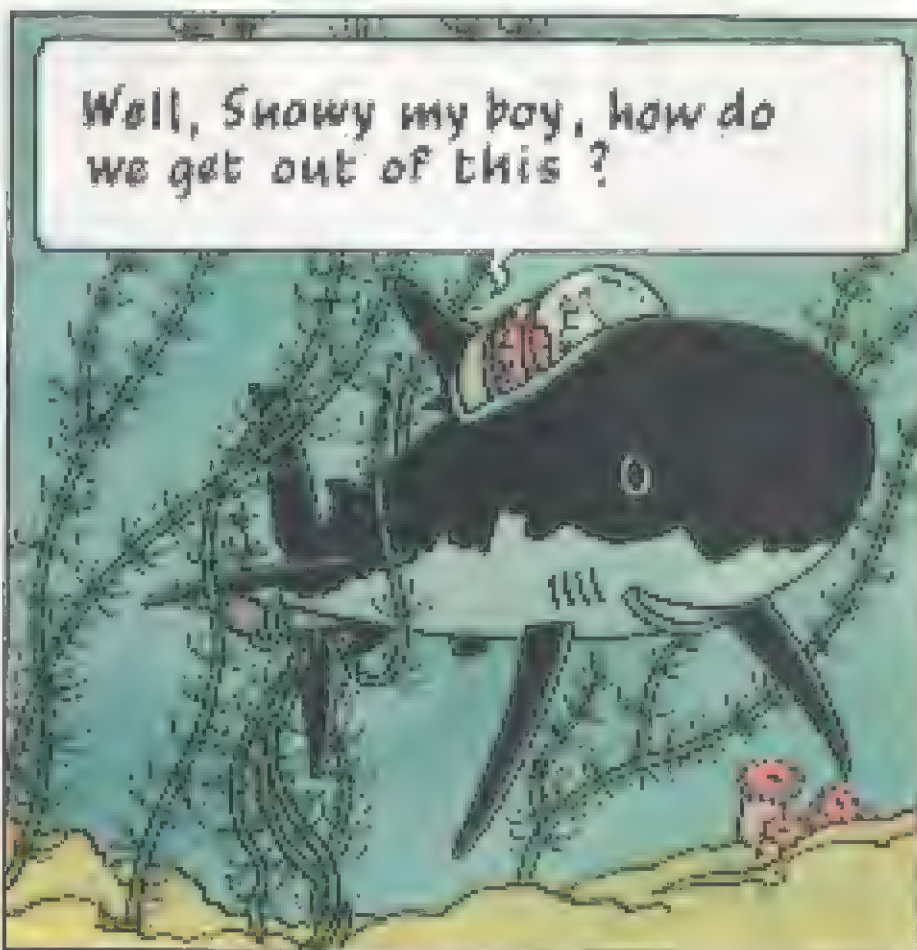
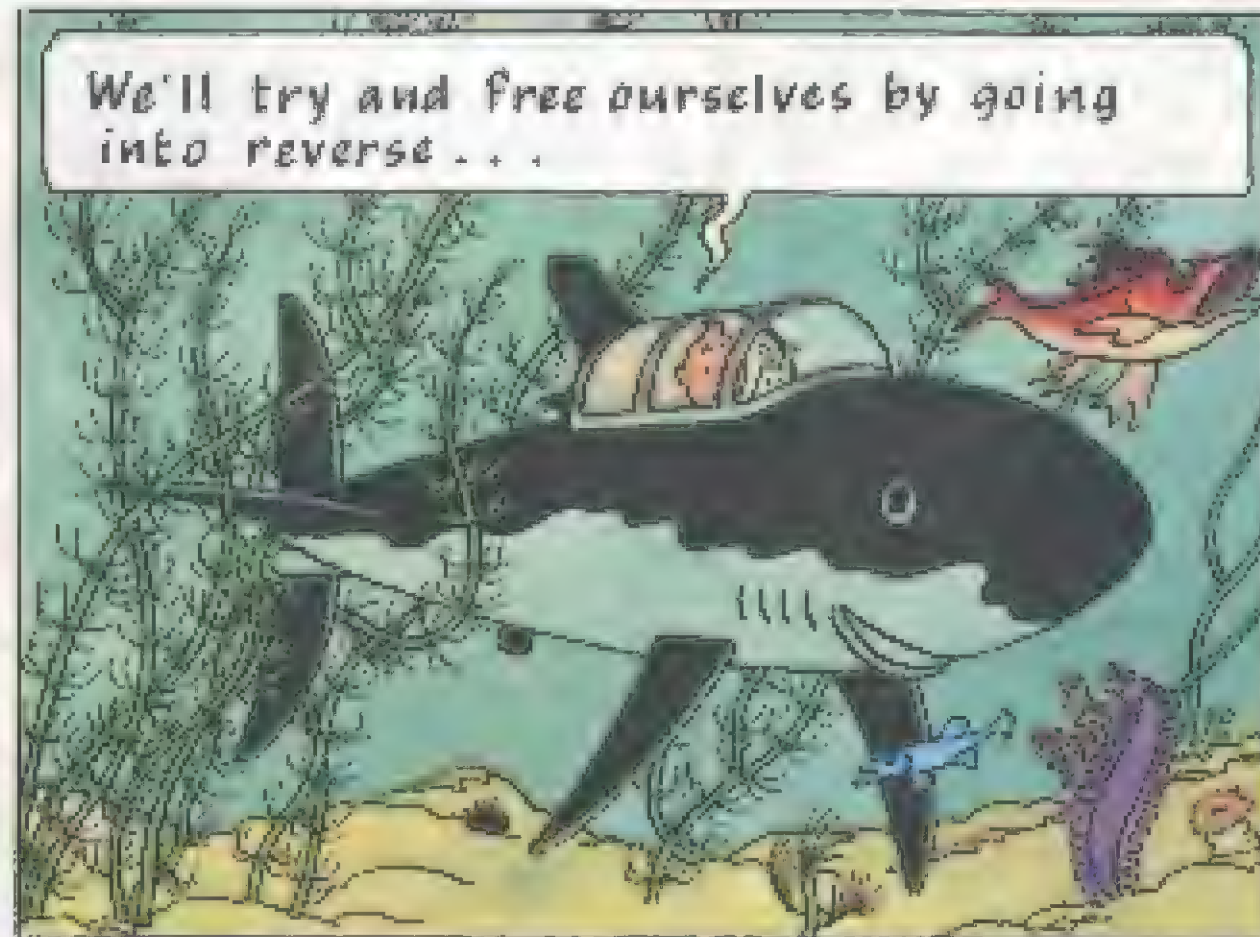
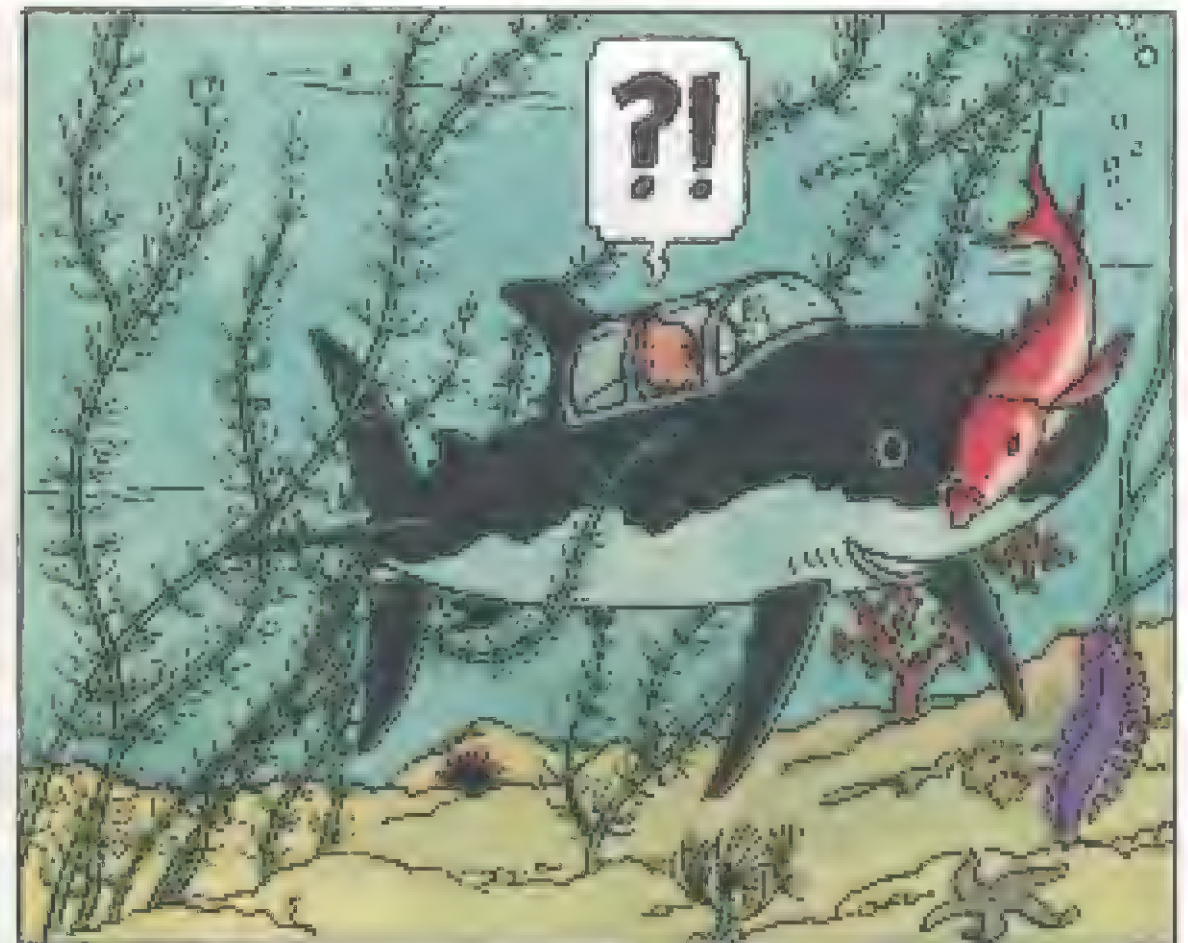
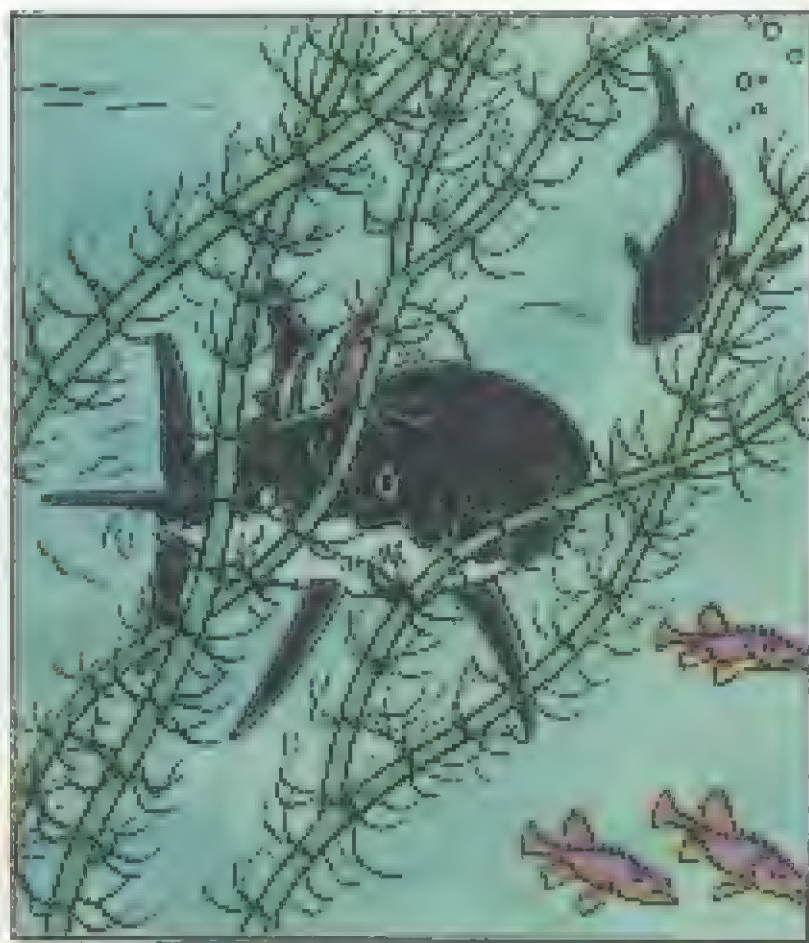
Golly, what a lot of water!

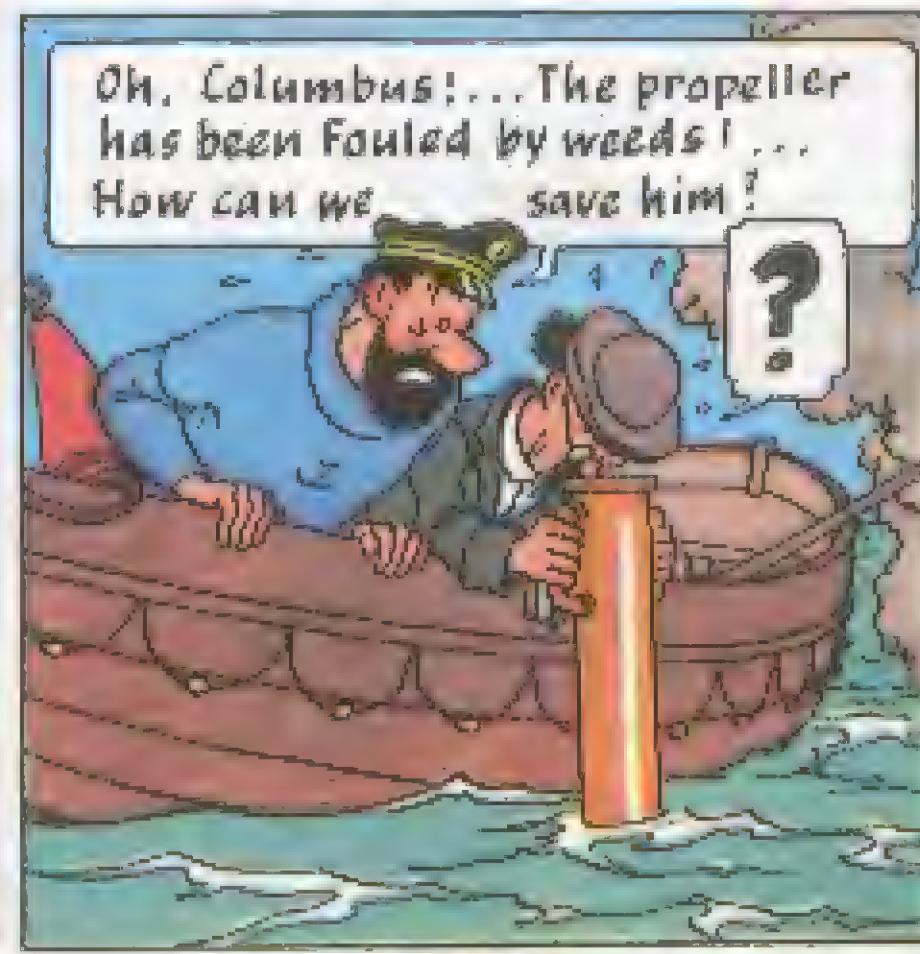
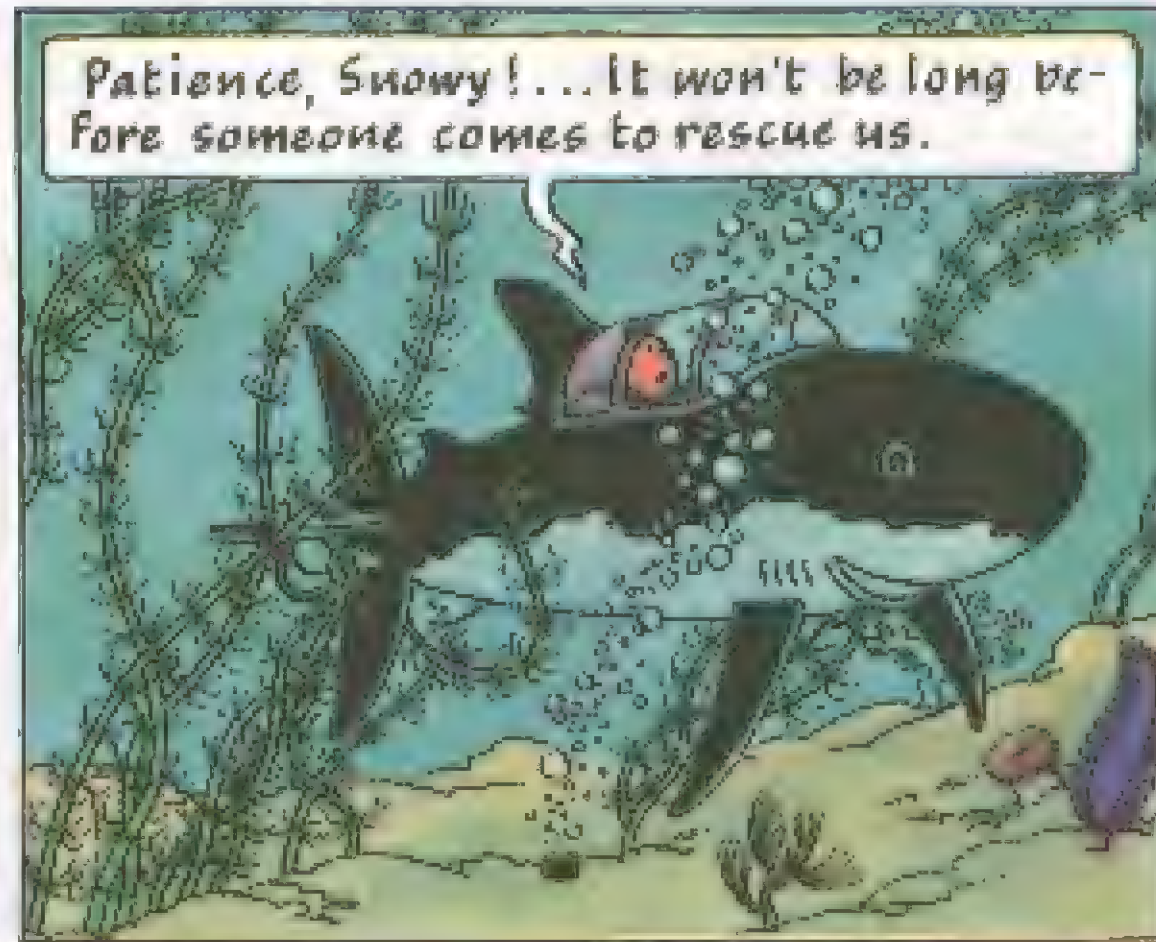


Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

Gone long? Why, it's only ten minutes since he dived...







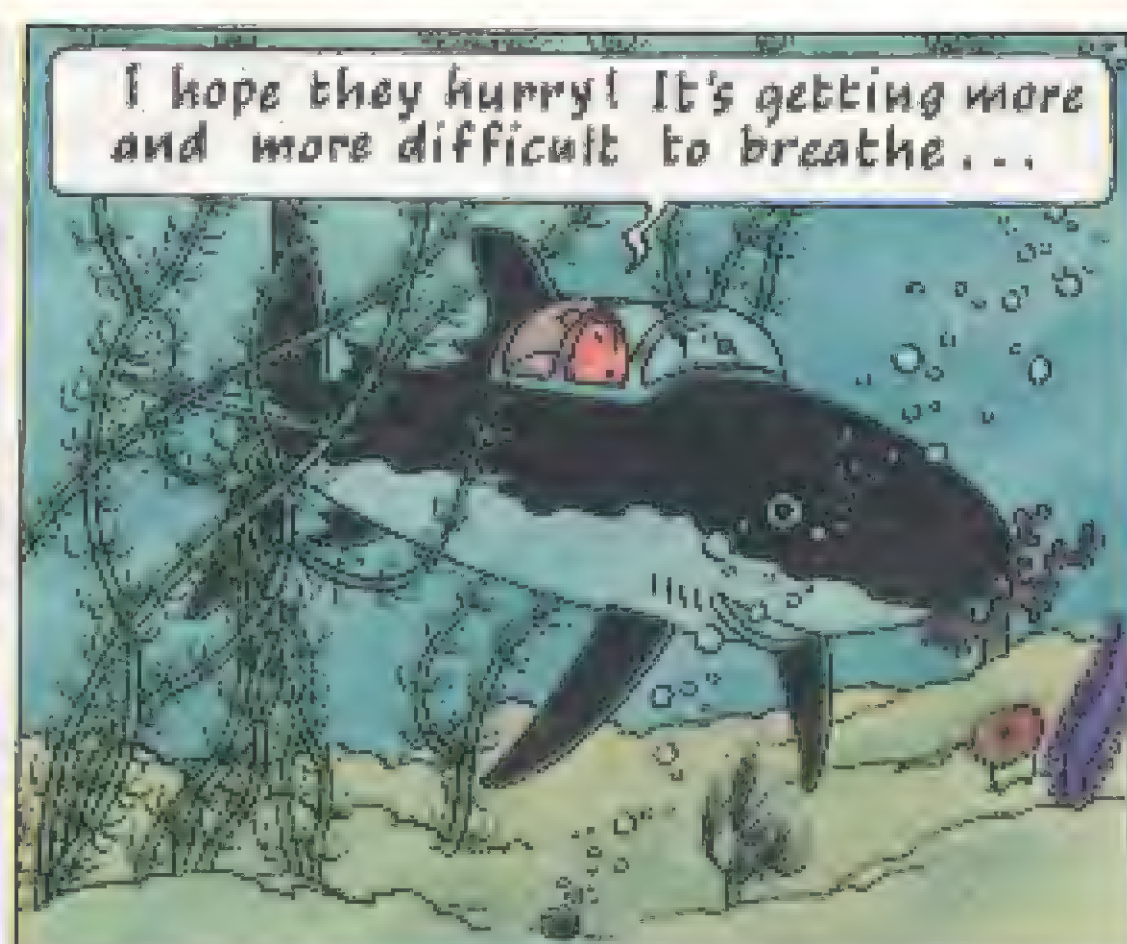


Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resur-face ...



Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

May drown? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!



I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...



What can we do? How can we save him? Lower a diver?... No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...



No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

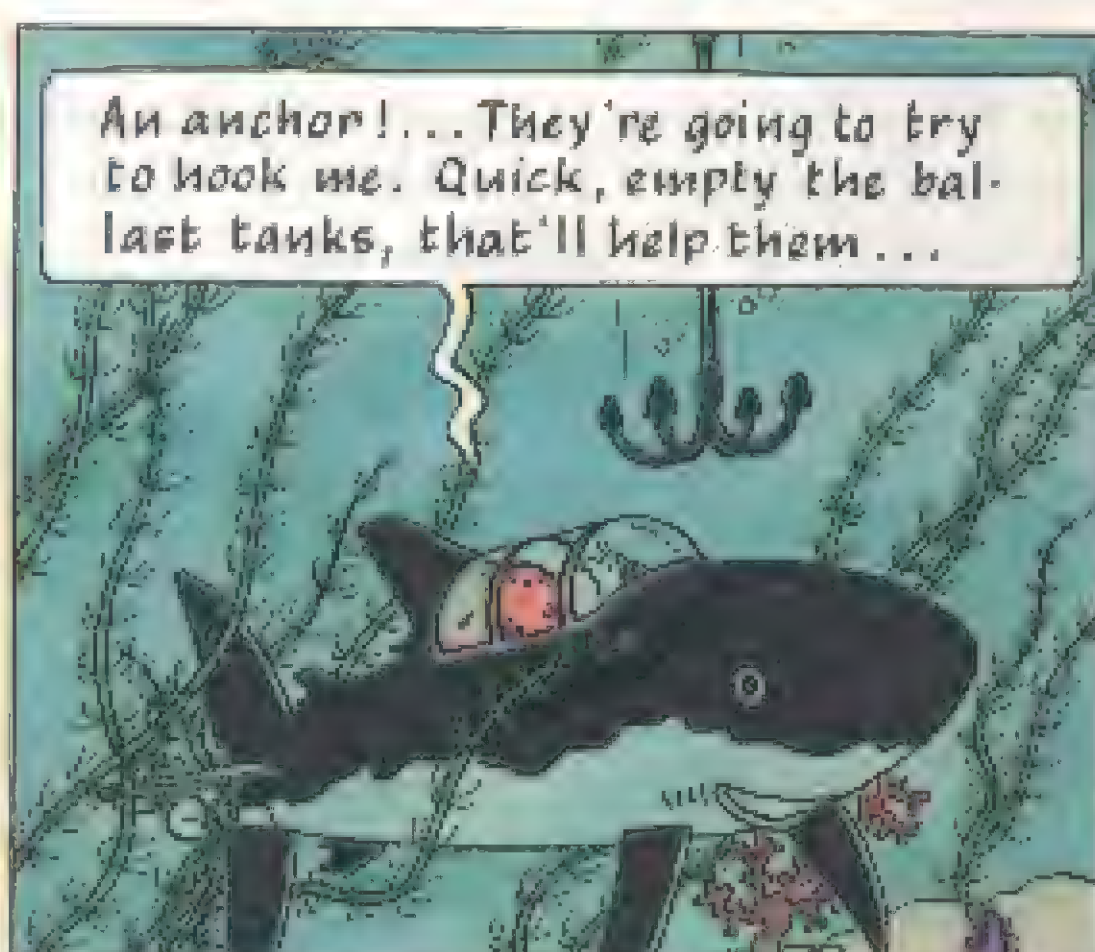
The an-chor? What for?...



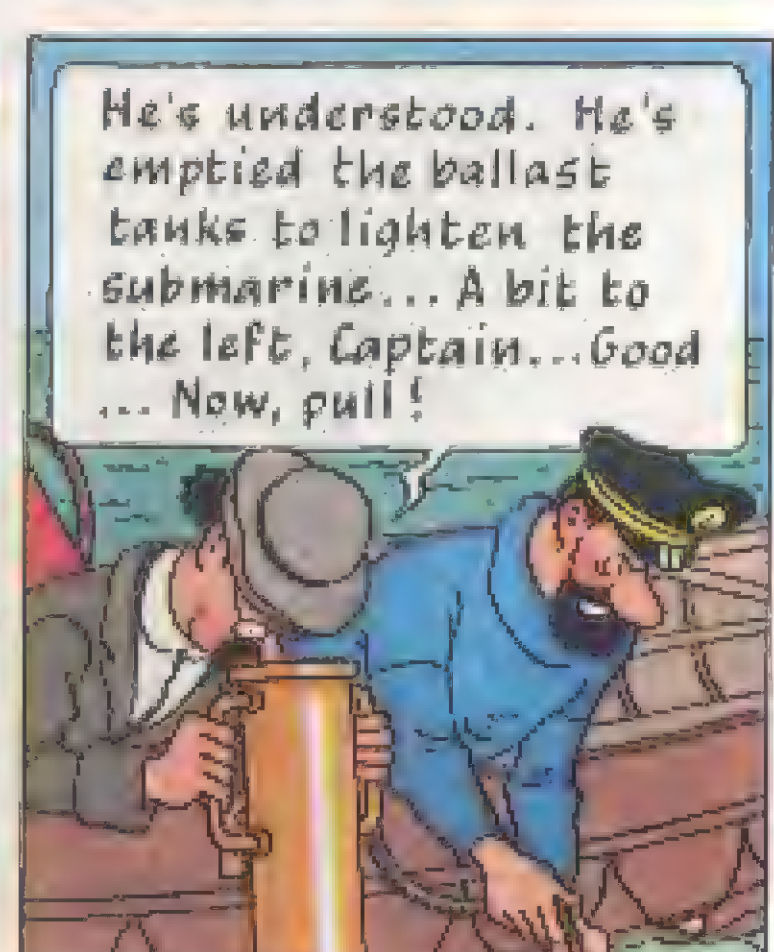
Of course!... We'll try and hook it onto the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...



That's it! Let it down... Lower... lower... lower... gently...



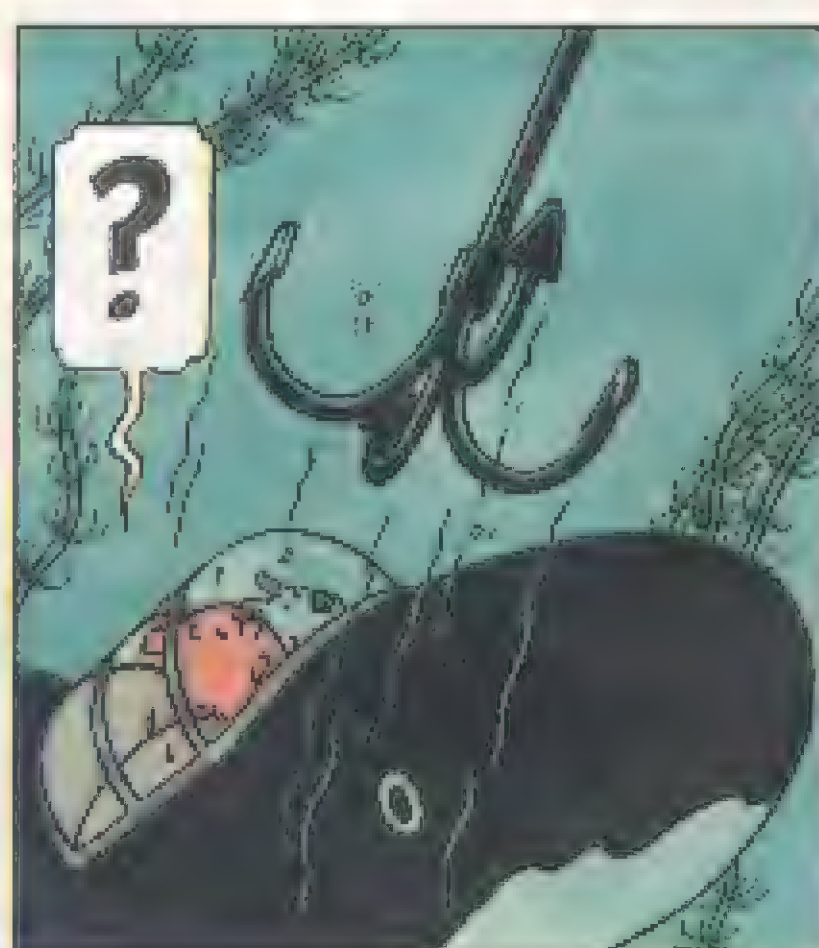
An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them...



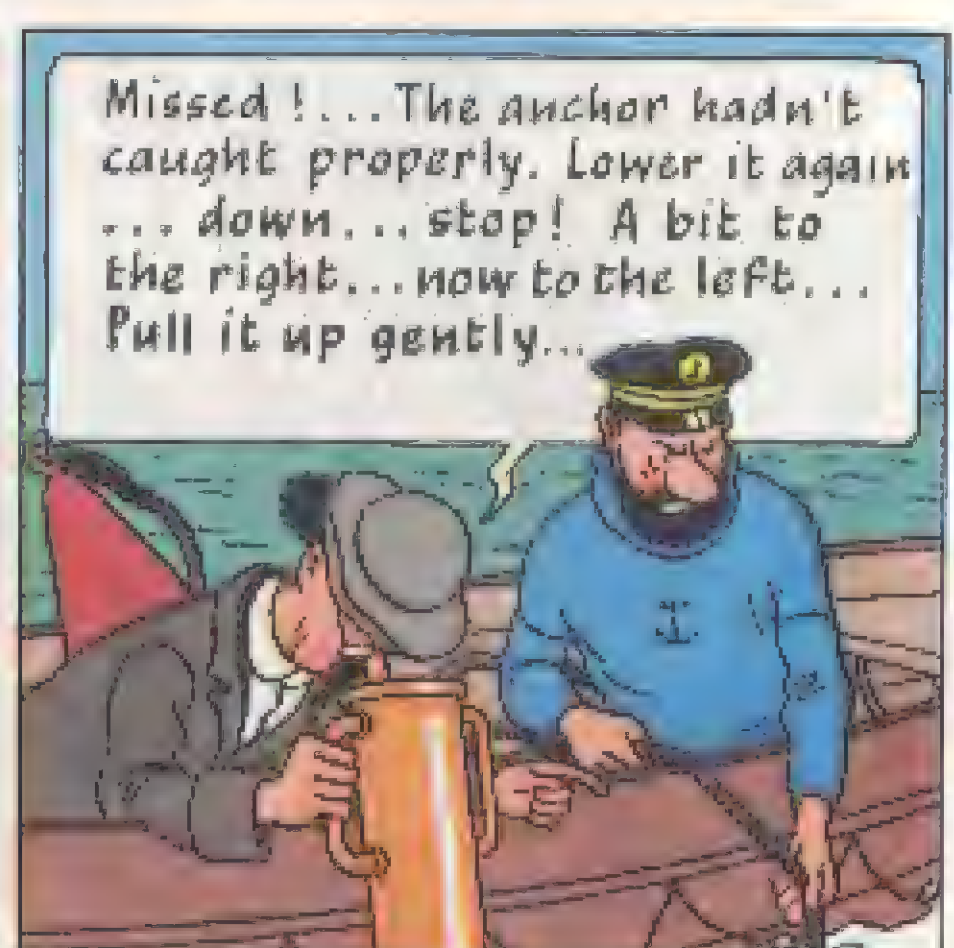
He's understood. He's emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left, Captain... Good... Now, pull!



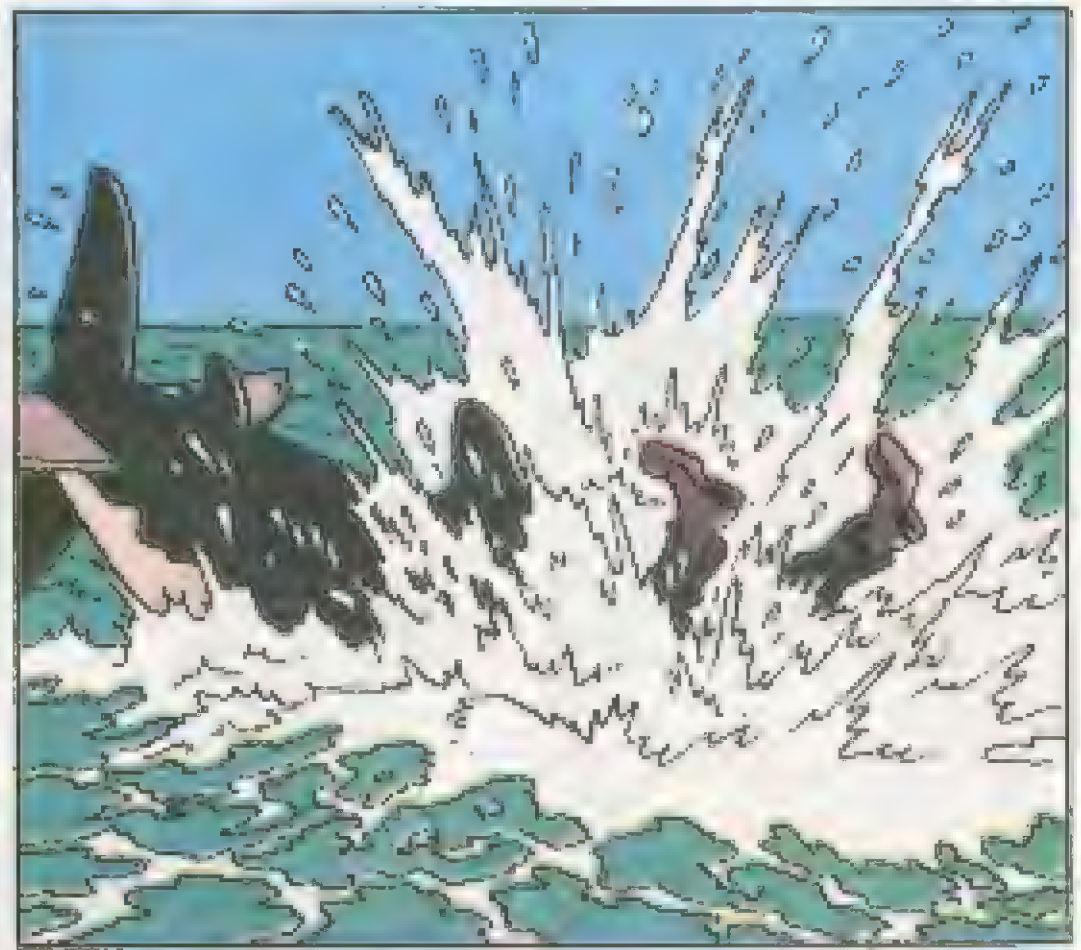
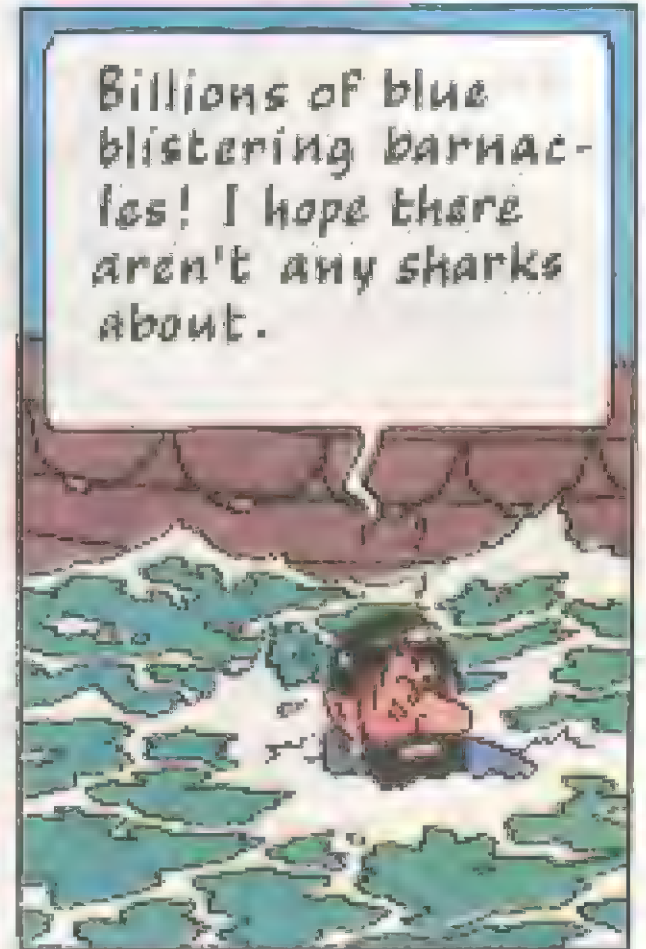
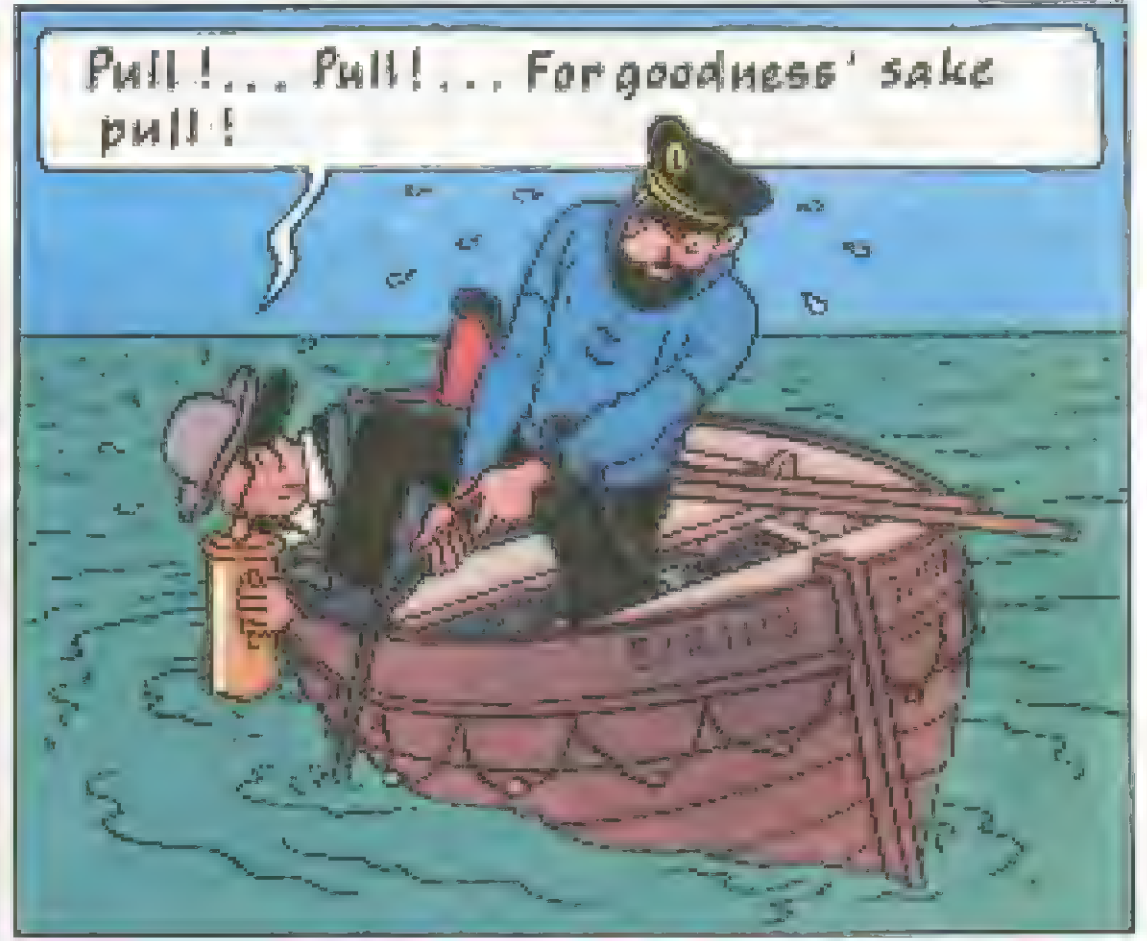
Ah, they've got it!... I'm saved!... Just in time! I'm suffocating.

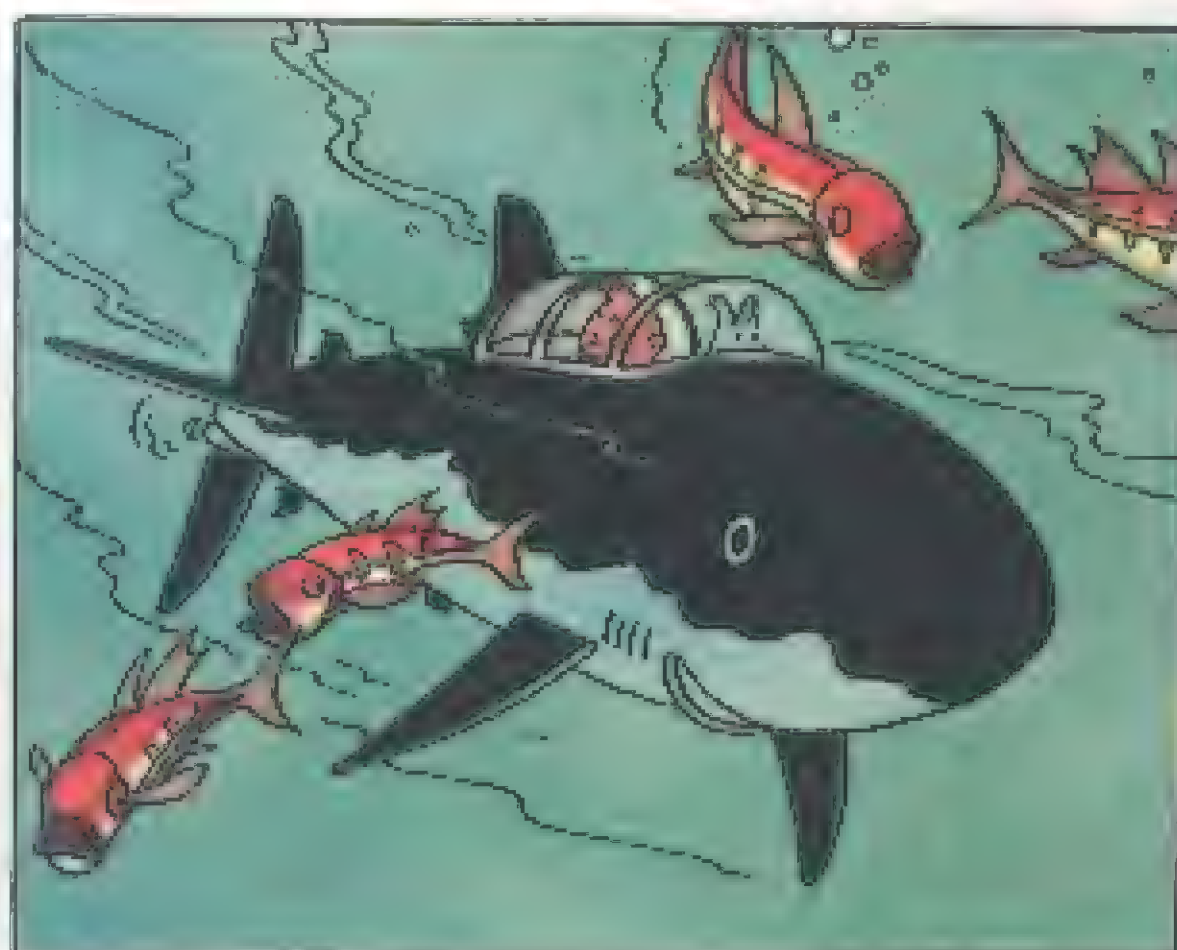
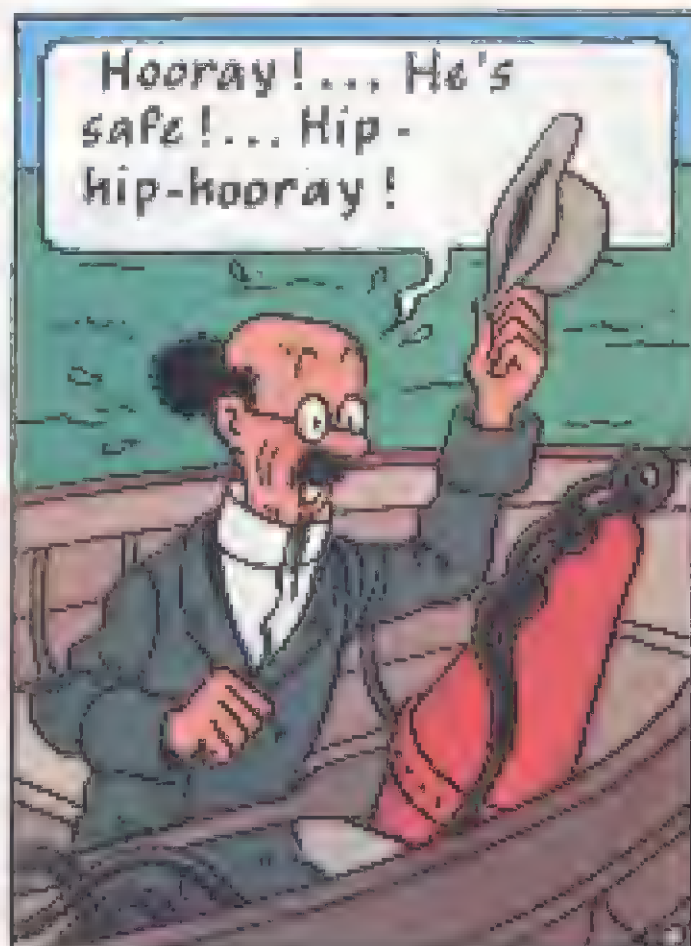


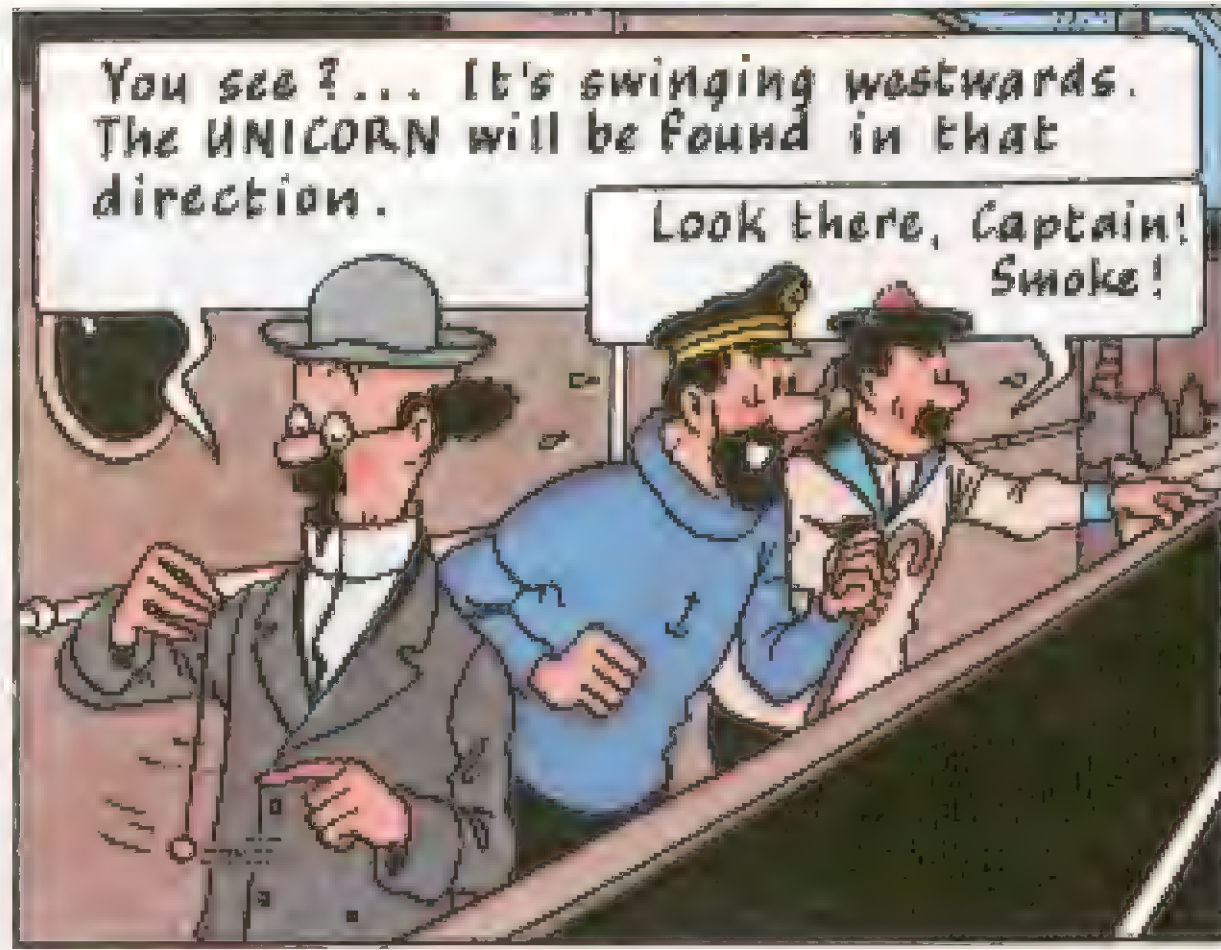
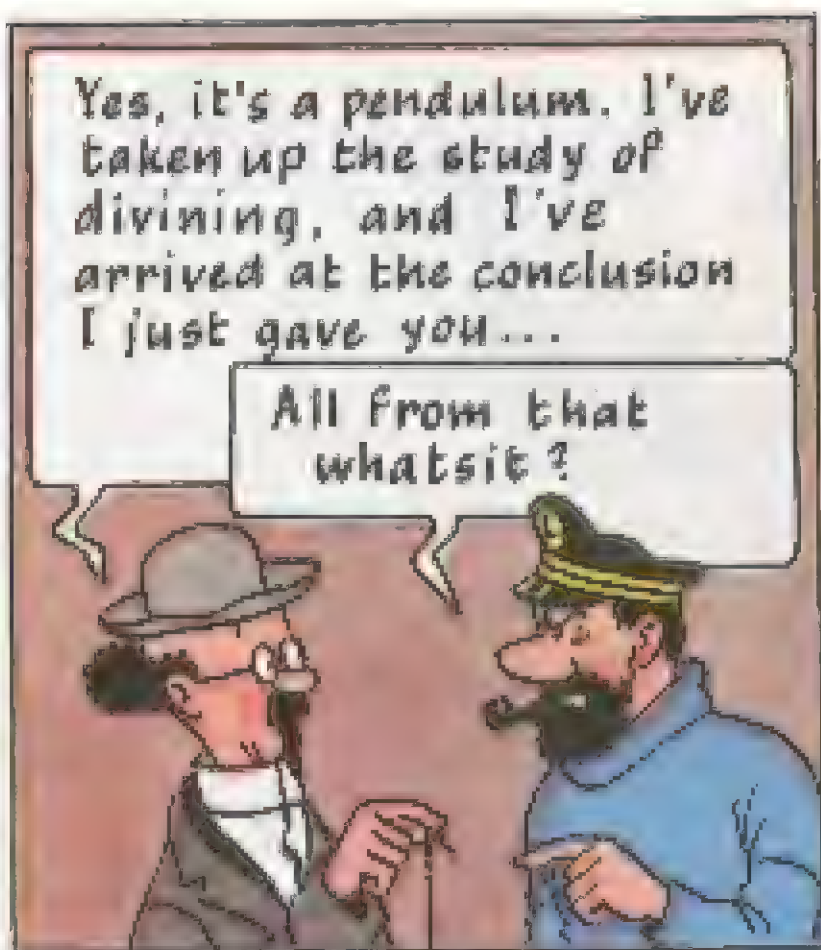
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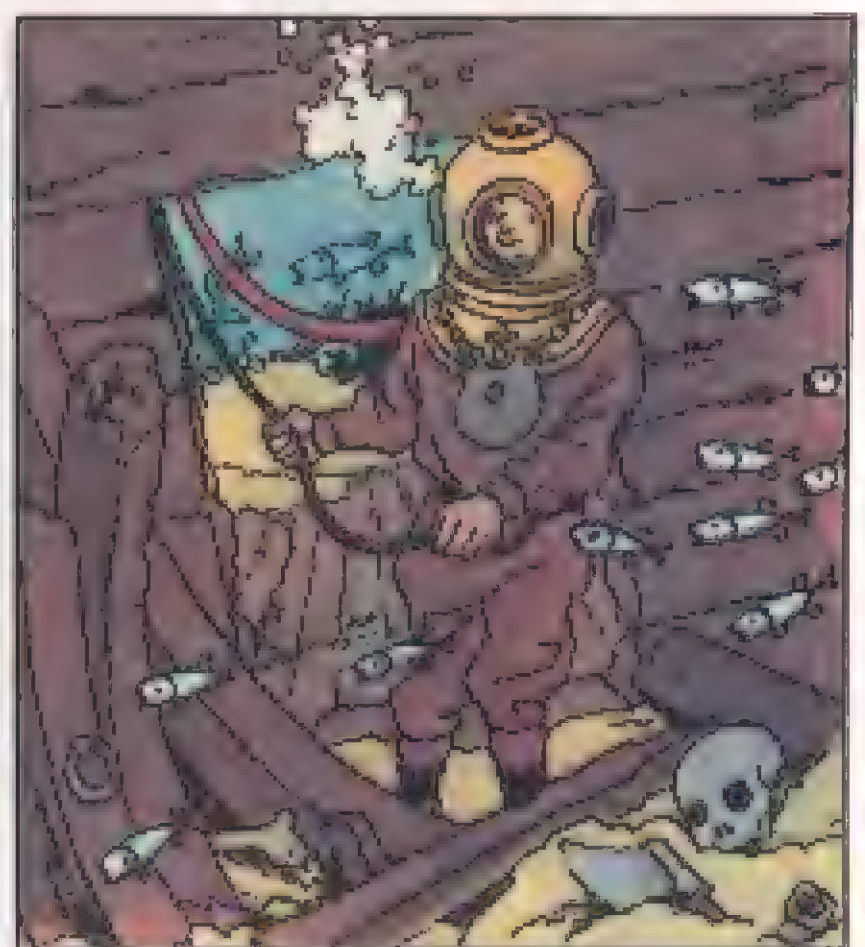
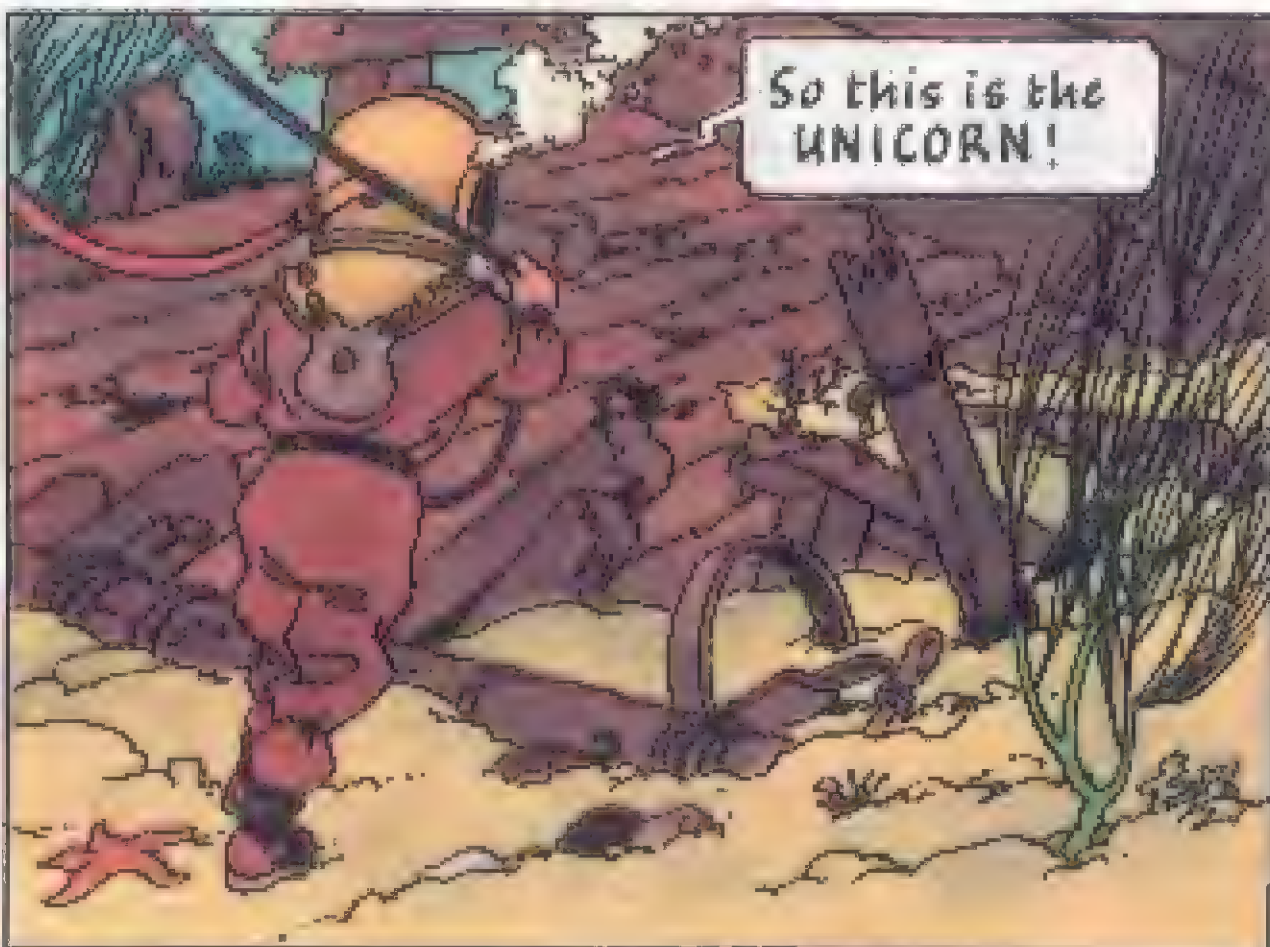
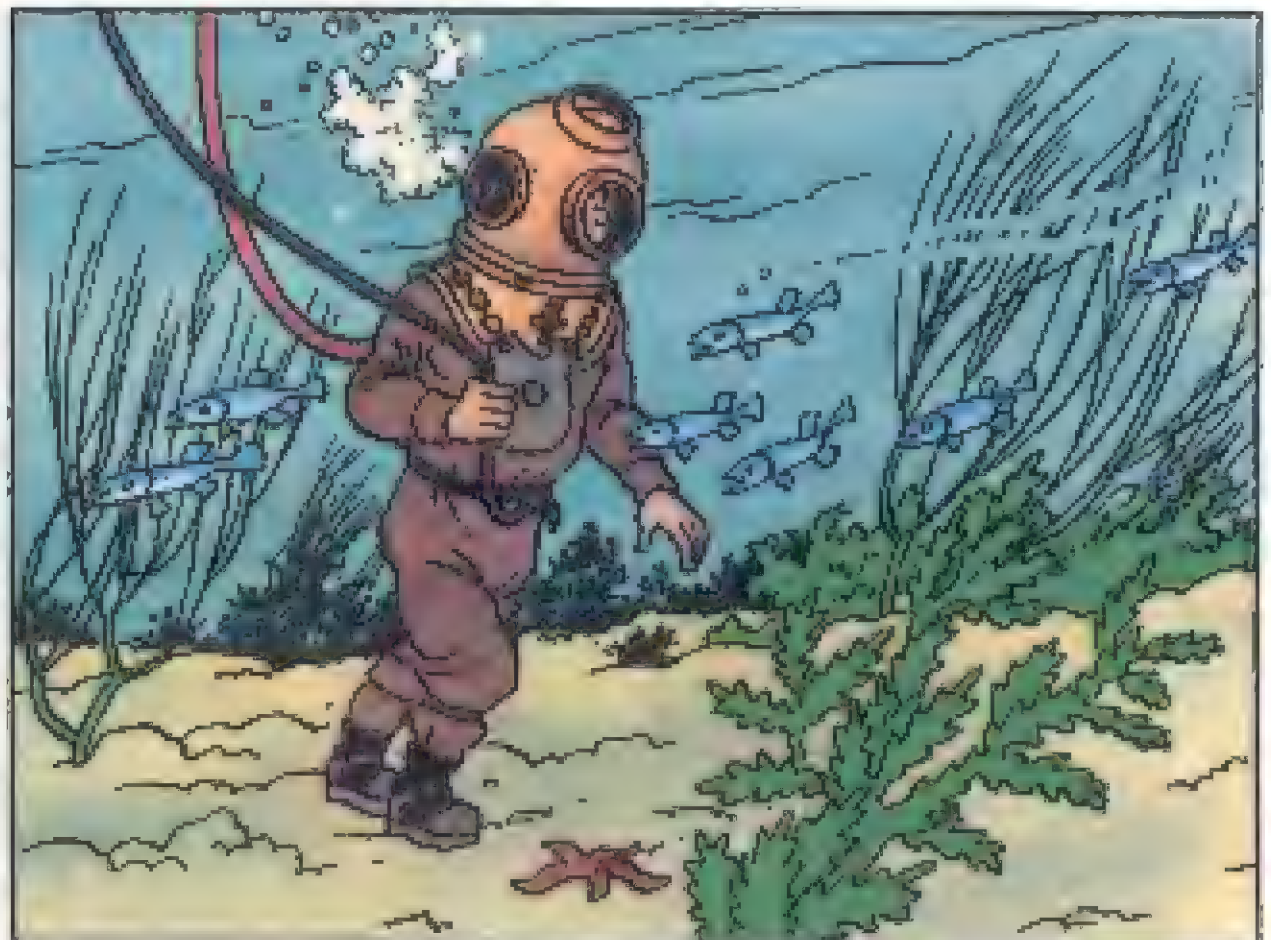
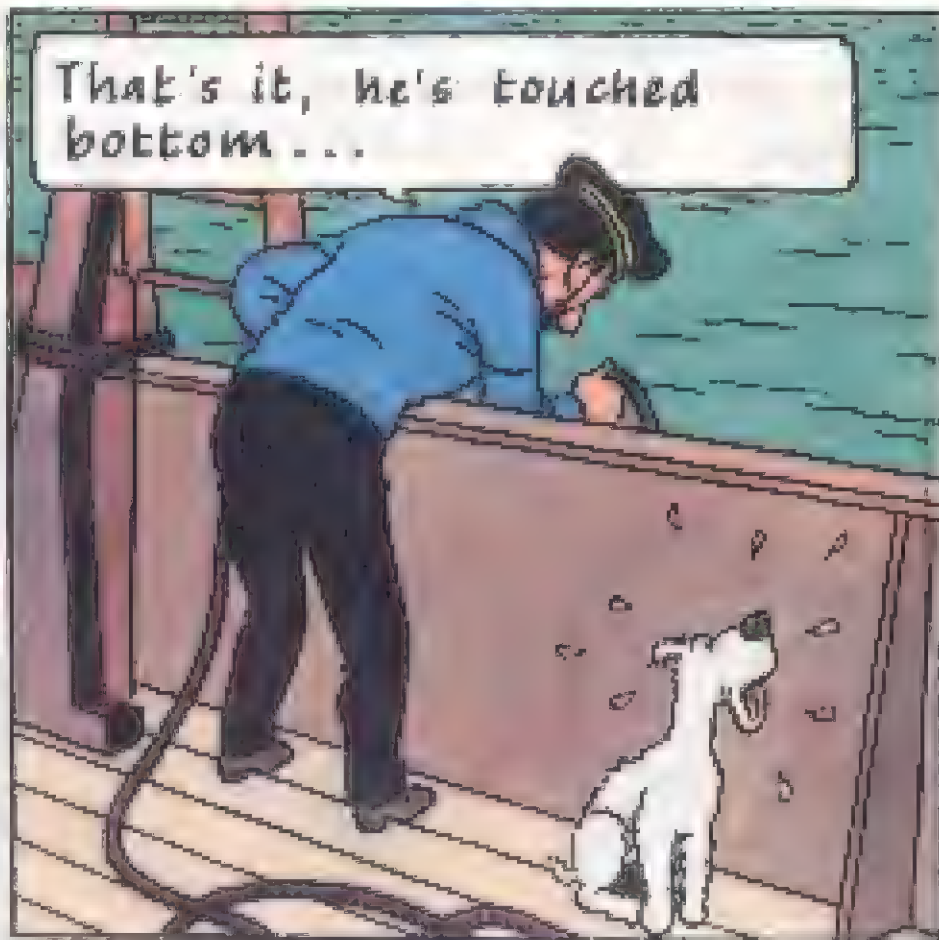


Missed!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right... now to the left... Pull it up gently...

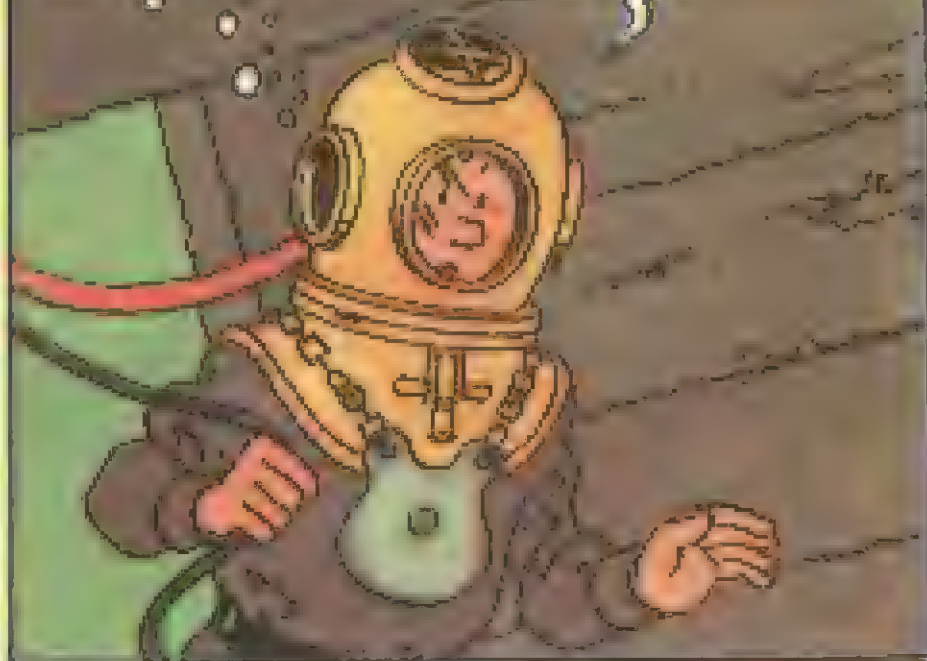








Crumbs! What's happening?
The air supply has stopped!
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two
doing there, instead
of pumping?



Us? We're resting...it's
tiring work, you know.

You infernal
impersonations
of Abominable
Snowmen!
Pump for your
lives!...Faster!



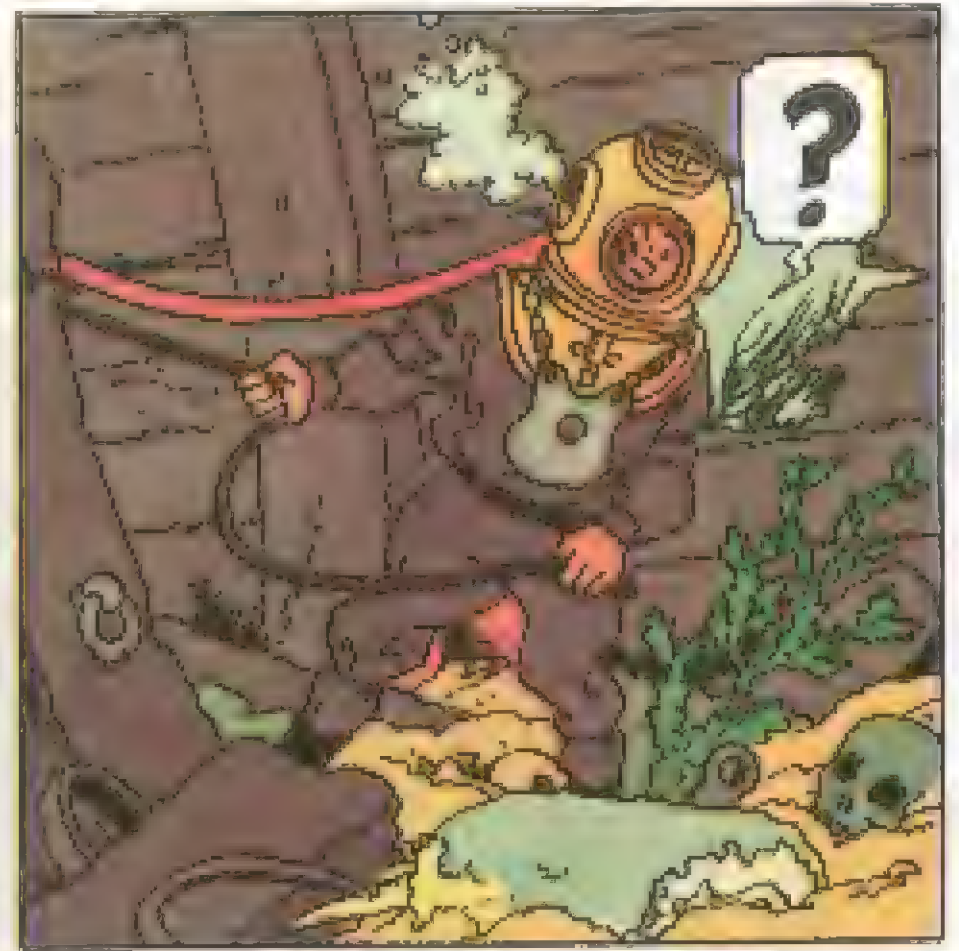
Whew!... That's better!
... Now the air's com-
ing again. That gave me
quite a fright...



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't
understand... Since the UNICORN is
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daisies down
below!



Having a row?
I don't see a
boat?

Two jerks on the line!
He wants to come
up. I'm sure he must
have found some-
thing!



Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!



Here he is



What has he got?



A gold cross, encrusted with precious
stones! ... and a cutlass! ... I say,
this cross is superb!

We've made a good
start, eh?

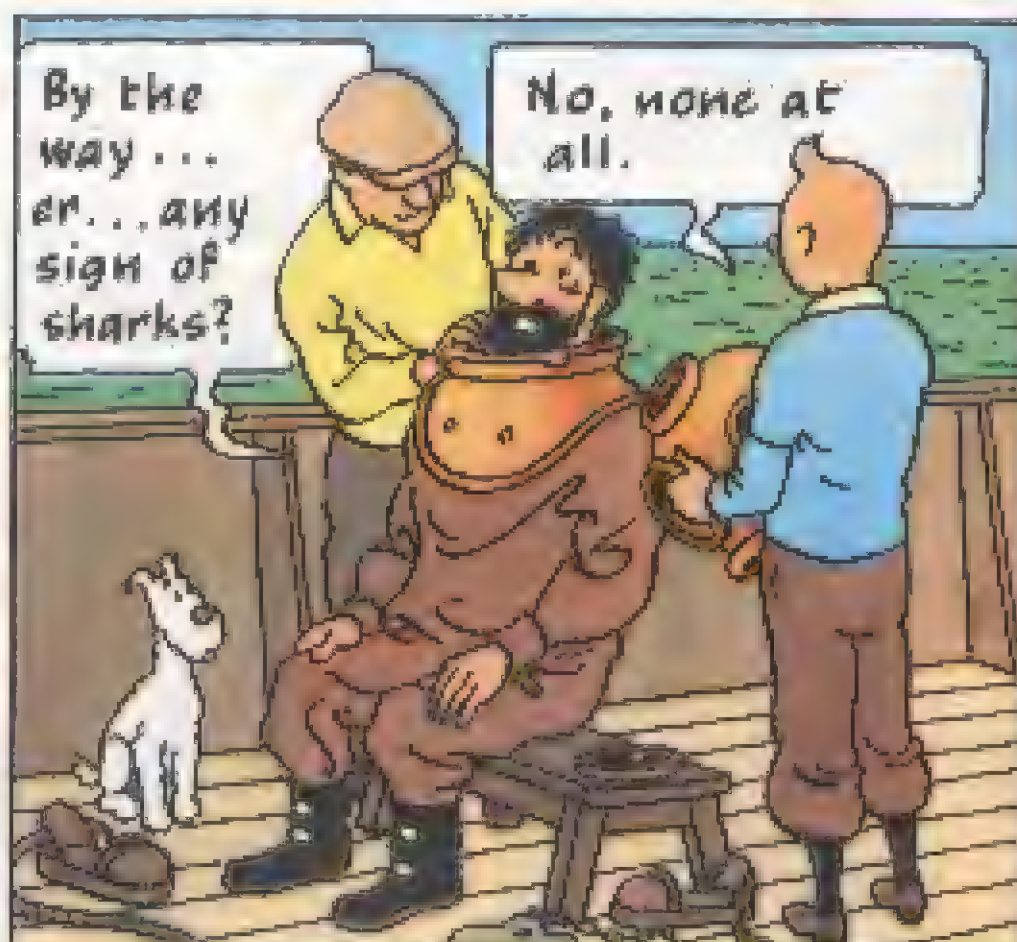


Now why did he
tell me that
Tintin had gone
for a row?





Yes, it's a good start. But this is nothing to what else we shall find. You'll see. I'm going down myself, this time.



By the way... er... any sign of sharks?

No, none at all.



Here's your helmet.

Good.



Ow!... OOH!... Ow!

Whatever's the matter?



Blistering barnacles! My beard!



There, now your beard is inside.

Good. You can close my helmet now. Keep an eye on that pumping.



Aha! Now to find the treasure!...



A few minutes later...

A series of jerks!... The danger signal!...



Hurry! hurry! pull him up! ... Something frightful must have happened!

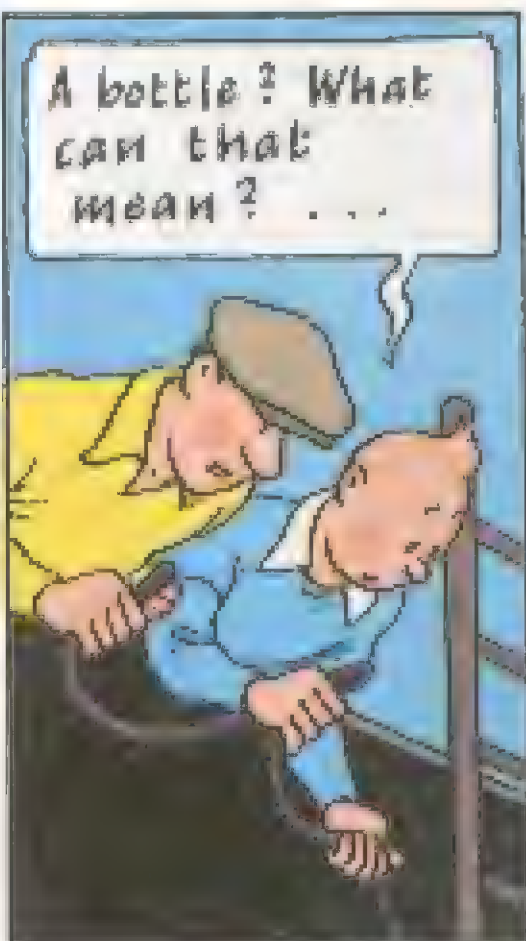


Let's hope that it's not a shark...



At last!





A bottle? What can that mean? ...



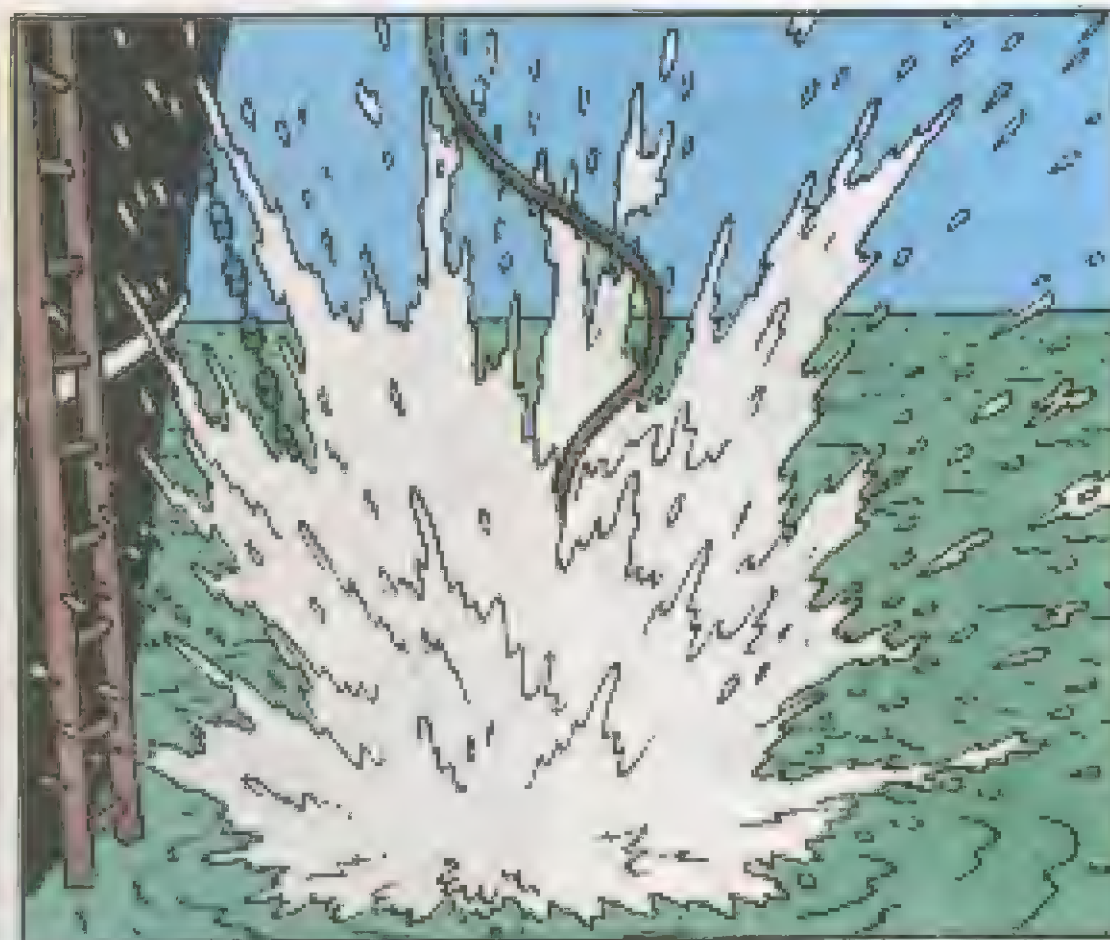
A bottle of rum, my friends! ... Jamaica rum, and it's more than two hundred and fifty years old! ... Just you taste it!



GLUG
GLUG
GLUG



Mm! ... It's wonderful! ... It's absolutely w-w-wonderful! Y-y-you taste it! ... Yes, yes, that's f-f-for you! ... I'm g-g-going st-st-straight back to g-get a-a-a-another f-for m-myself...



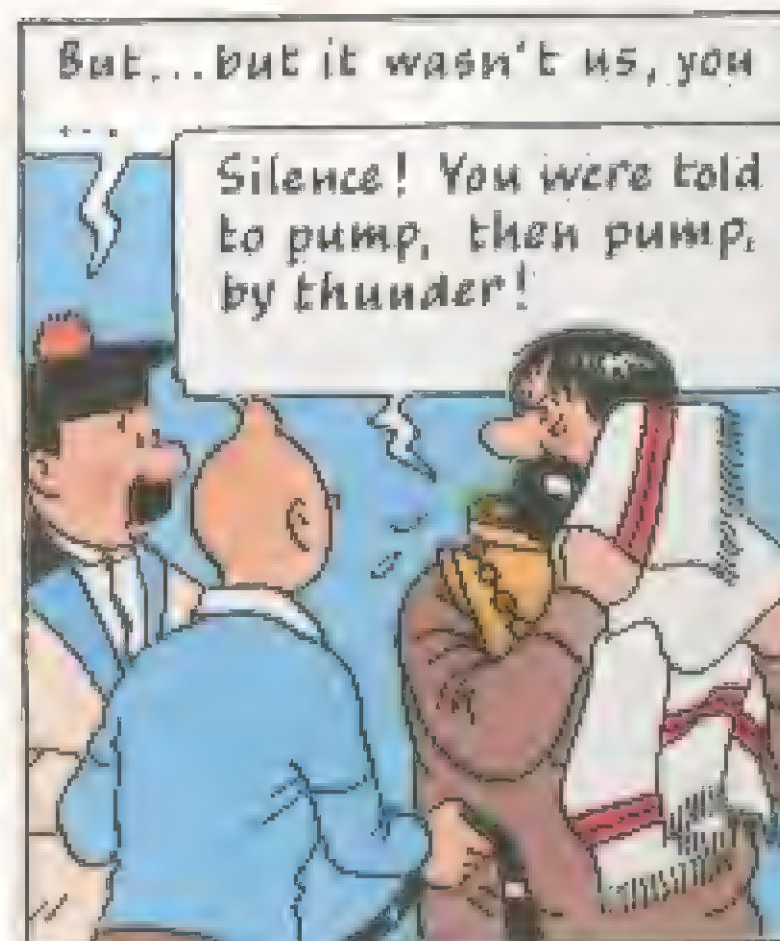
That beats everything! He's gone in without his helmet!



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! Those two jelly-fishes forgot to pump again! ...



Sea-gherkins! ... Freshwater swabs! ... Ectoplasms! ... Bashi-bazouks! ...



But...but it wasn't us, you ...

Silence! You were told to pump, then pump, by thunder!

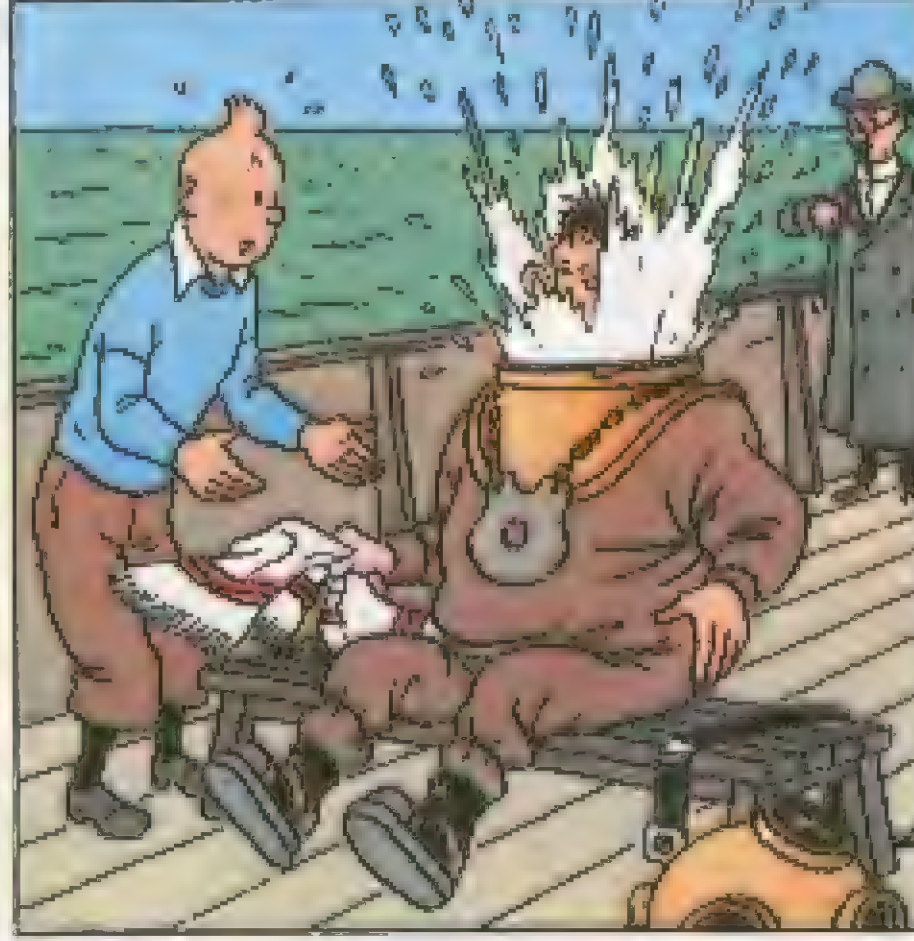


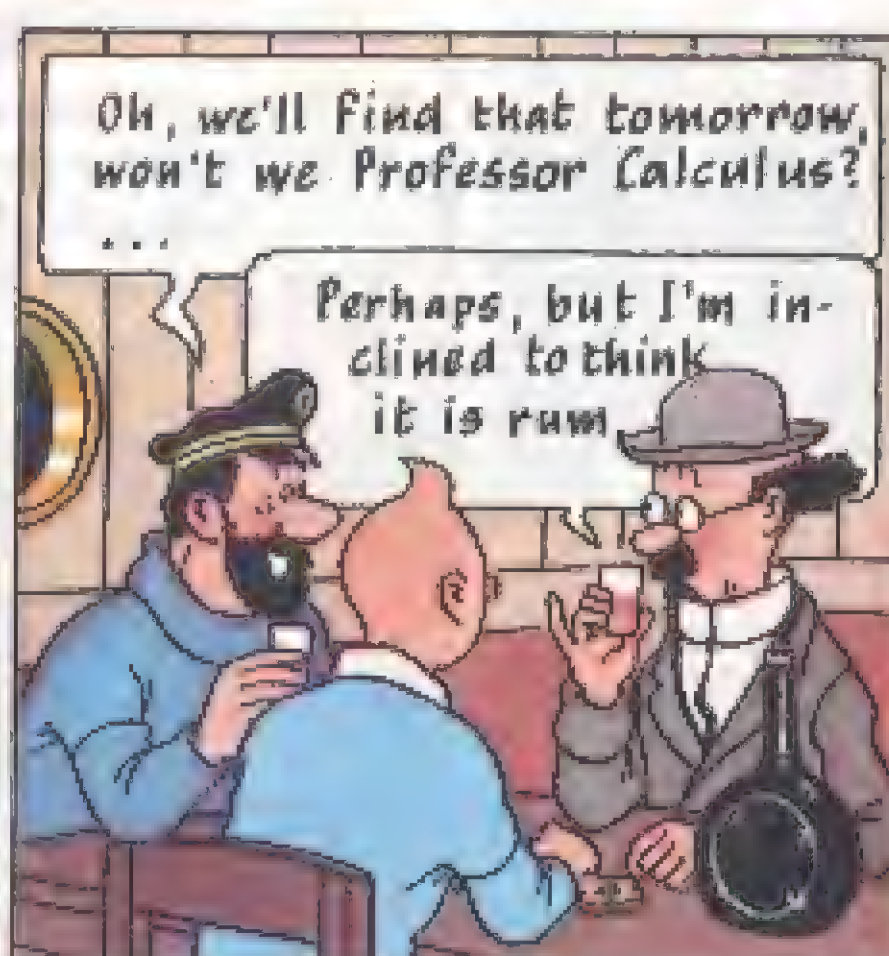
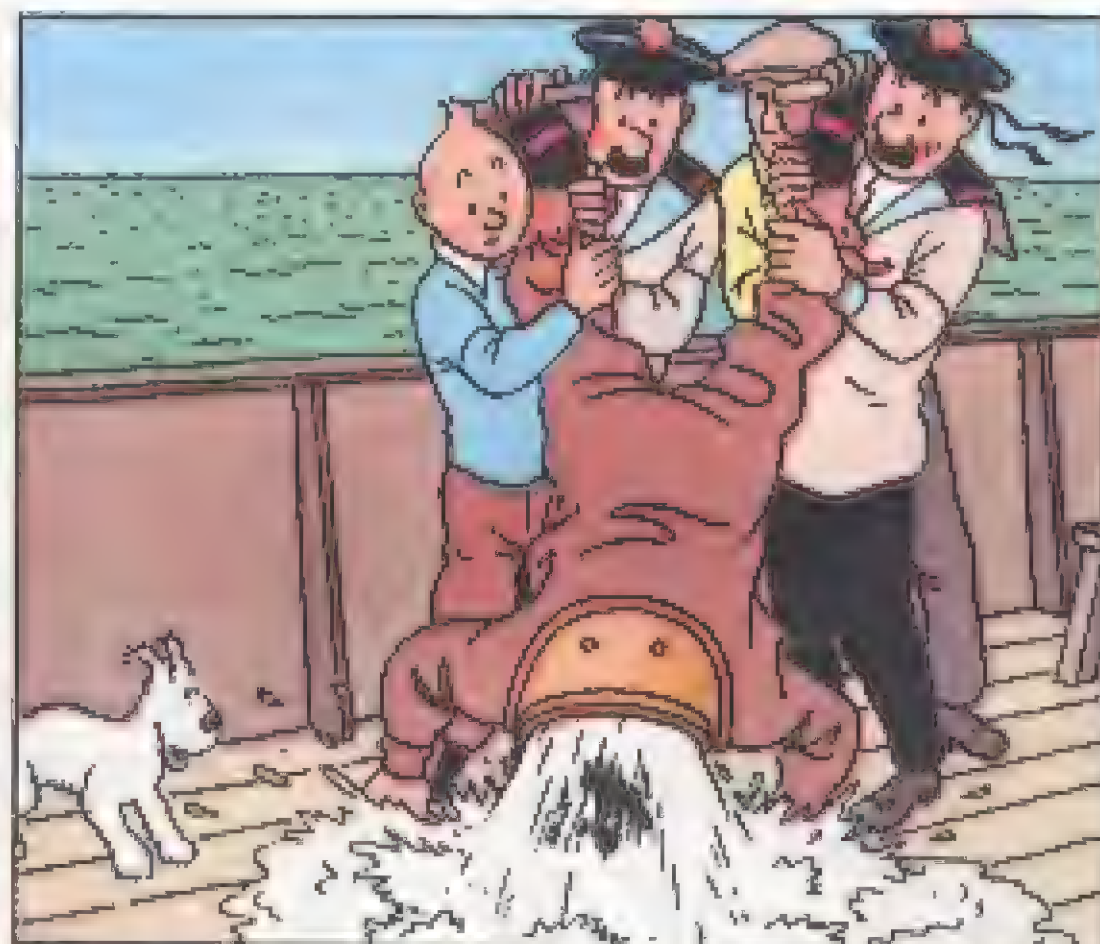
It's no use drying yourself, Captain. You must empty your suit first ... Take it off now.

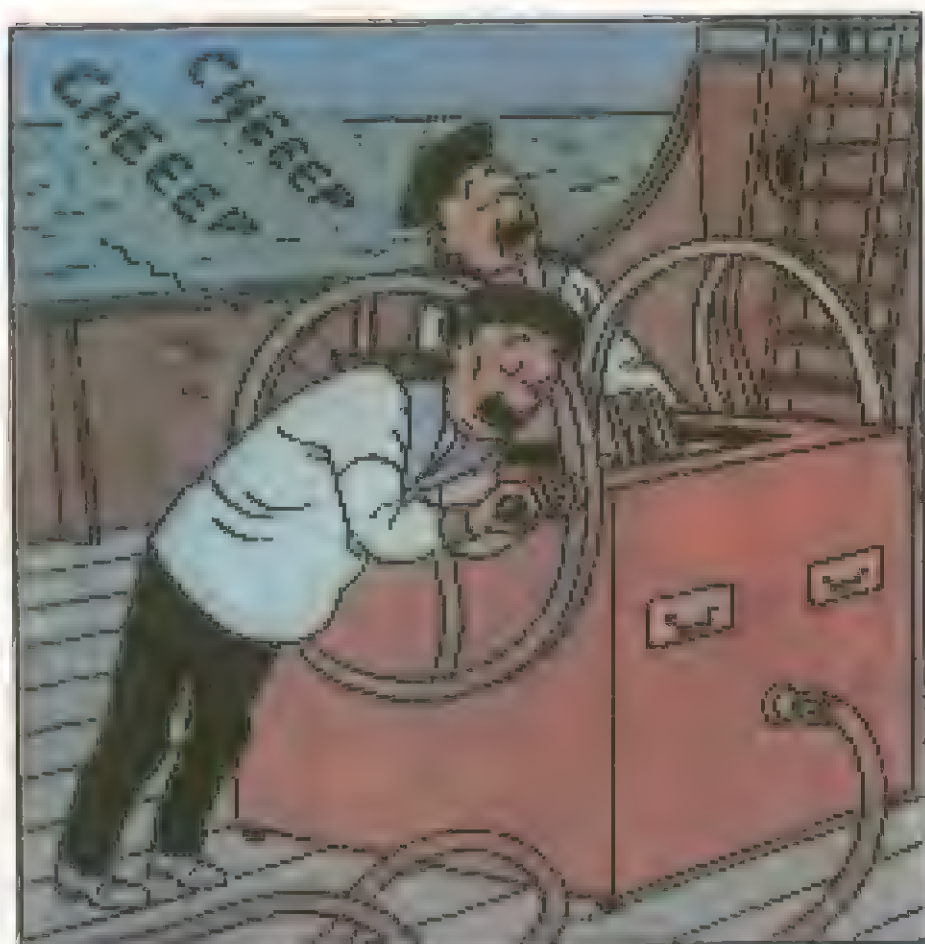
Take it off? ... Never! ... Never! ...



I'll rest a minute, and go down again







What d'you think you're doing at this hour?

You never ordered us to stop pumping, Captain. So here we are, pumping.

To be precise: we're pumping.

OFF to bed, nitwits! You'll have plenty more pumping, believe me!

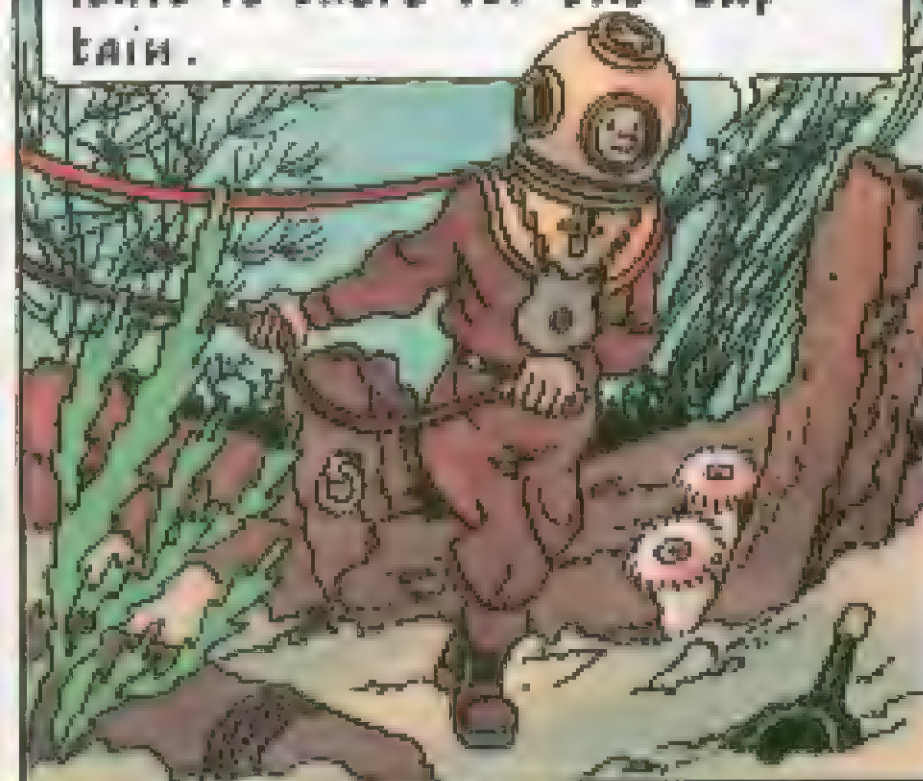


The next morning...

Something tells me Tintin is going to find the treasure this morning.



Another bottle of rum!... I'll leave it there for the Captain.



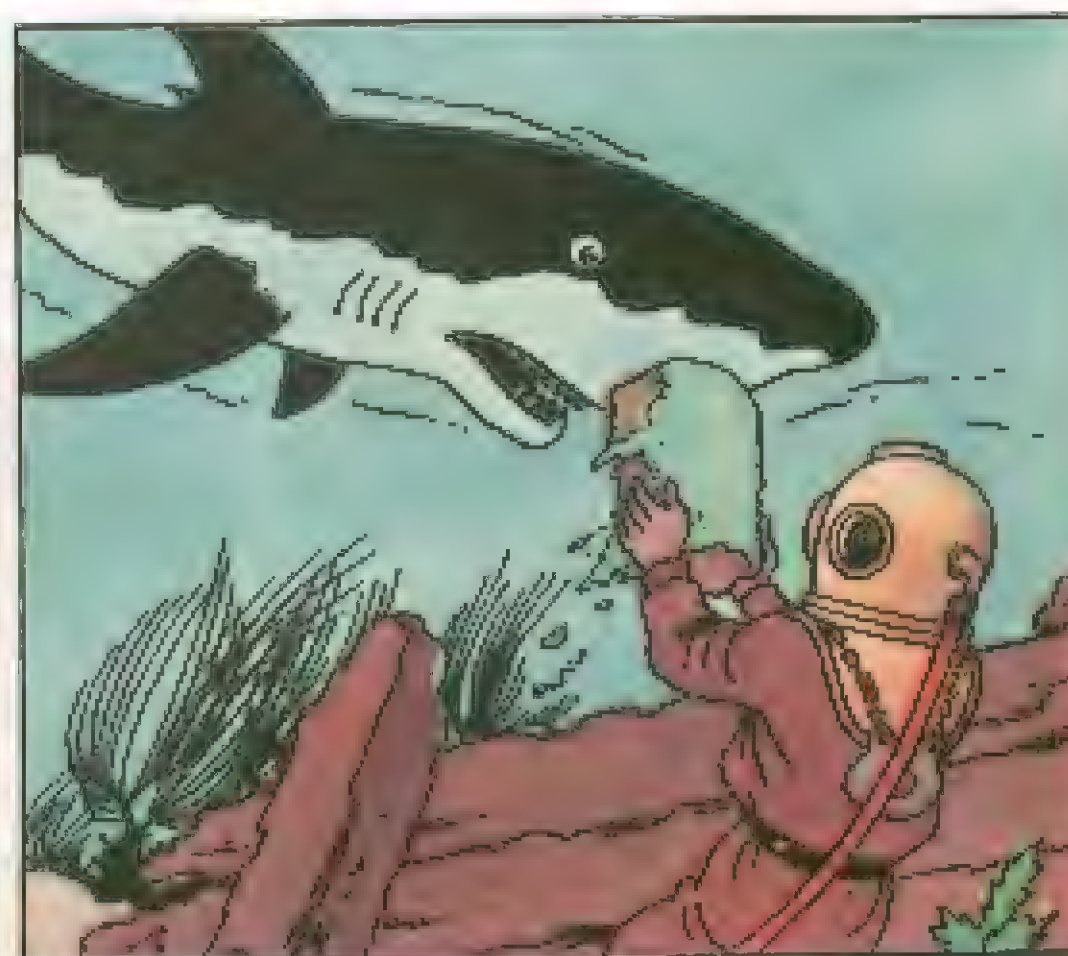
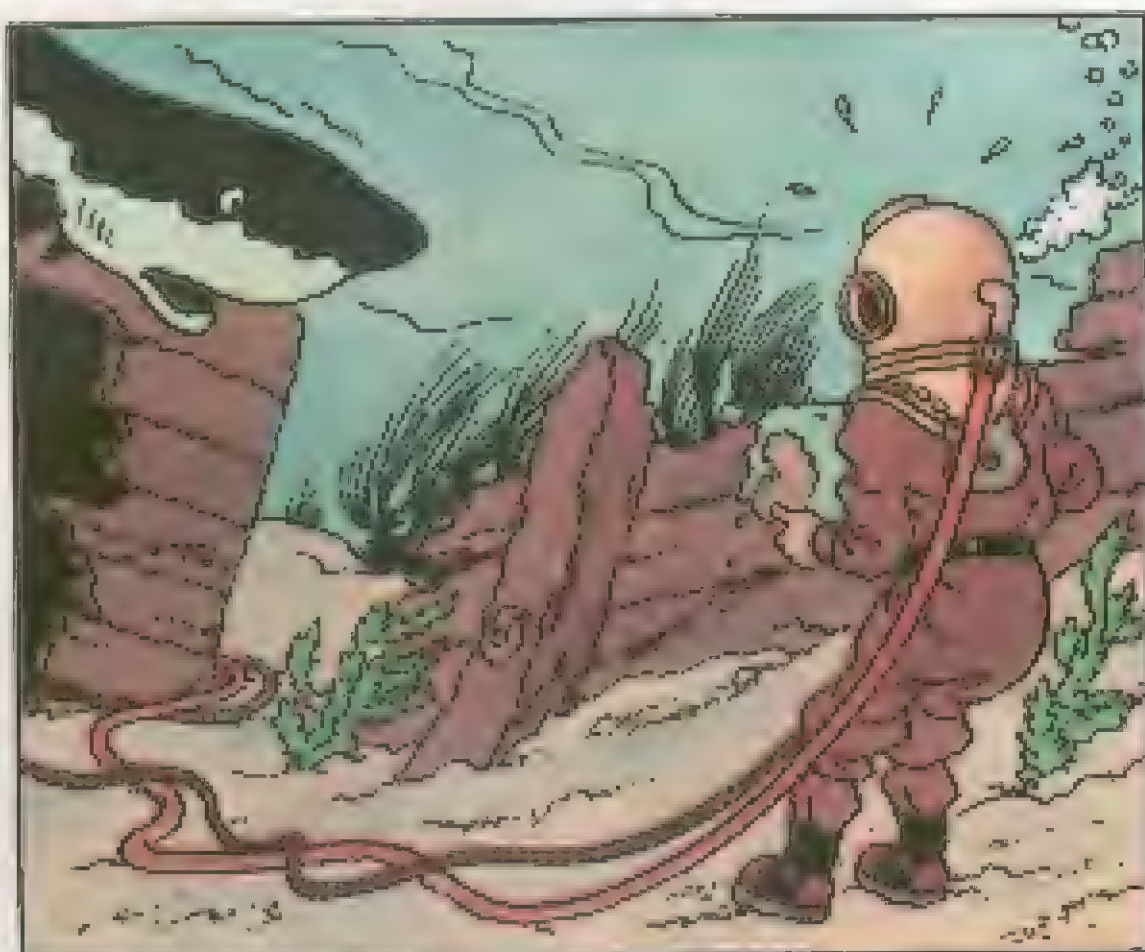
Hello, I wonder what we've got here?

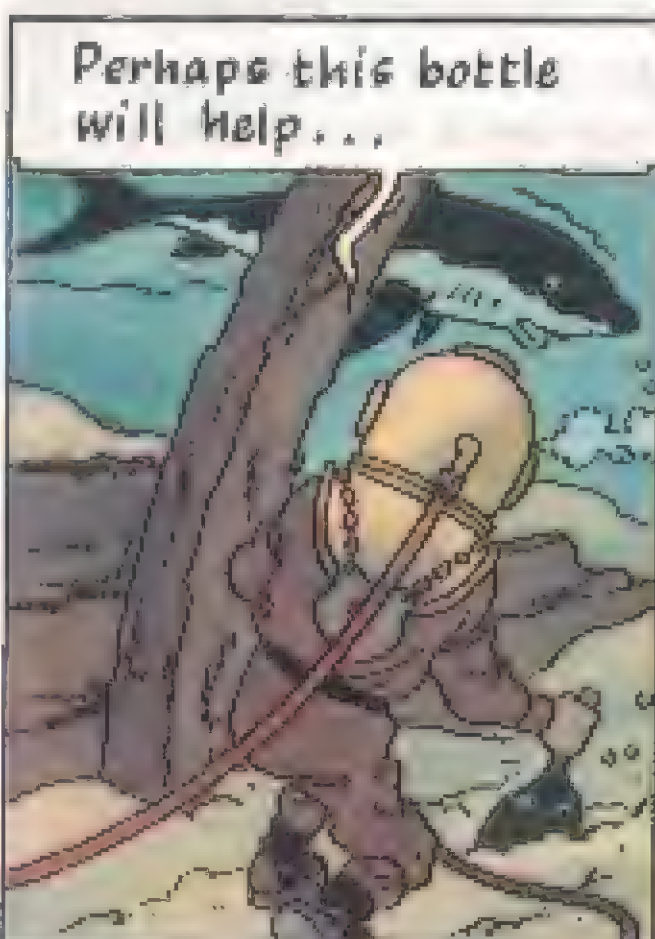


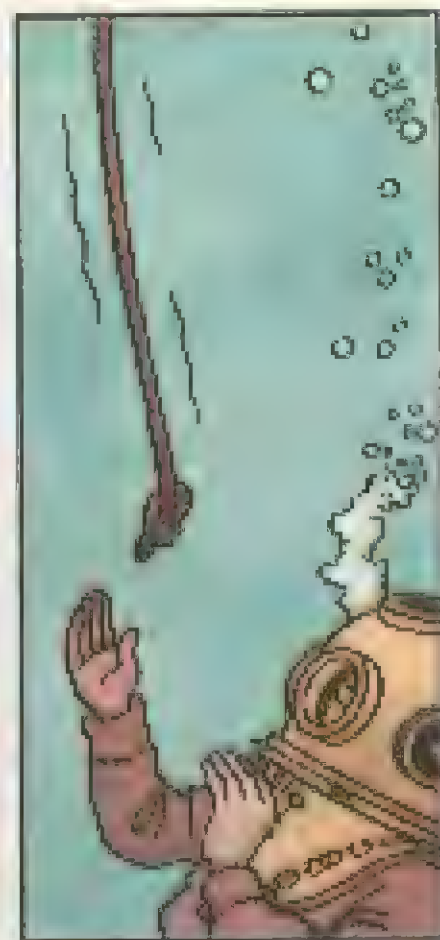
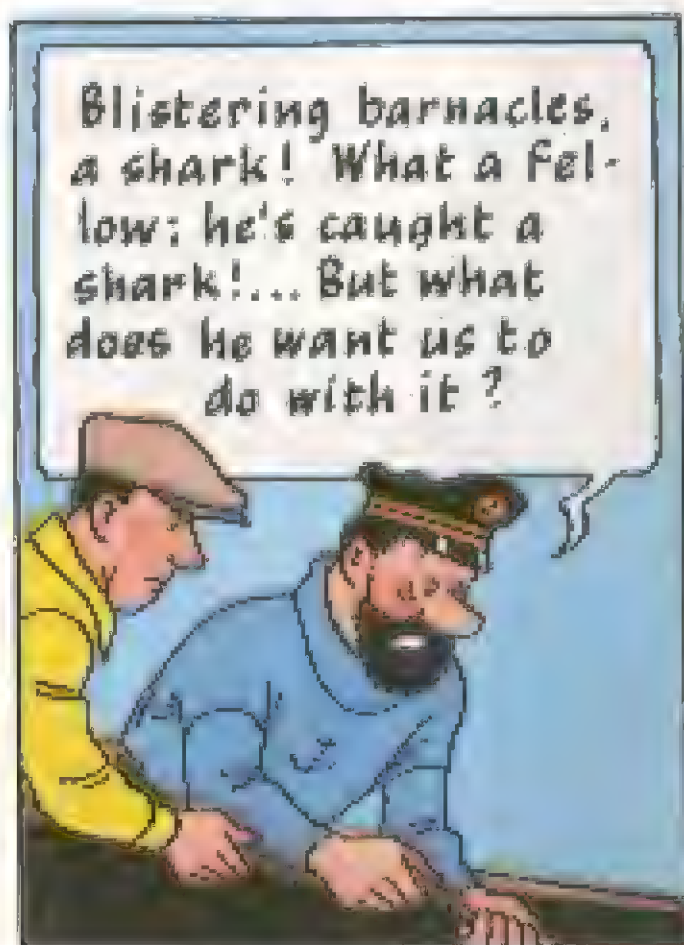
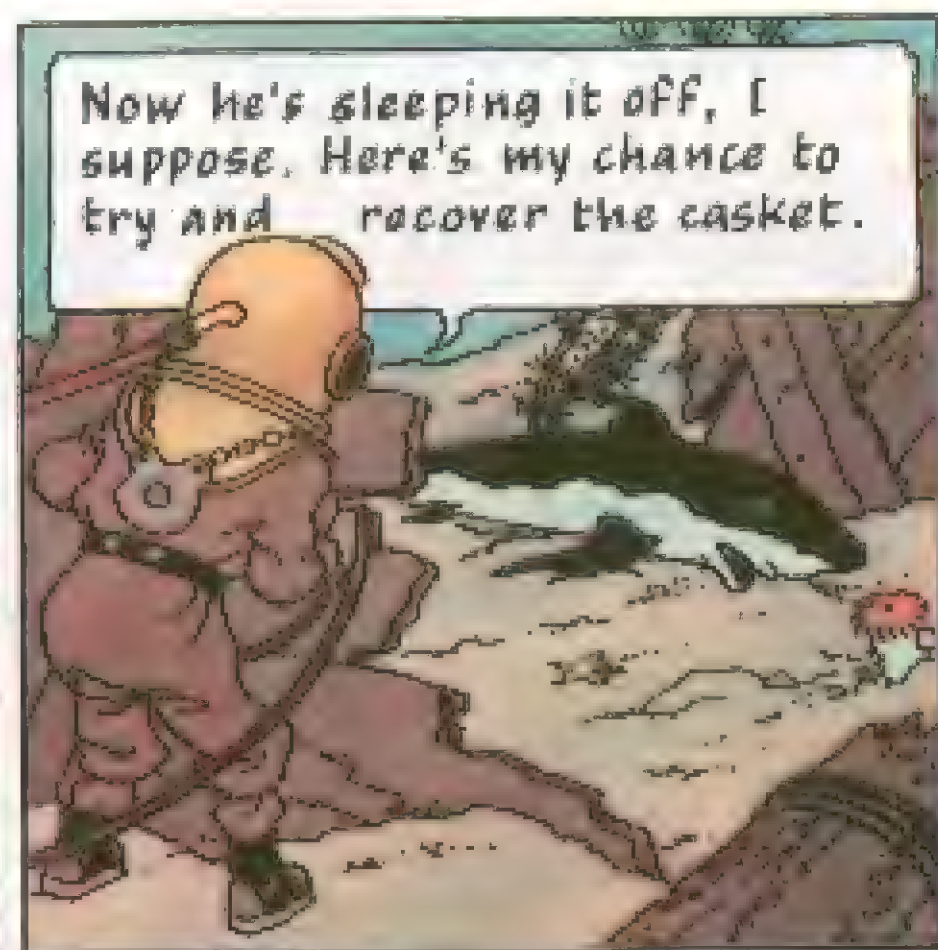
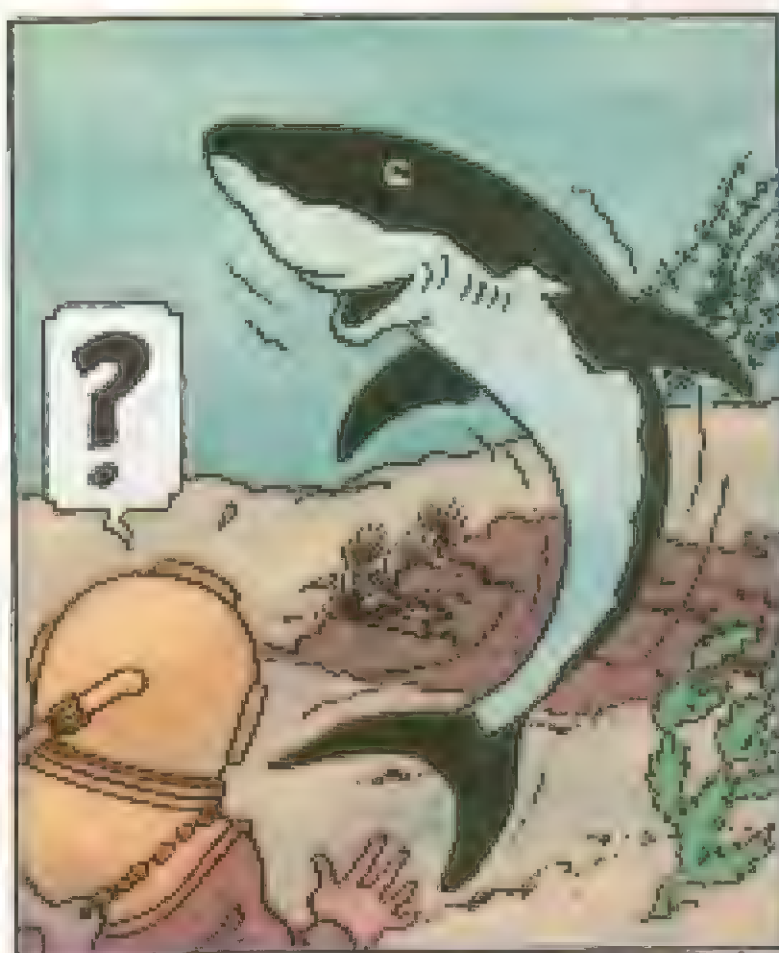
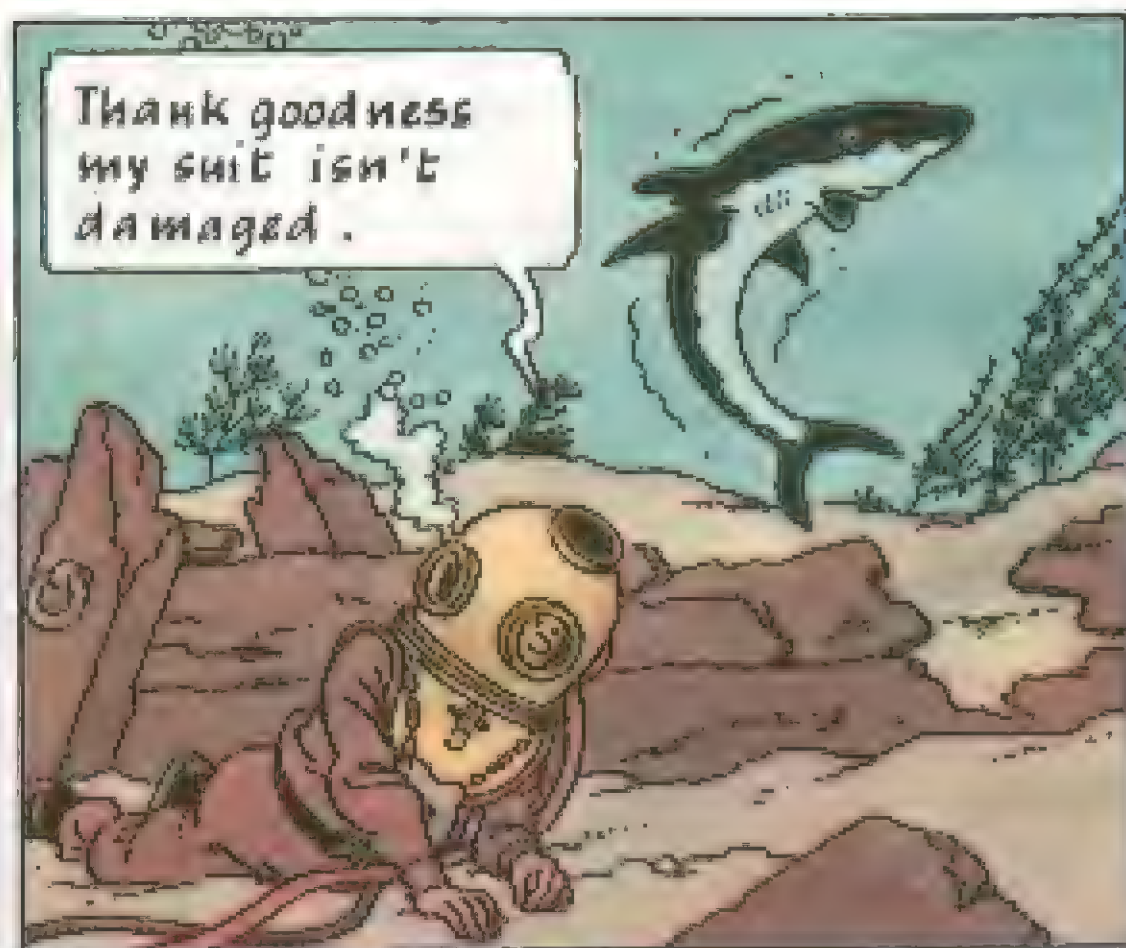
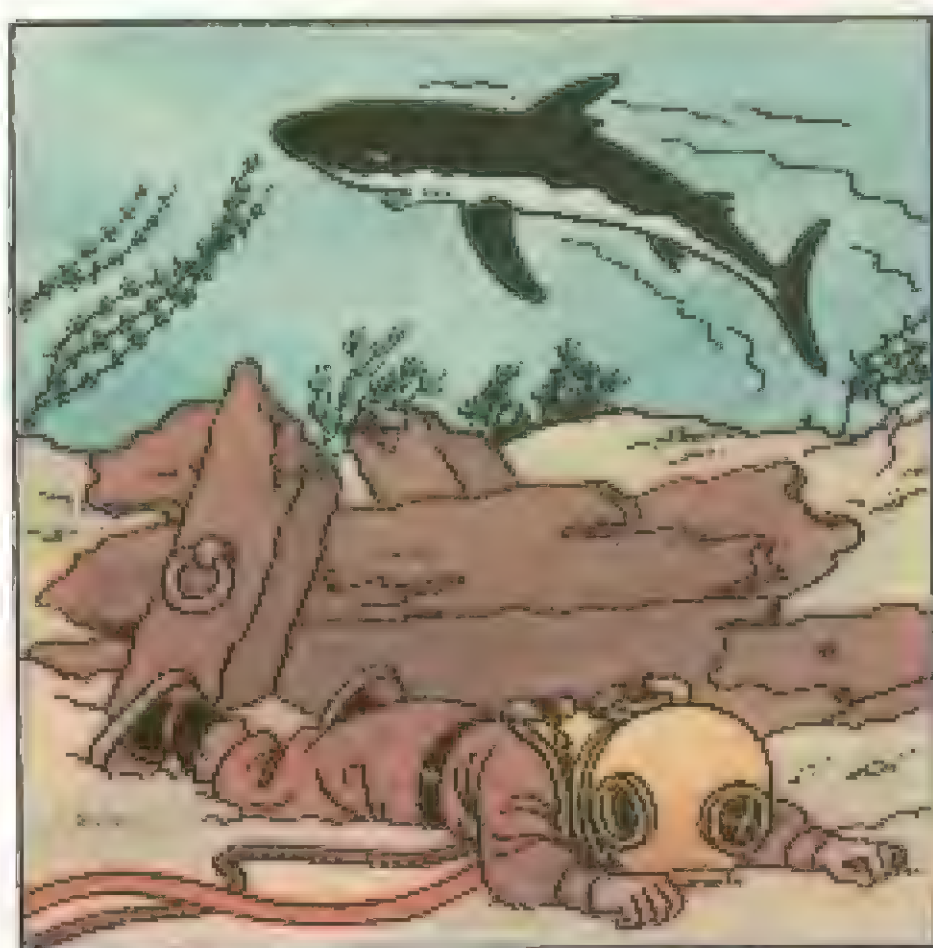
A casket! Great snakes! Can it be Red Rackham's treasure?



I'll go straight up, and see what's inside this casket!







Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke? ... Just cut open that shark, Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty...



A few minutes later...

Captain! ... Captain! ... Look what we found in the shark's stomach!



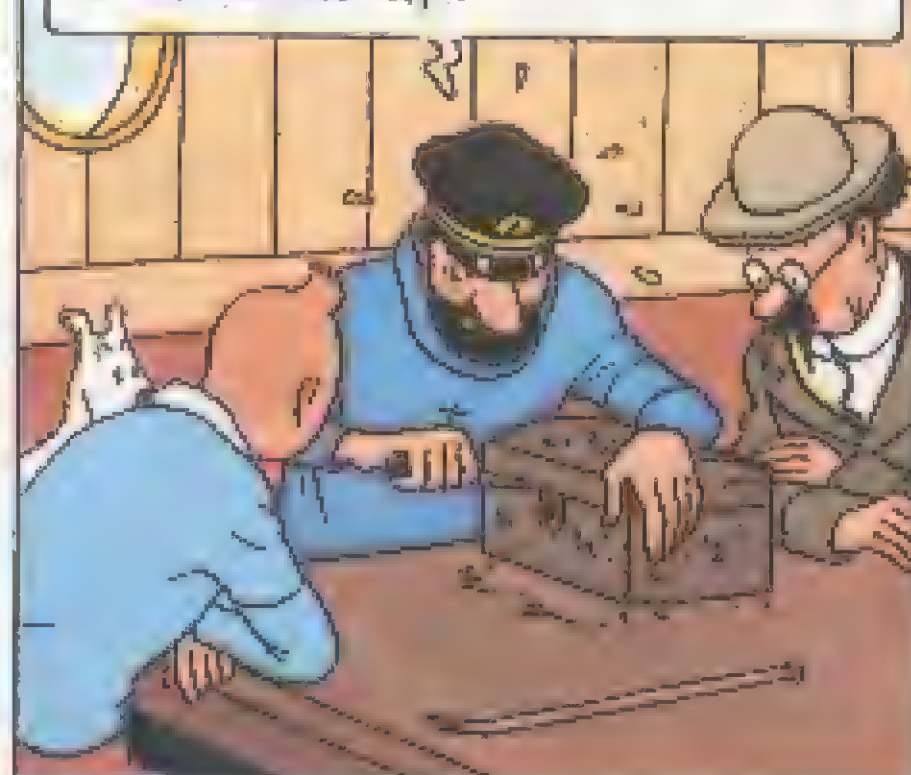
A casket! ... A casket! ... Red Rackham's treasure! ... Here it is at last!



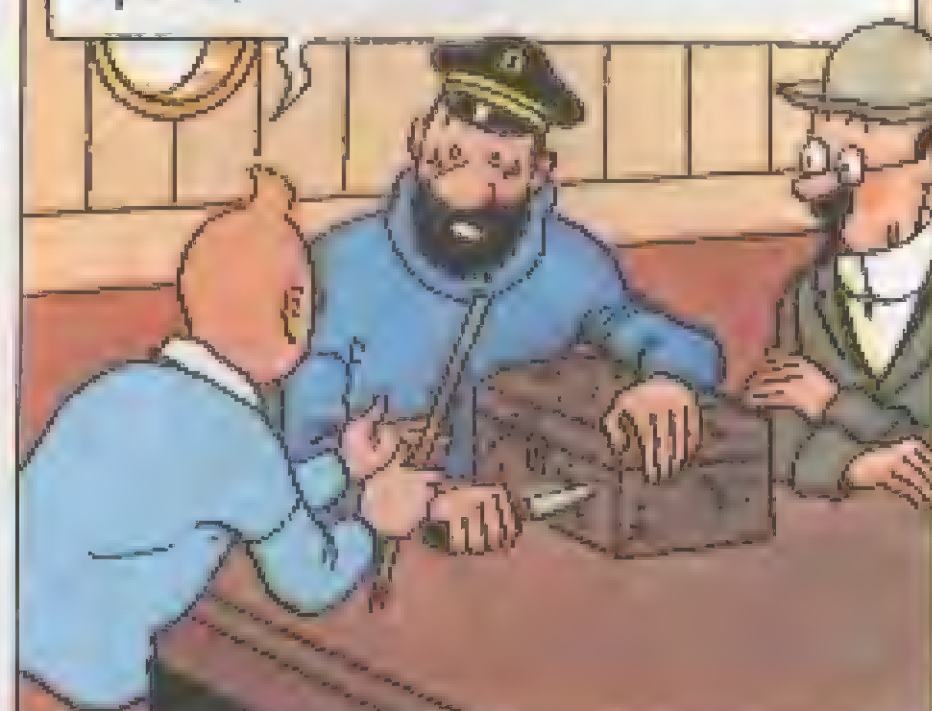
Quick, into my cabin!



Hm! ... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.



It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener



Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.



Go on! Go on: don't worry, we're holding it...



Got it! ...



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! ... It's not the treasure!



These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

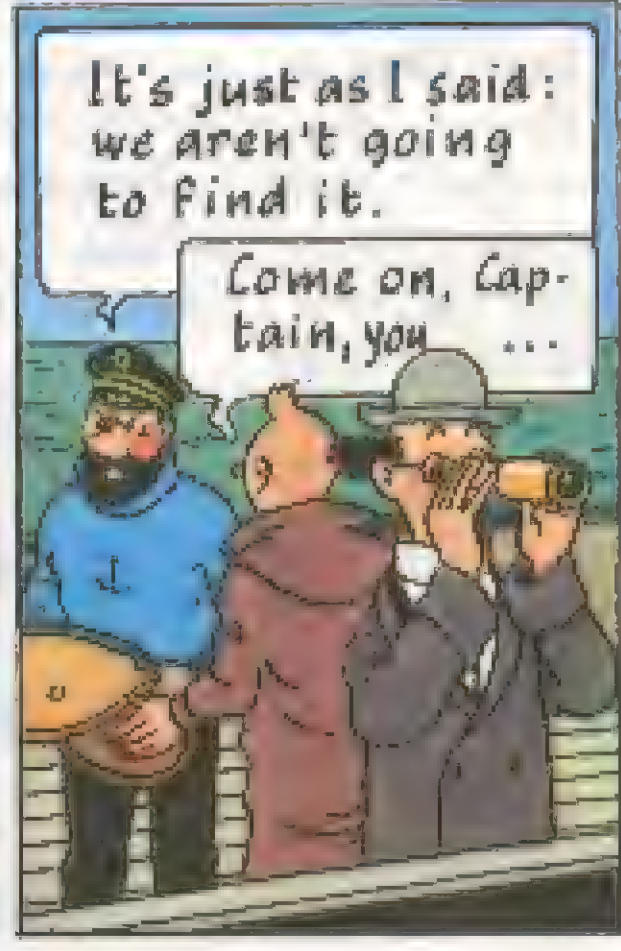
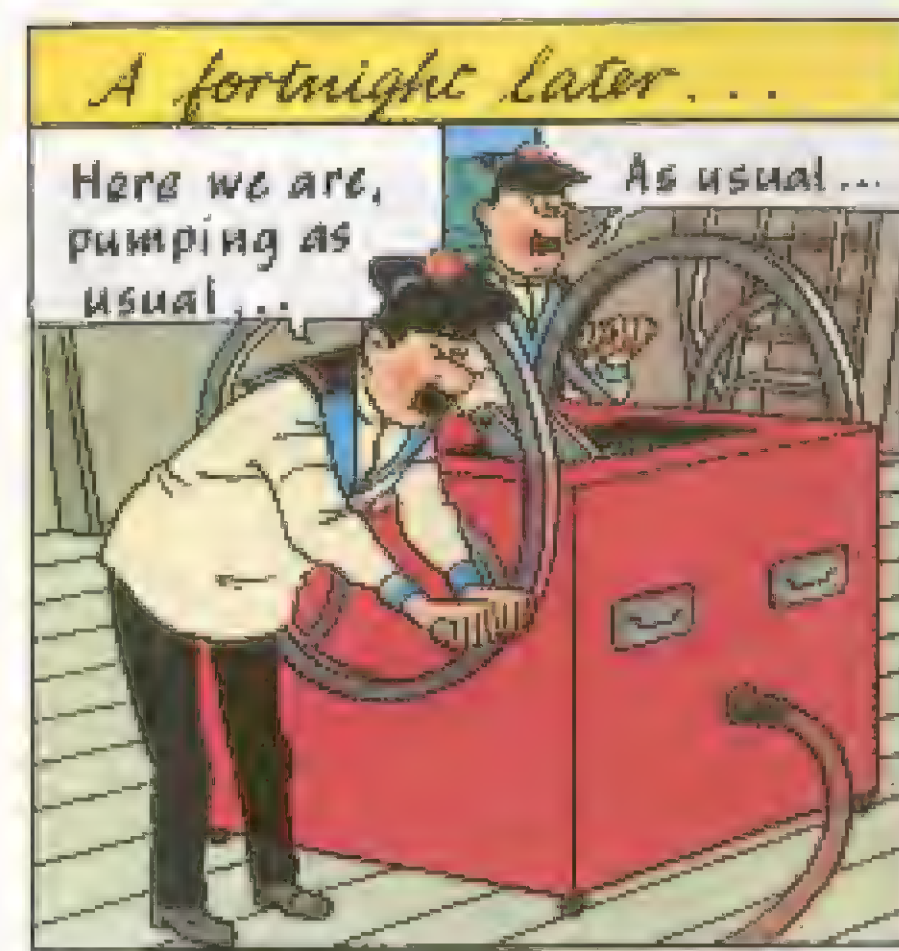
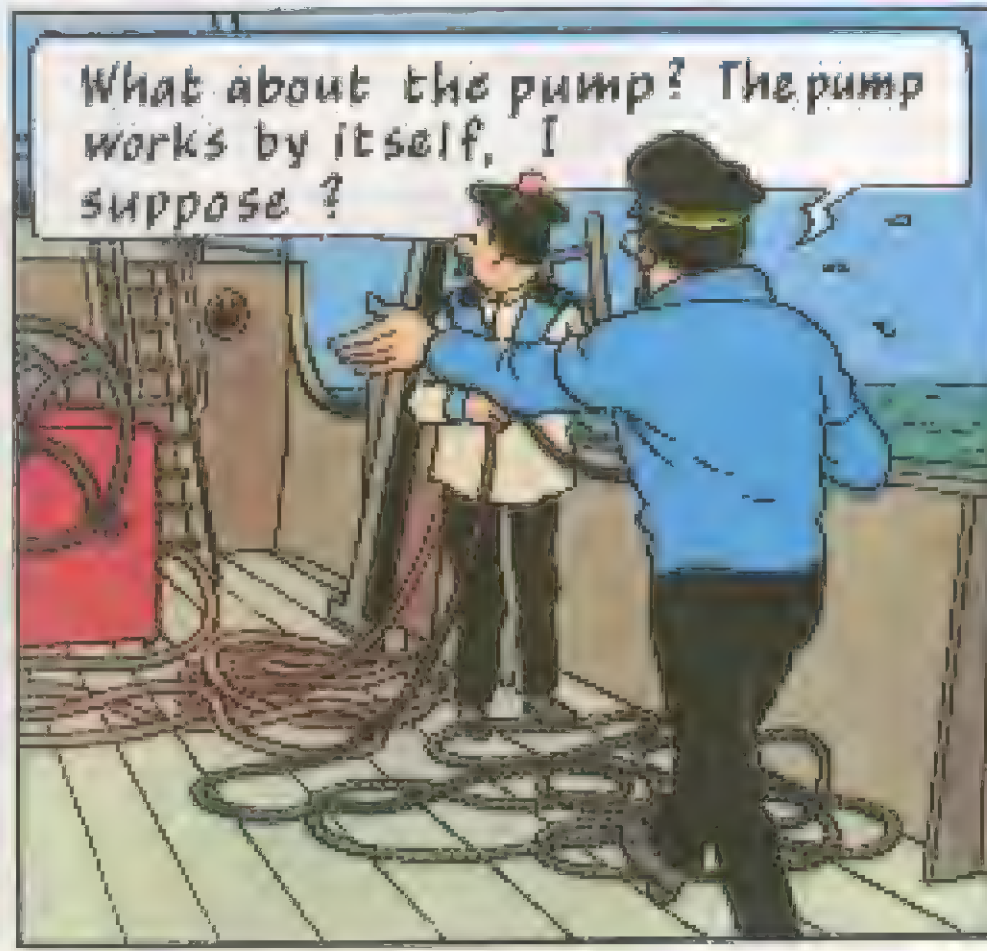
Documents? Fine! And what am I supposed to do with documents?



Come now, Captain, don't lose heart! ... We'll continue our search.

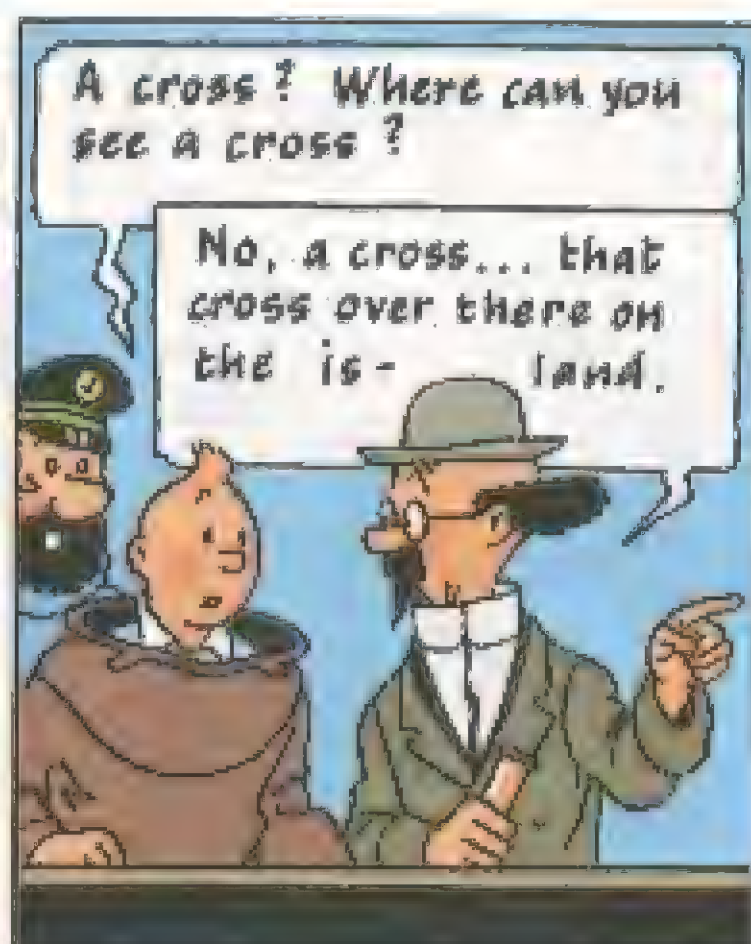
What's the use?





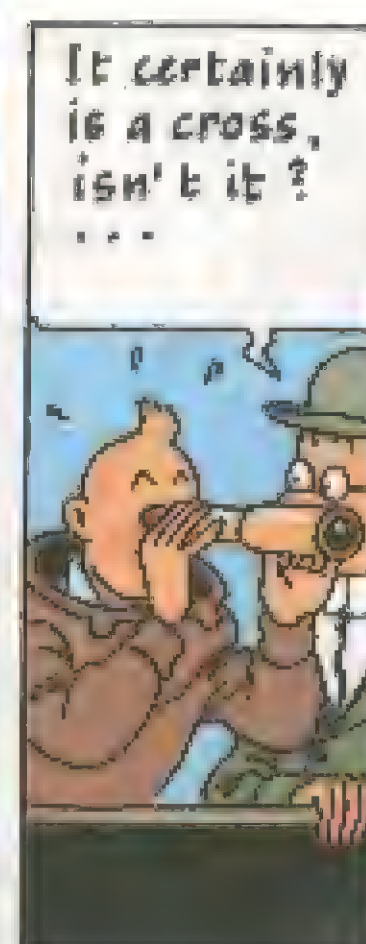


Tell me, what is that cross over there?



A cross? Where can you see a cross?

No, a cross... that cross over there on the is-land.



It certainly is a cross, isn't it?



I say, Captain, Professor Calculus is right! There is a cross, over on the tip of the island!

A cross?

You think so?



Thundering typhoons! It is indeed a cross!

Really? I'd have sworn it was a cross!



Hooray!... Hip-hip-hip-hooray!... I've got it!

?



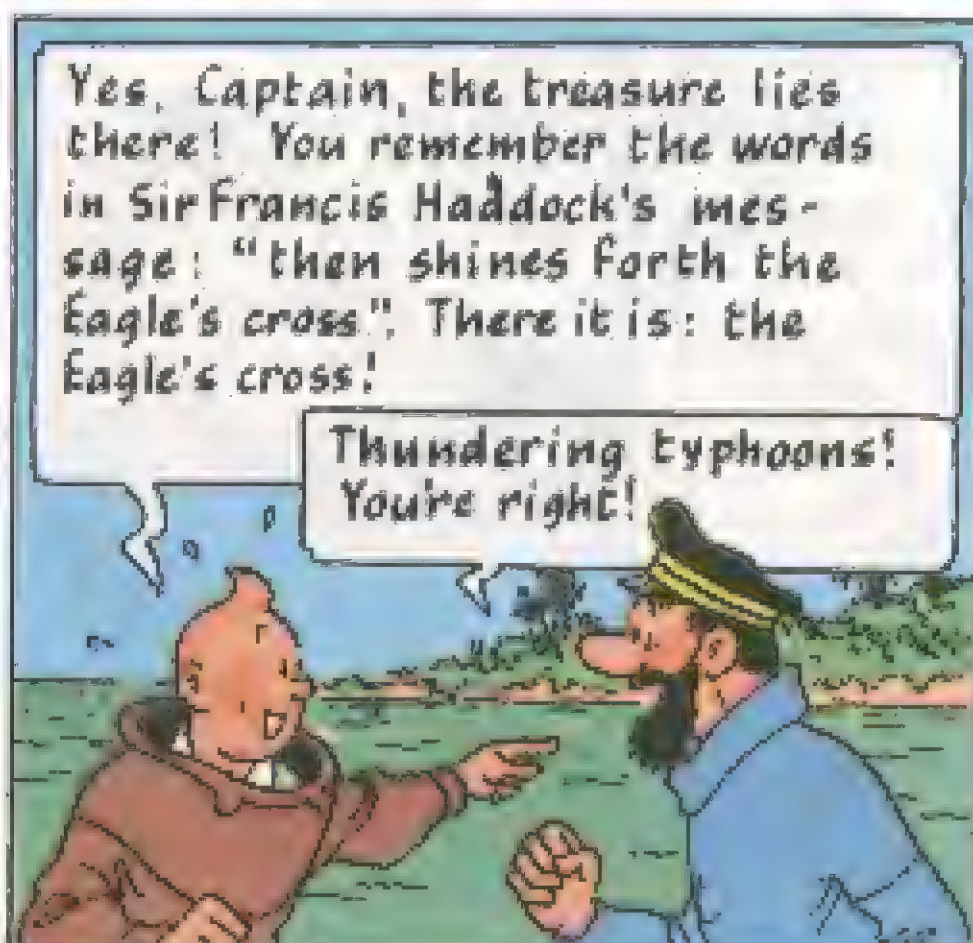
Professor Calculus, Professor Calculus, you've saved us!



Let me waltz with you, The whole night through



Quickly, Captain!... Picks!... Shovels!... We're going back to the island.

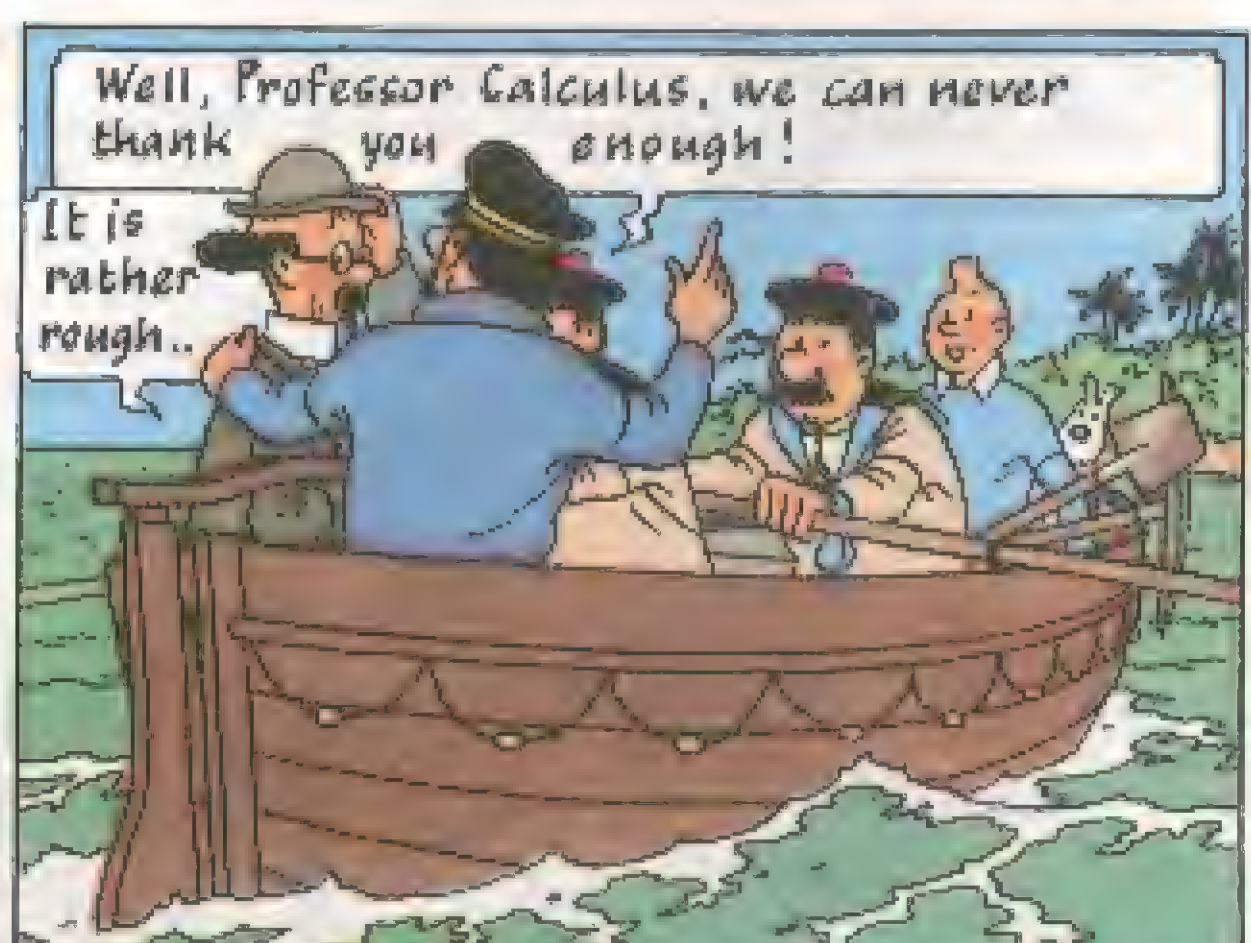


Yes, Captain, the treasure lies there! You remember the words in Sir Francis Haddock's message: "then shines forth the Eagle's cross". There it is: the Eagle's cross!

Thundering typhoons! You're right!

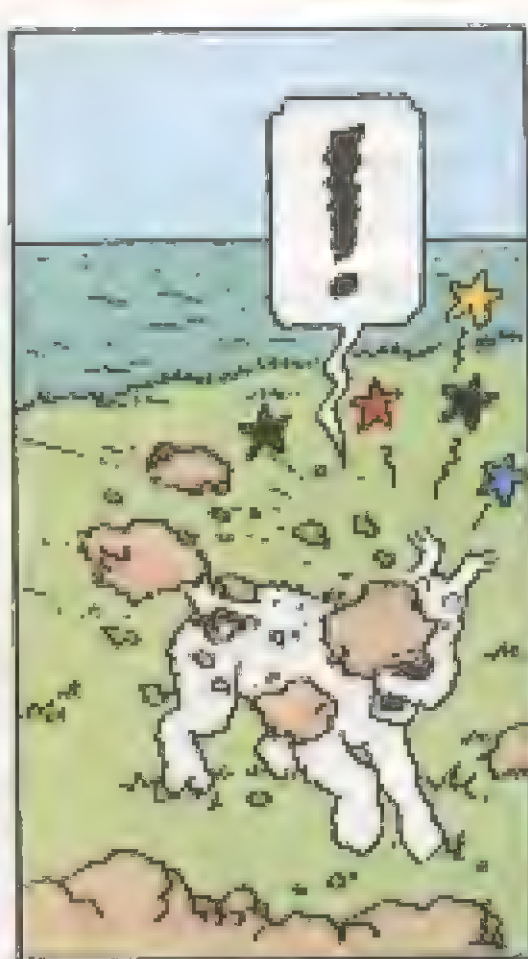
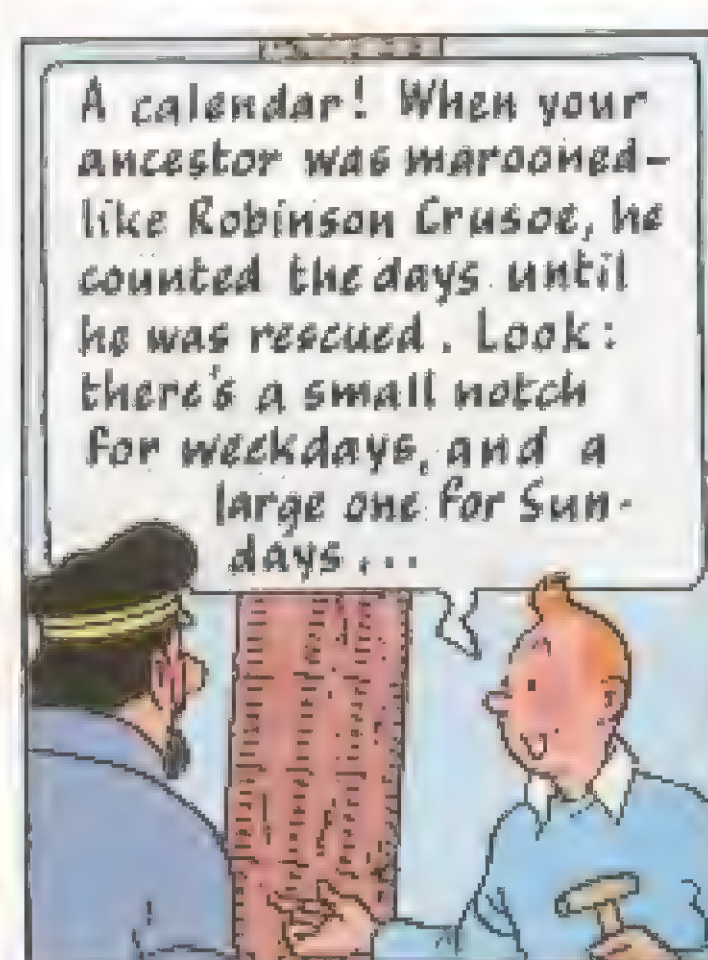
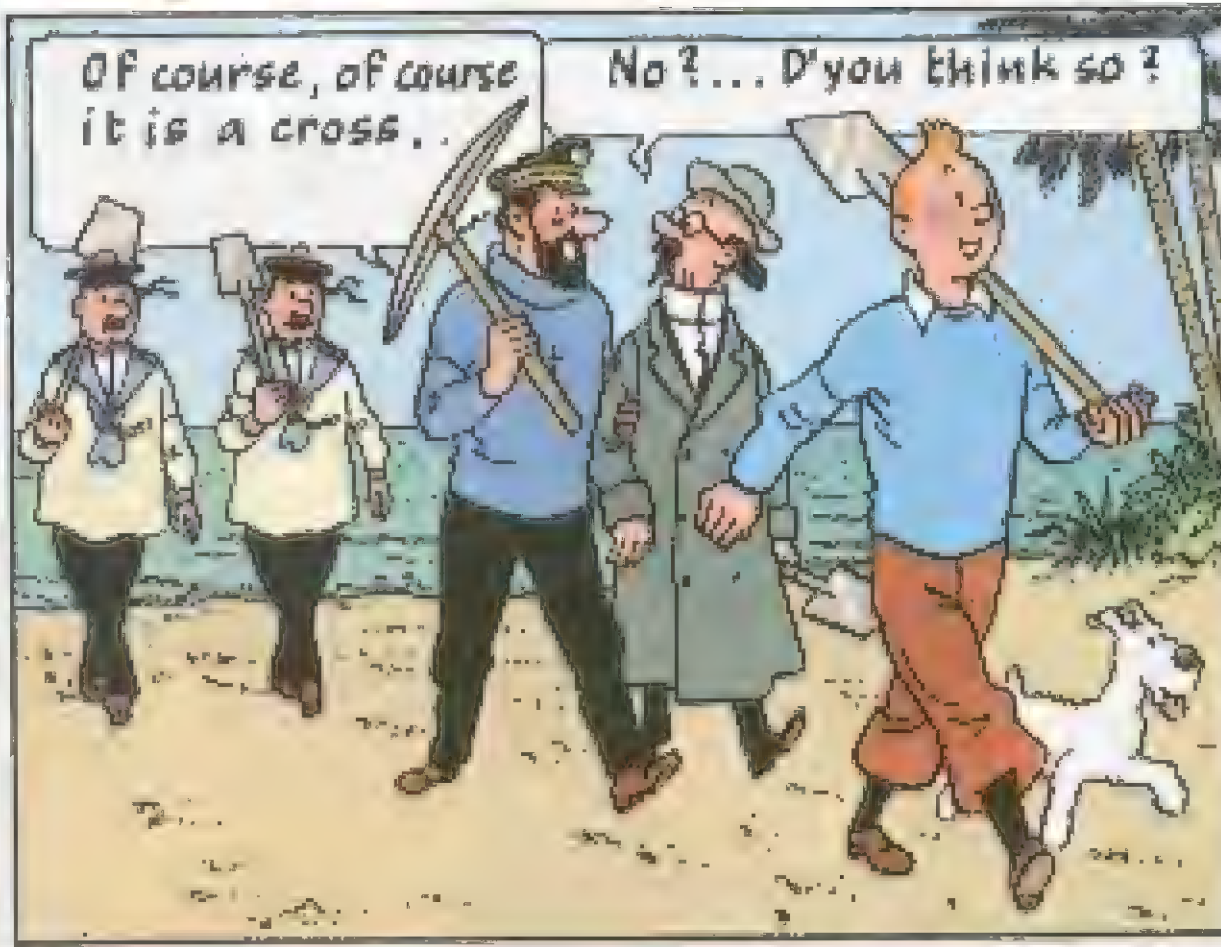


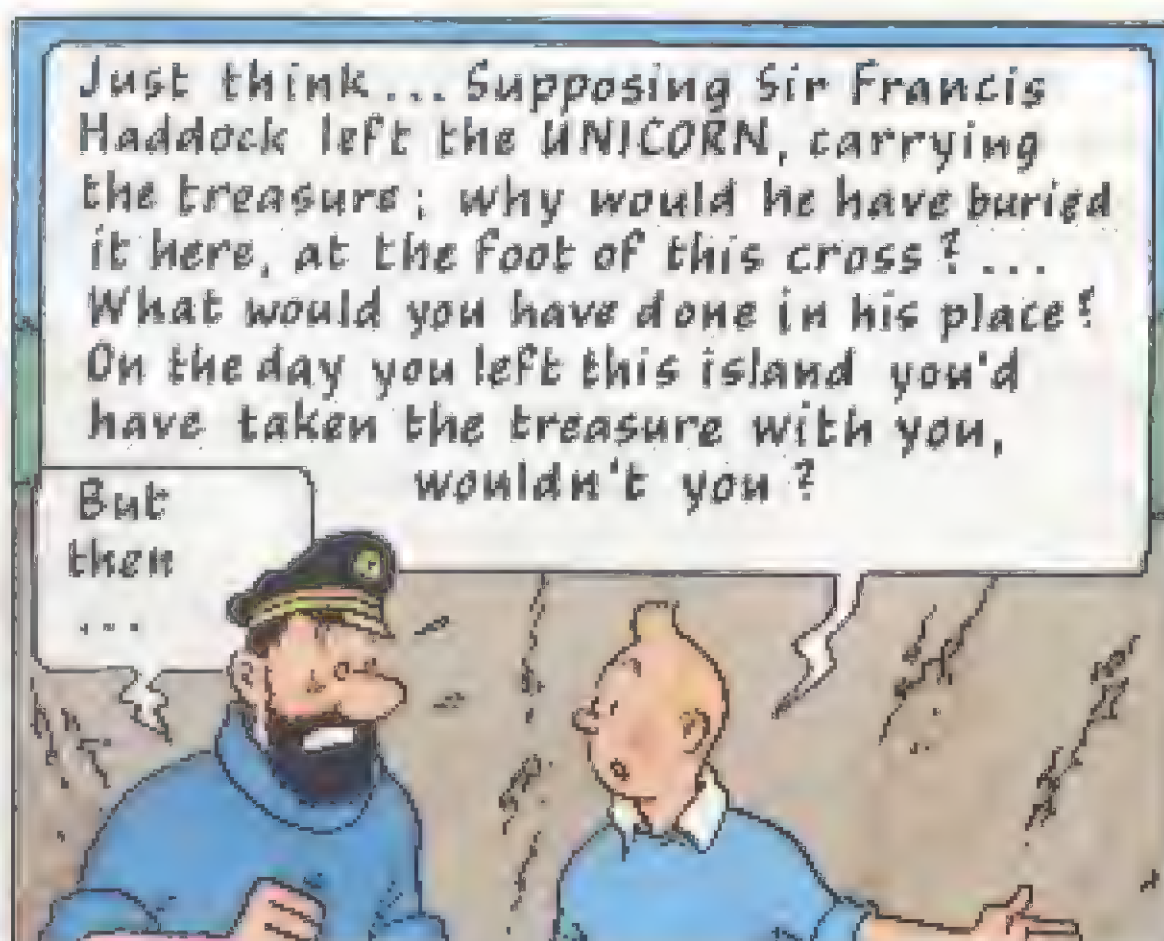
Hooray! Thompson!... Thompson!... Fetch the picks and shovels! Hurry up!... Into the dinghy!

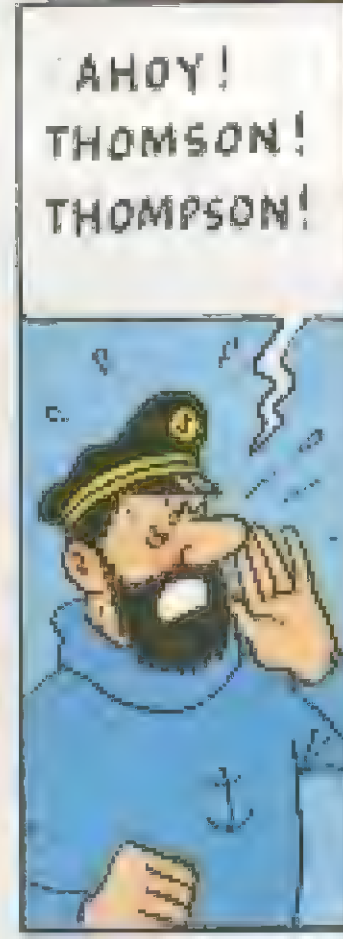
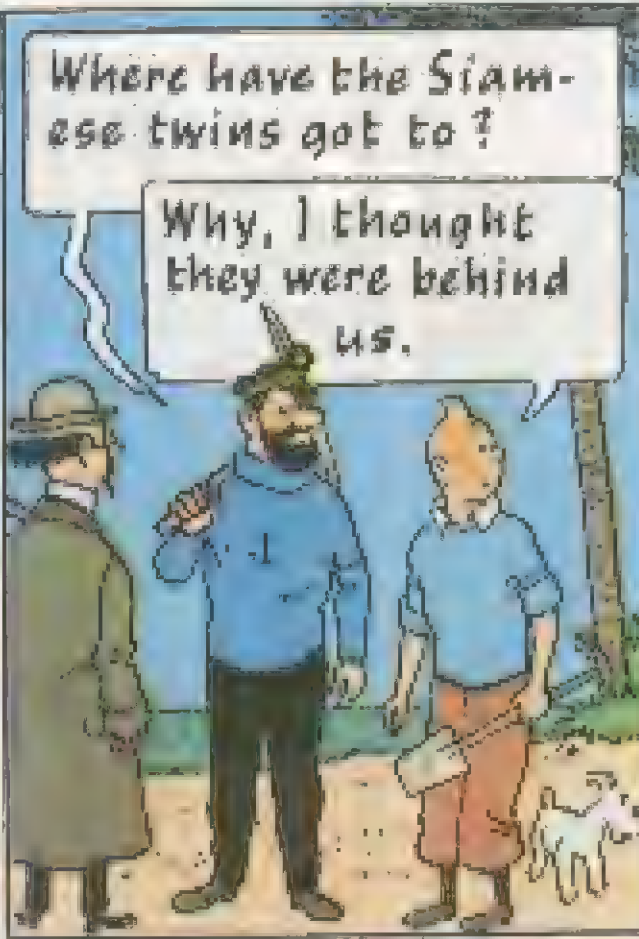
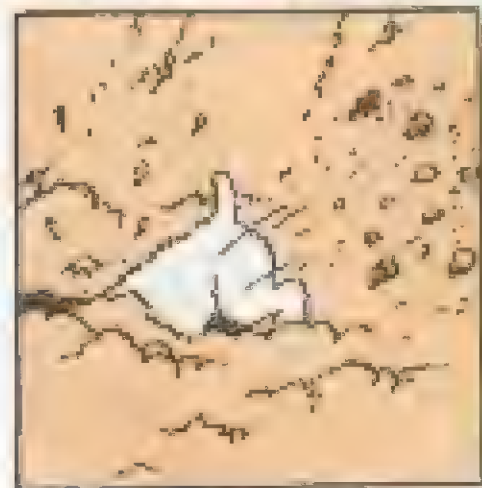
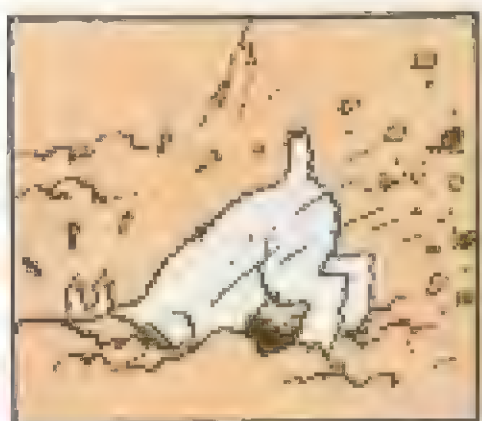


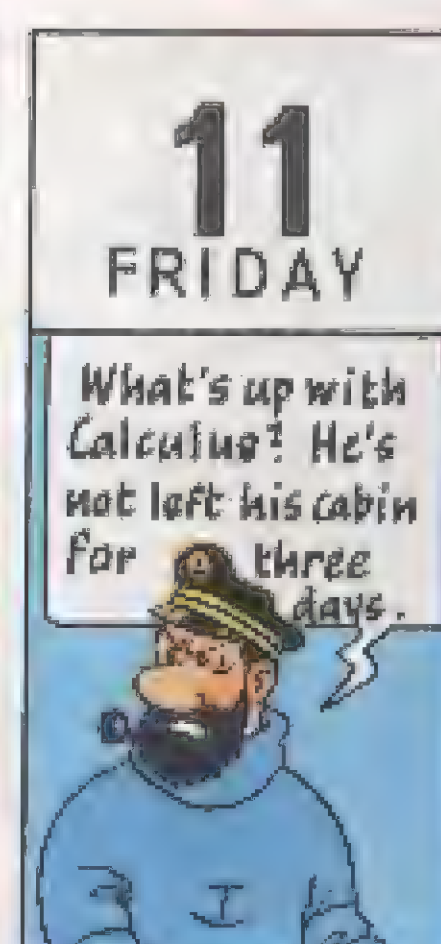
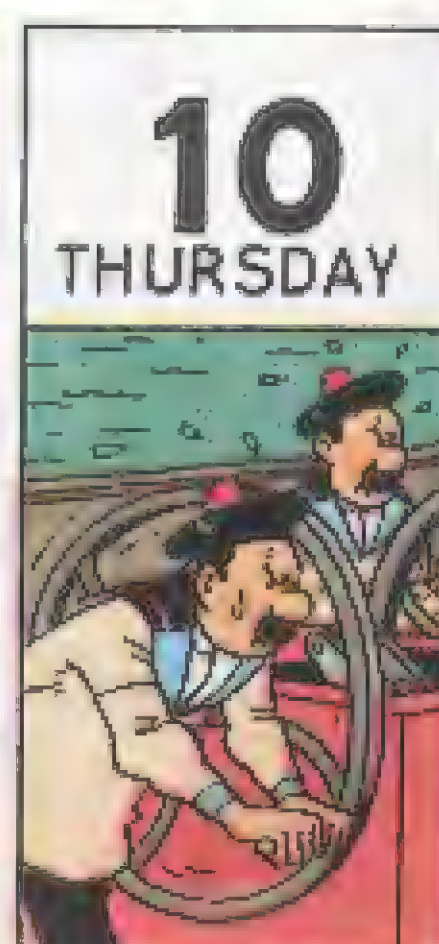
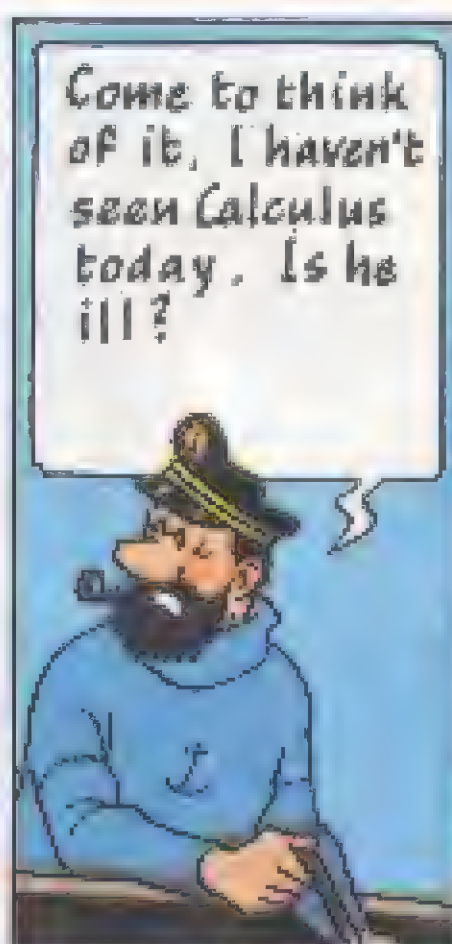
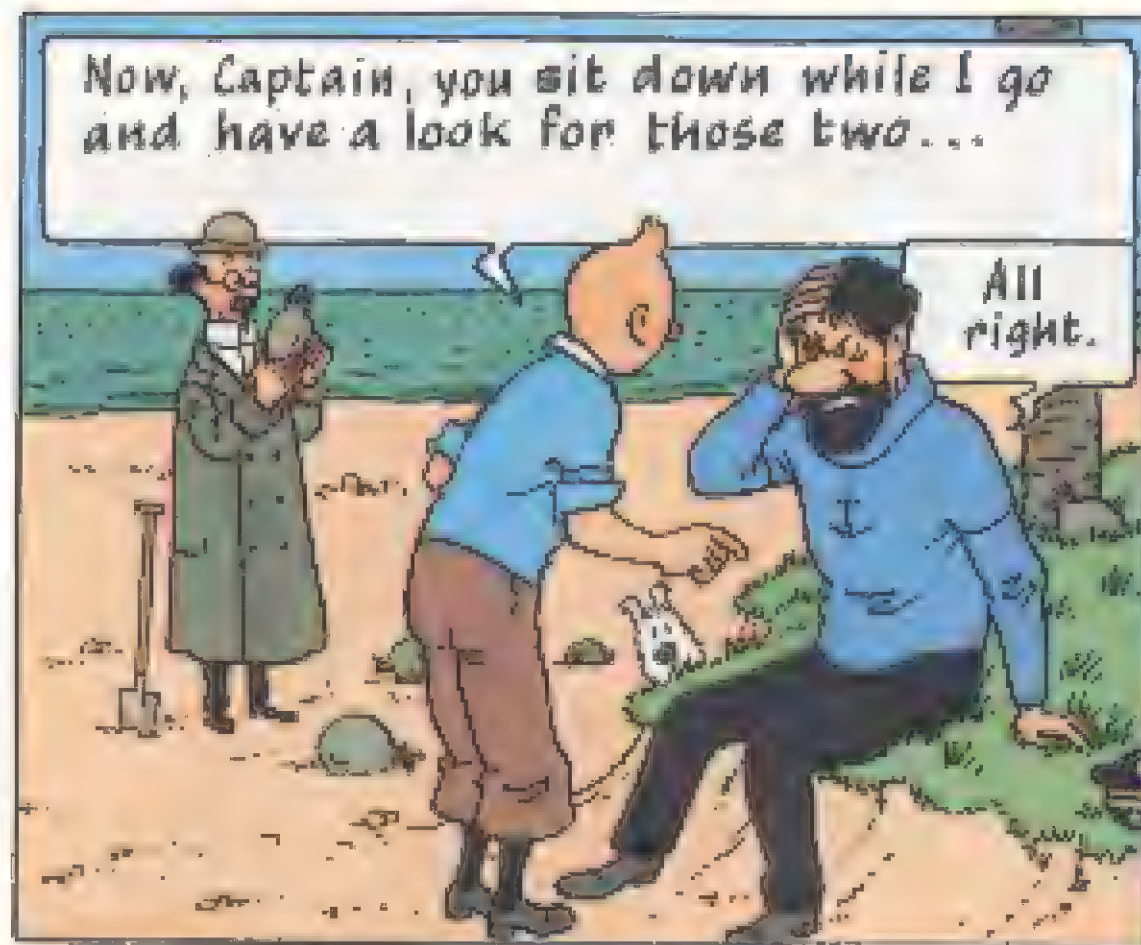
Well, Professor Calculus, we can never thank you enough!

It is rather rough..









13

SUNDAY

Still no luck, Captain...



14

MONDAY



15

TUESDAY



?



What... What's happening?... It looks as if...



Oh dear, I'm right! ... I must warn the Captain!



Come on, Captain, don't let this upset you. It's bad luck, I know, but you must make the best of it...



Captain!... Captain!... The ship is sailing!

Well, what would you like it to do? Dance a jig?



Ah, I see now. At last you have realised that the UNICORN is not where you were looking; you are steering westwards. I understand..



I've had enough! Come with me!



You see that, eh? I suppose it's the Figure-head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn! But what about my pendulum, which swung to the west?... How extraordinary...



16

WEDNESDAY

17

THURSDAY

18

FRIDAY

19

SATURDAY

20

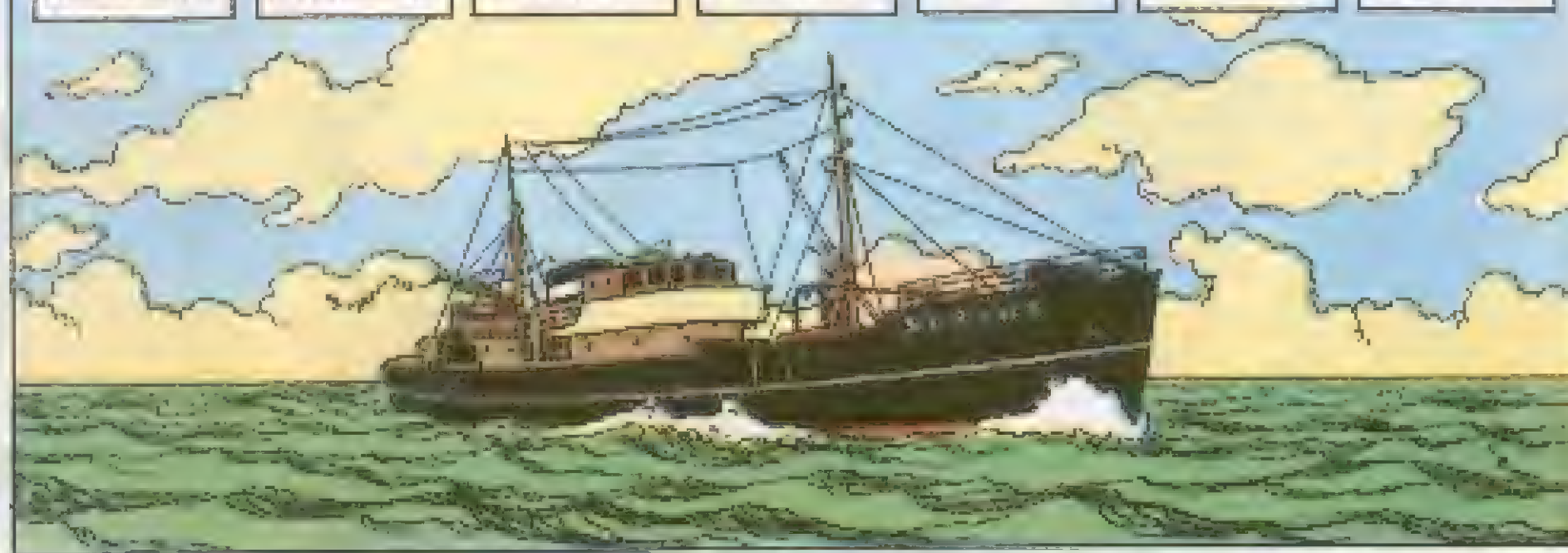
SUNDAY

21

MONDAY

22

TUESDAY





RRRING
RRRING

Hello. Yes...
"Daily Reporter"
...Yes...What?
The SIRIUS has
docked?...Are
you sure?...
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you
Rogers?... Go to the
docks at once. The
SIRIUS has just come
in...I want a good
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you
now. I'll have my submarine collected
tomorrow morning.

All right. Good.



Now, please let me thank
you, Captain. You have
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes, Captain. Thanks to
you, I shall always have unfor-
gettable memories of my stay
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce
myself: Ken Rogers
of the "Daily Reporter"

"Daily Reporter"?
Wasn't yours the
paper that gave
the news of our
departure?



It was!... And we
would like to publish
a sensational article
about your trip. May
I ask you a few
questions?

Of course...



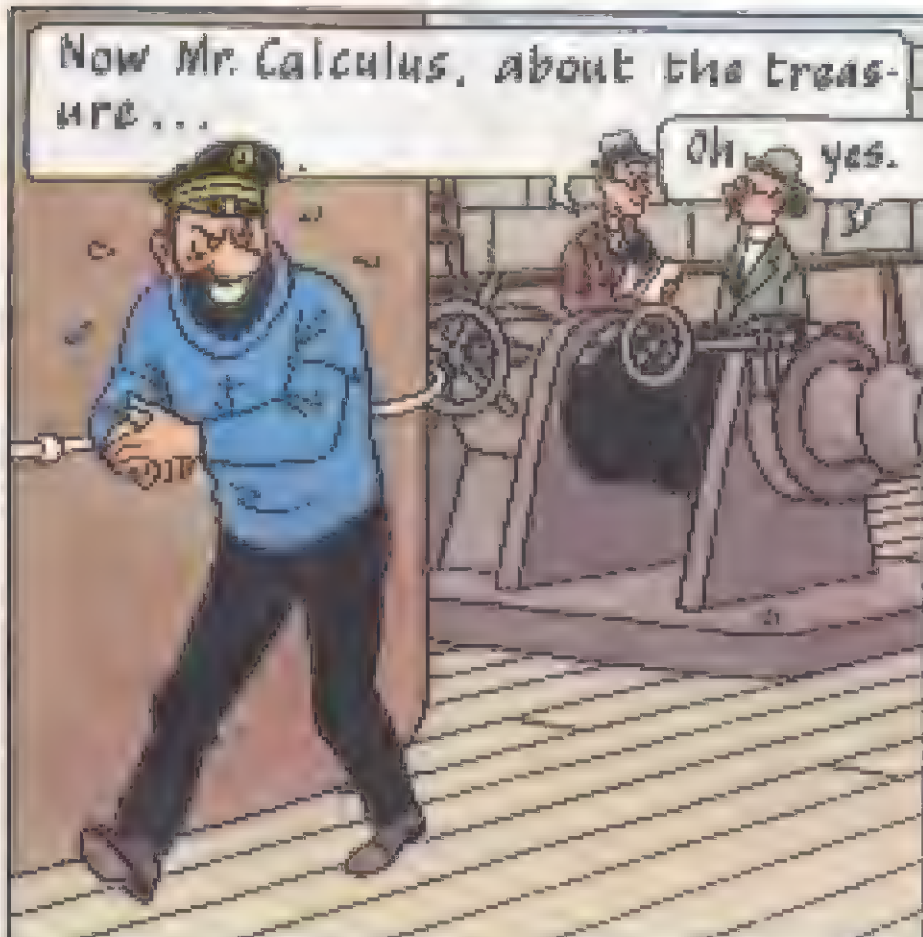
I'm rather busy myself. This
is my secretary, Mr. Calcul-
us; he will be happy to
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted...



Now Mr. Calculus, about the treas-
ure...

Oh, yes.



I'm sure you have it
there, in that suit-
case...

Thank you,
I'll carry it
myself.



I can understand
that!... Now tell me,
what does the treasure
consist of?

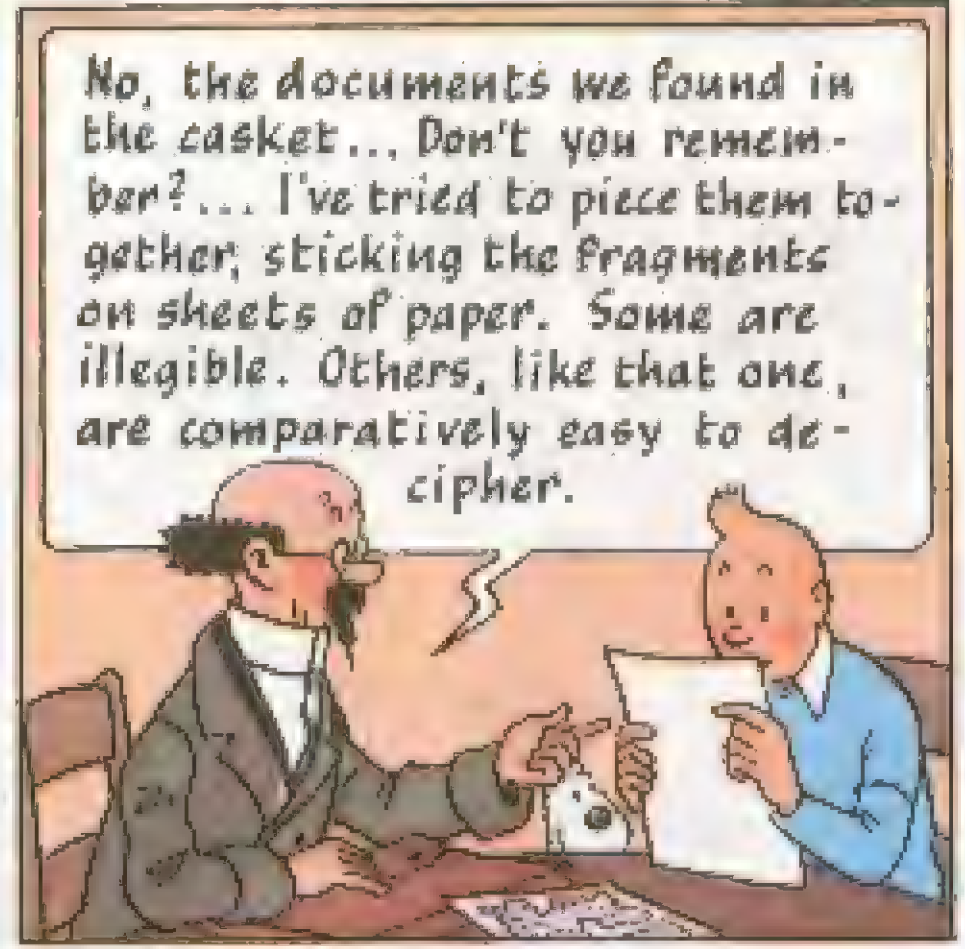
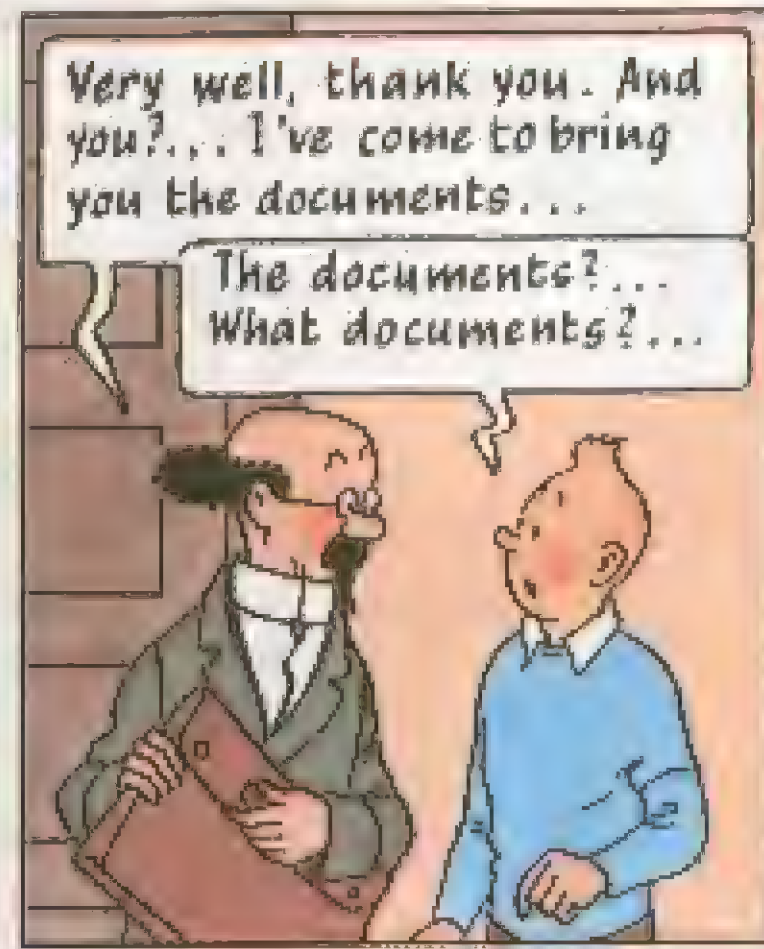
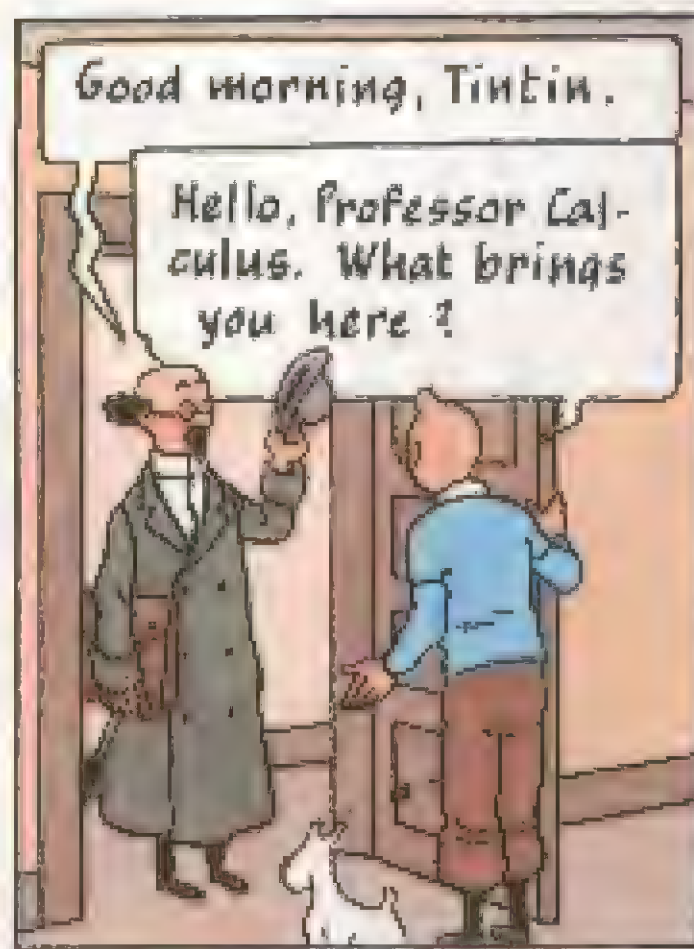
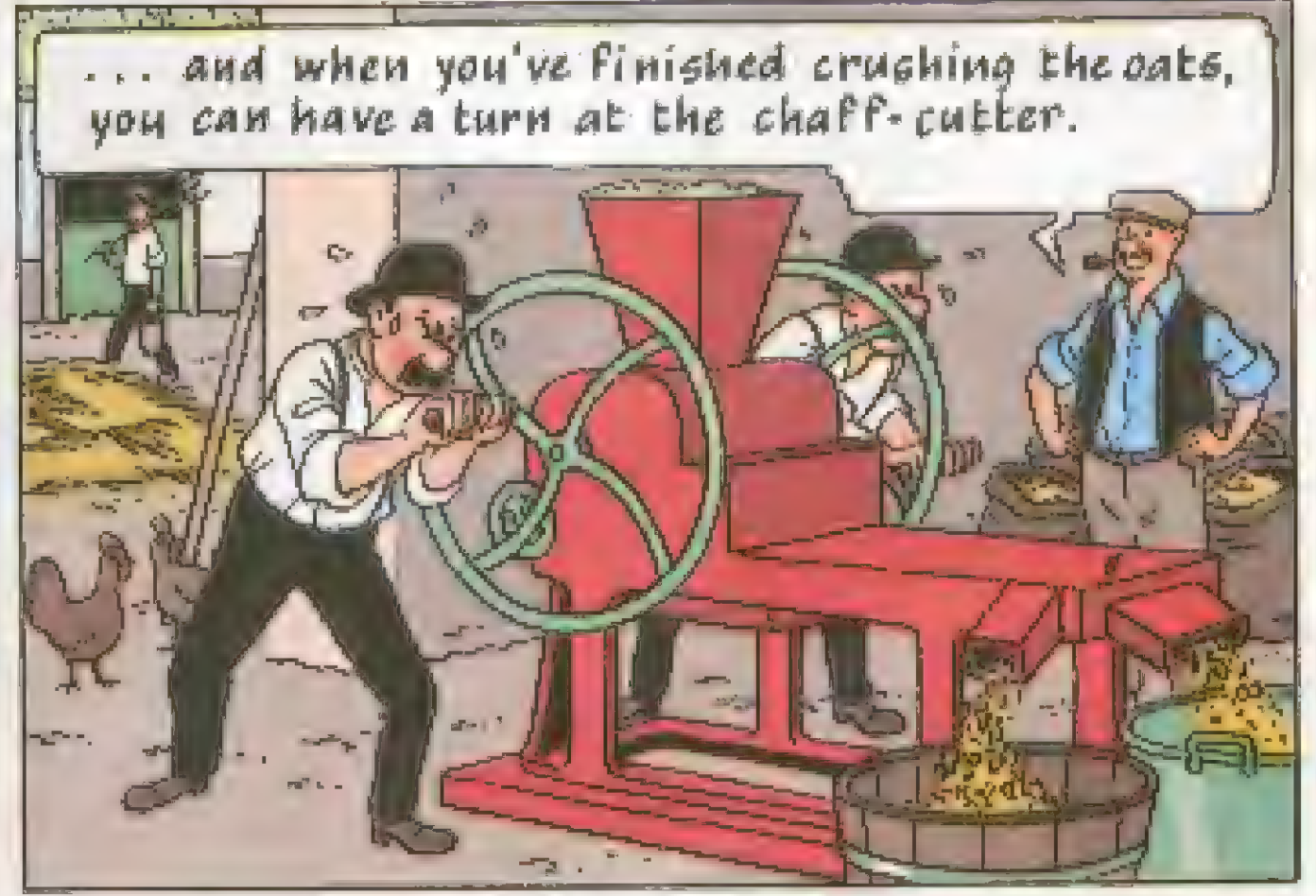
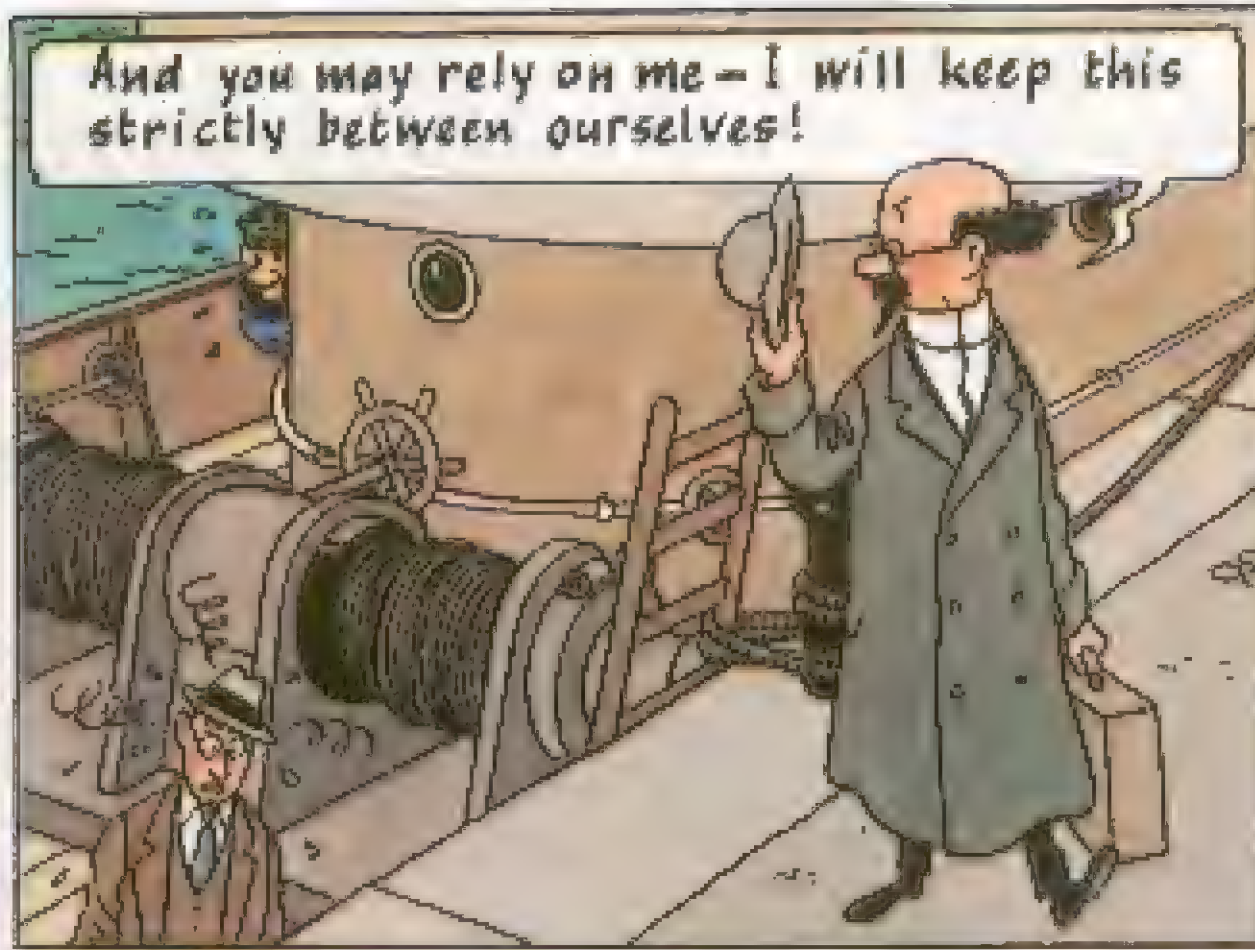
No?... Not
really?...



No, I asked you what
was in the treasure
you found. Was it
gold?... Pearls?...
Diamonds?

Incredible! I
don't believe a
word of it!





Charles the Second, by ye Grace
of God King of England, desir-
ing to reward Our trusty and
beloved Knight, Francis Had-
dock... Blistering barnacles!

The rest! Read
the rest!

Charles the Second by ye Grace
ing to reward Our trusty and entia-
ved Knight Francis Haddock. For
Our Natty for his devoted serv-
by grant and bestow Our
our Manor of Marlinspike
Messages and commands, as
foresaid. Given and delivered
and this fifteenth day of July
eighth year of

Thundering ty-
phoons! Am I
dreaming! It's Mar-
linspike Hall!...
Marlinspike, my
family estate! It's
Fantas-...tic!

But you don't know the latest!
Wait, you'll see...

Here... read this!

Well, what about
that?

PROPERTY

JAMES BIDDUP & CO.

For Sale by Auction
ON SATURDAY,
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully
appointed, and historic residence
extensive parkland and

What about it?... Well, Captain,
it's quite simple. Your family
estate is for sale?... You must
buy it back!

Buy it back?
With what?

That's true... We need
some money.

Heigh-ho!... If only
we'd found that
wretched treasure,
there'd be no
question.

May I please have
a look too?

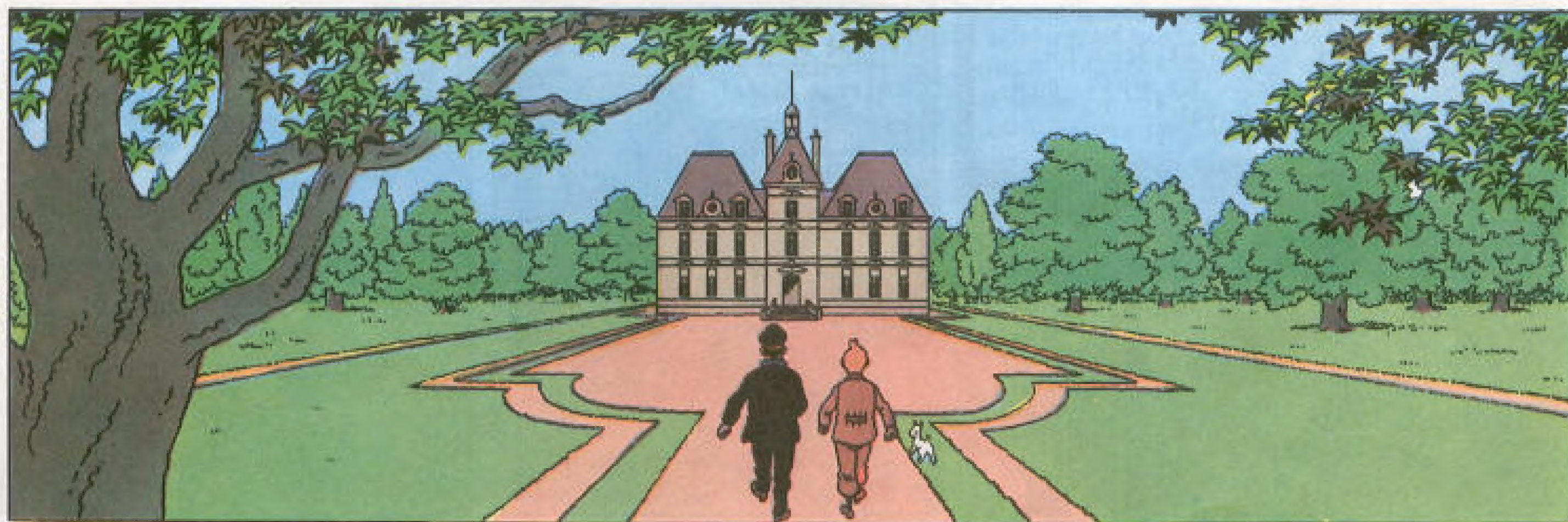
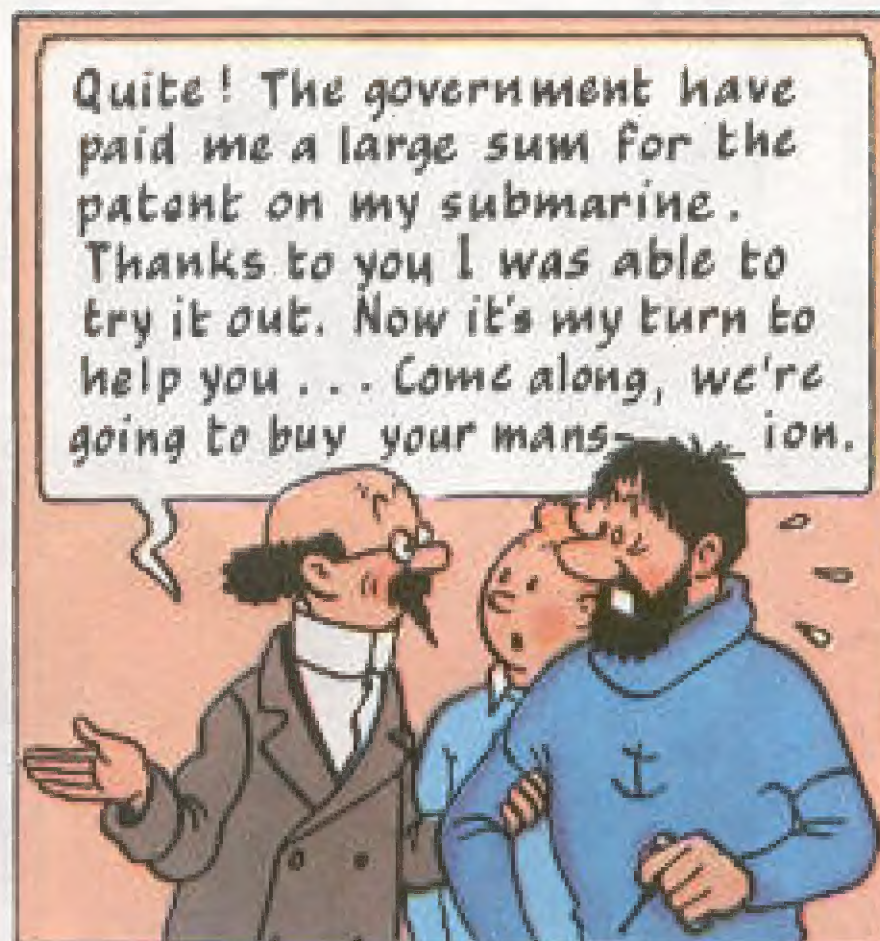
Of course.

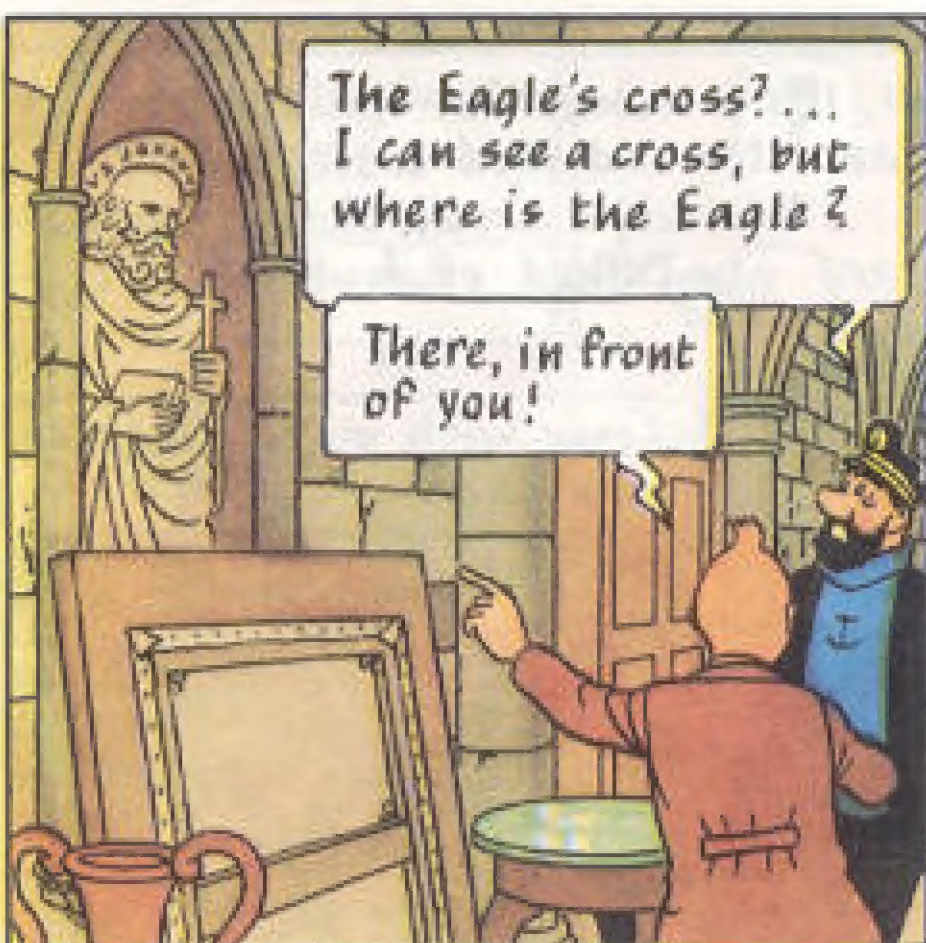
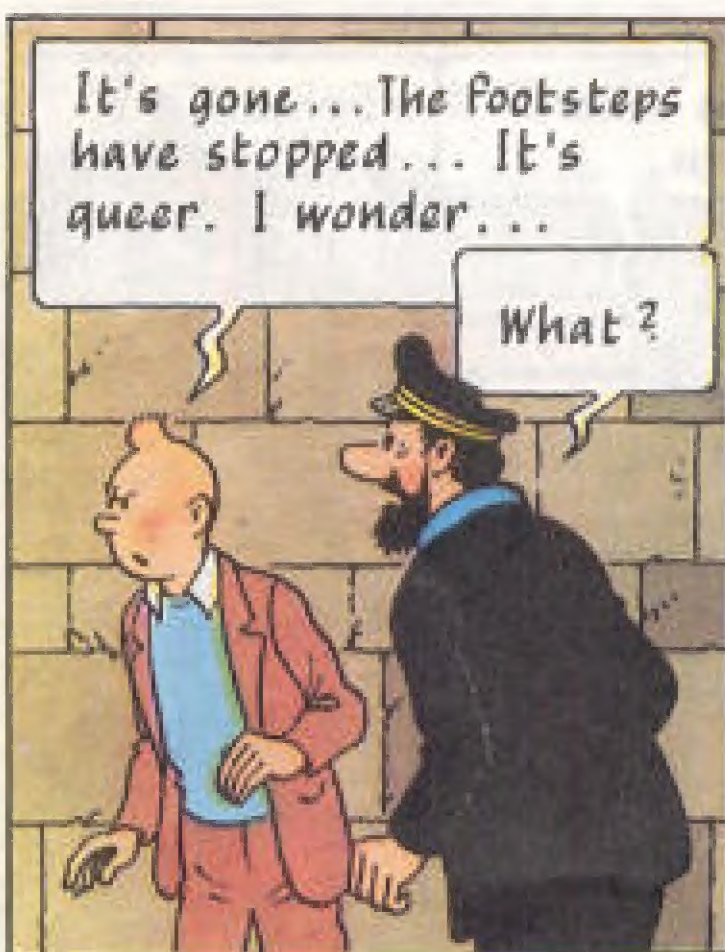
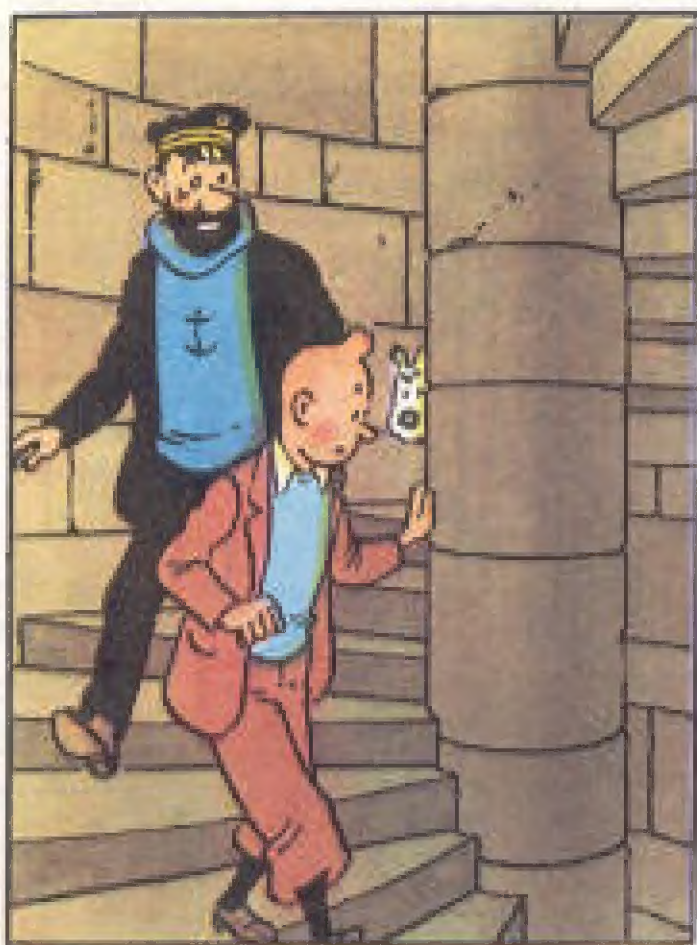
Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for
sale!... Look! We must buy
it back!

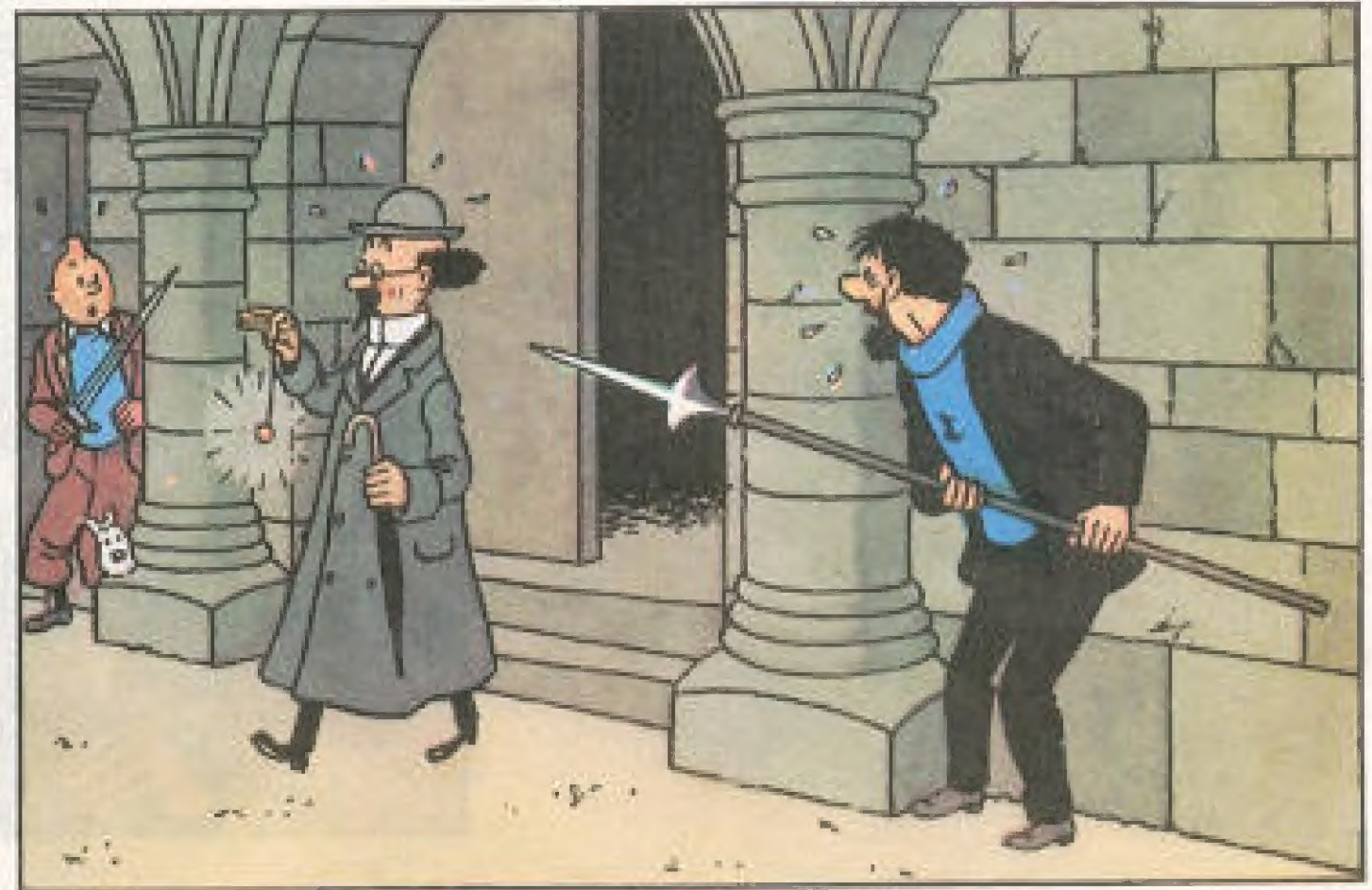
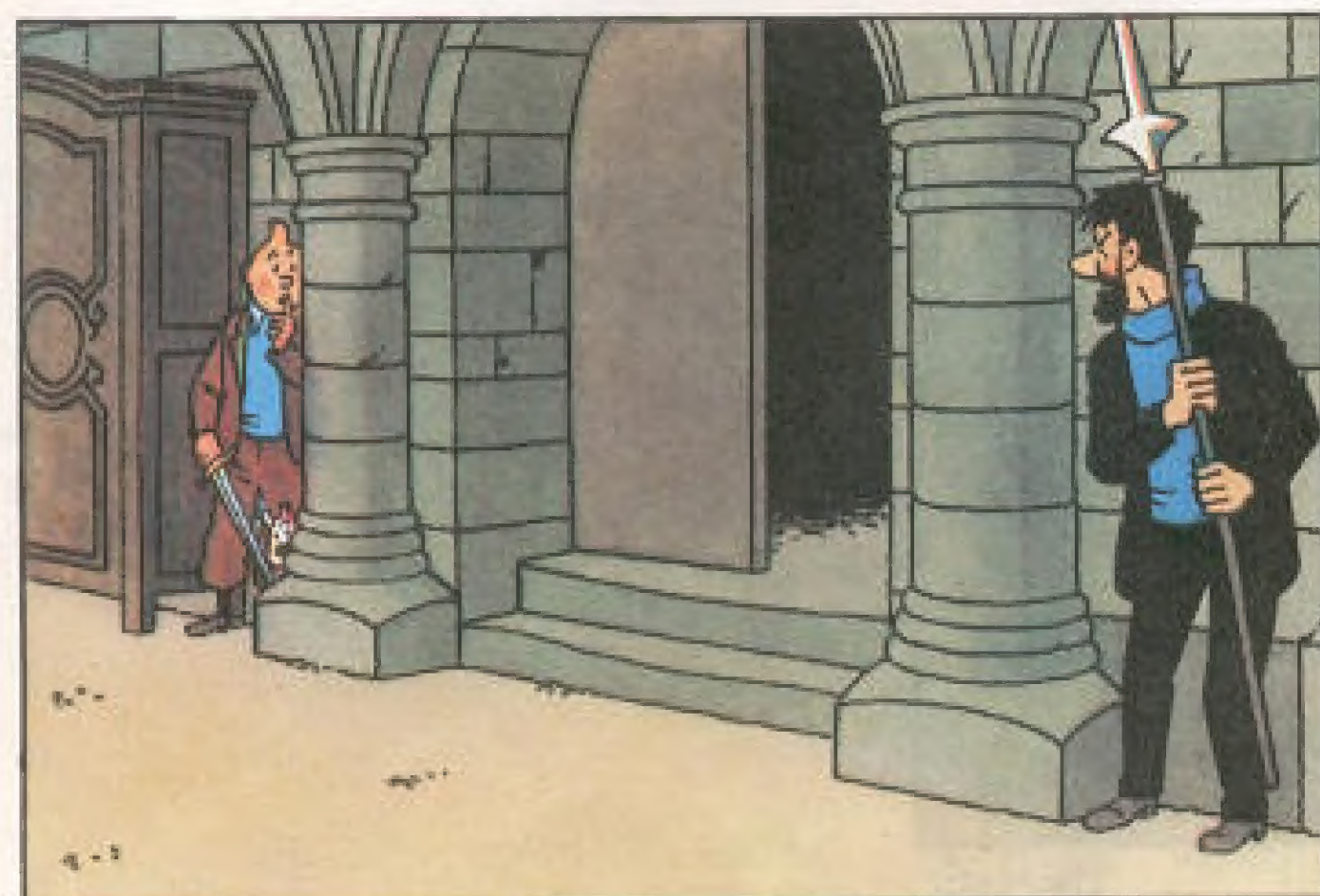
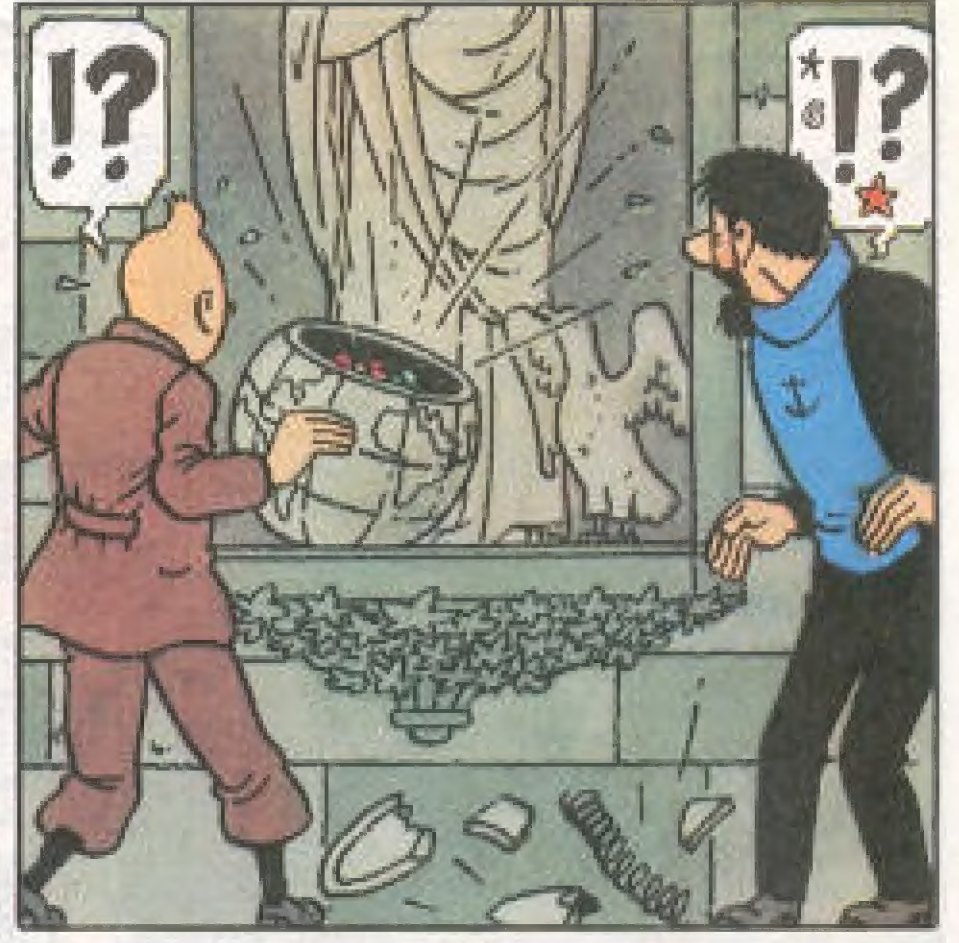
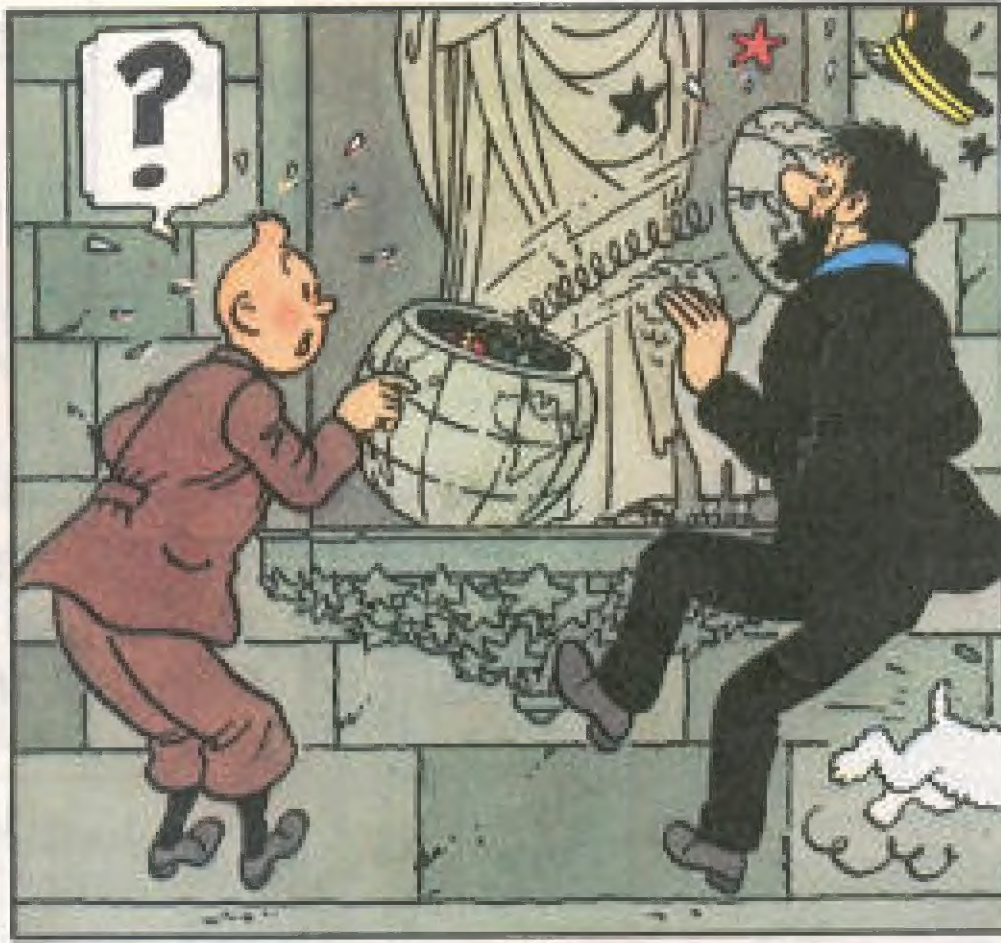
Oh,
yes?

Buy it back?... That's
easy, eh?... What about
the money? I suppose
you've got the money, eh?

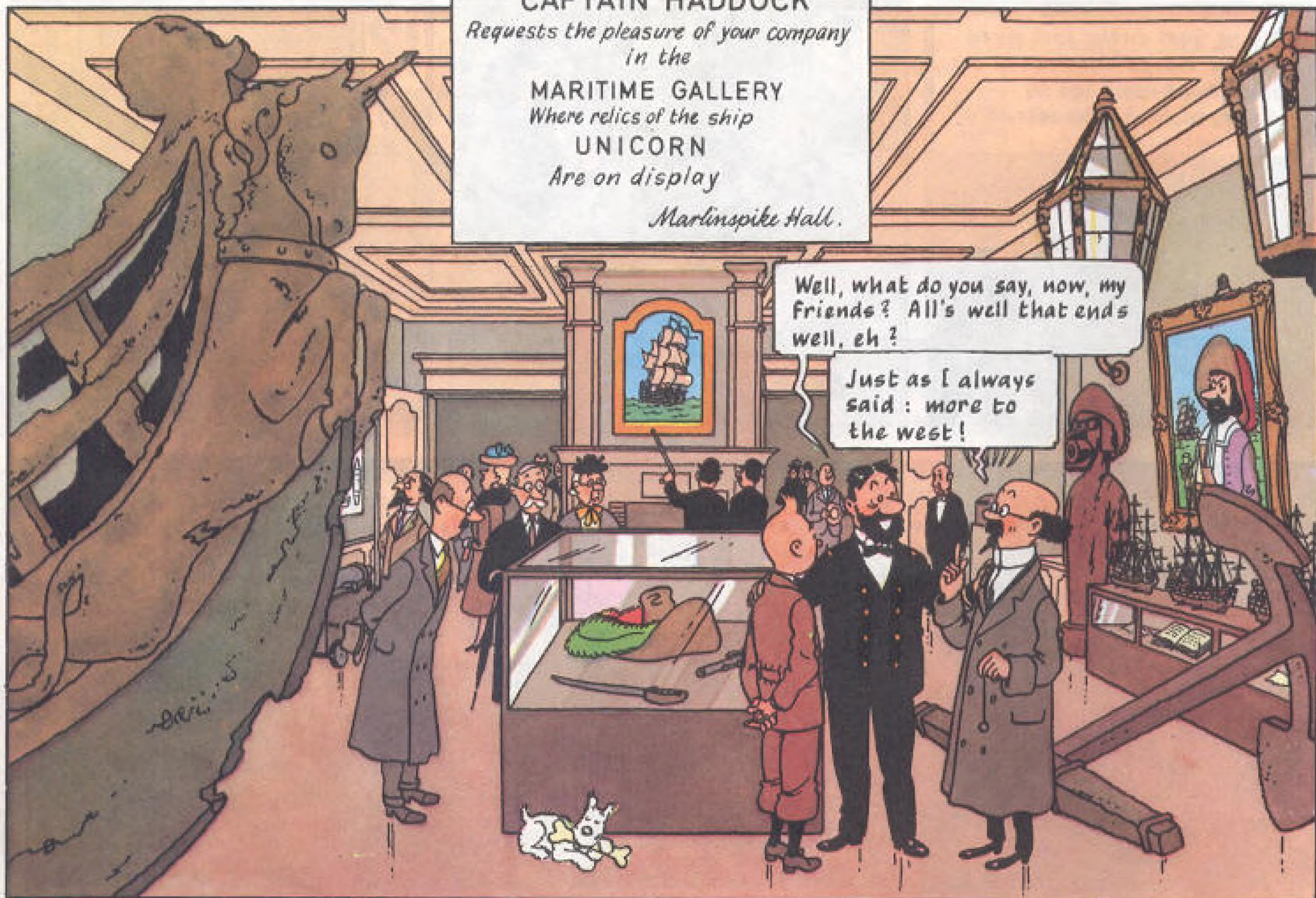
Oh, yes, money!...
That doesn't matter!...





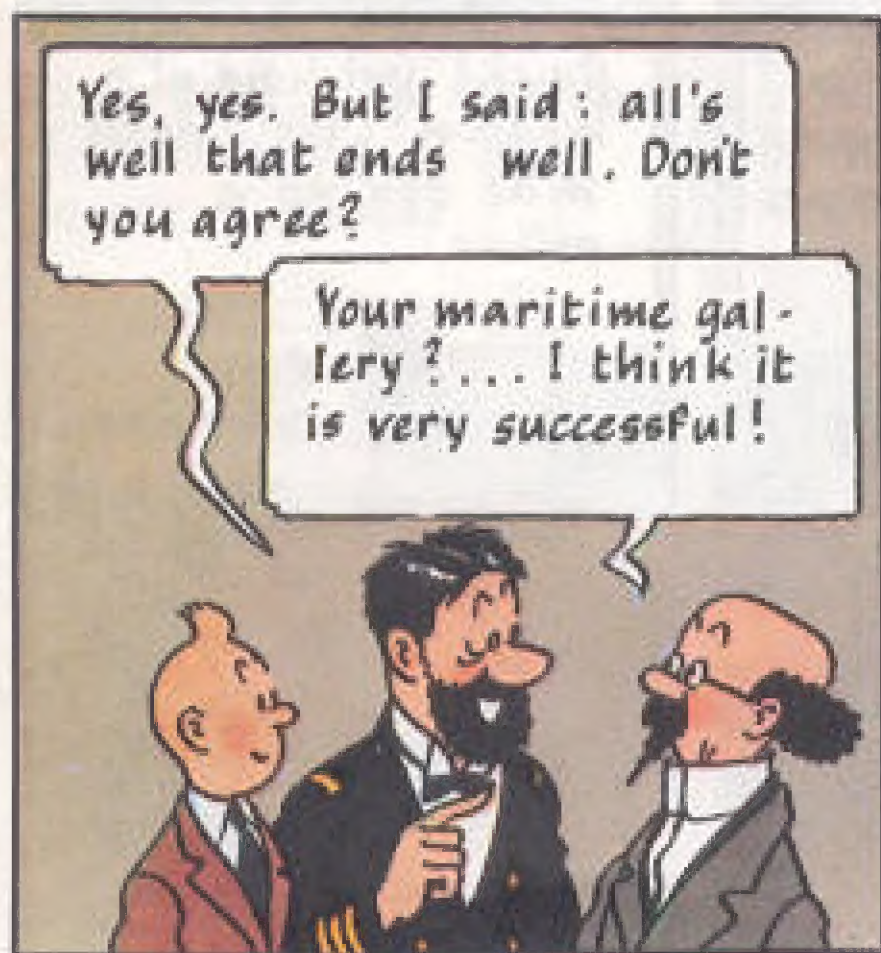


CAPTAIN HADDOCK
Requests the pleasure of your company
in the
MARITIME GALLERY
Where relics of the ship
UNICORN
Are on display
Marlinspike Hall.



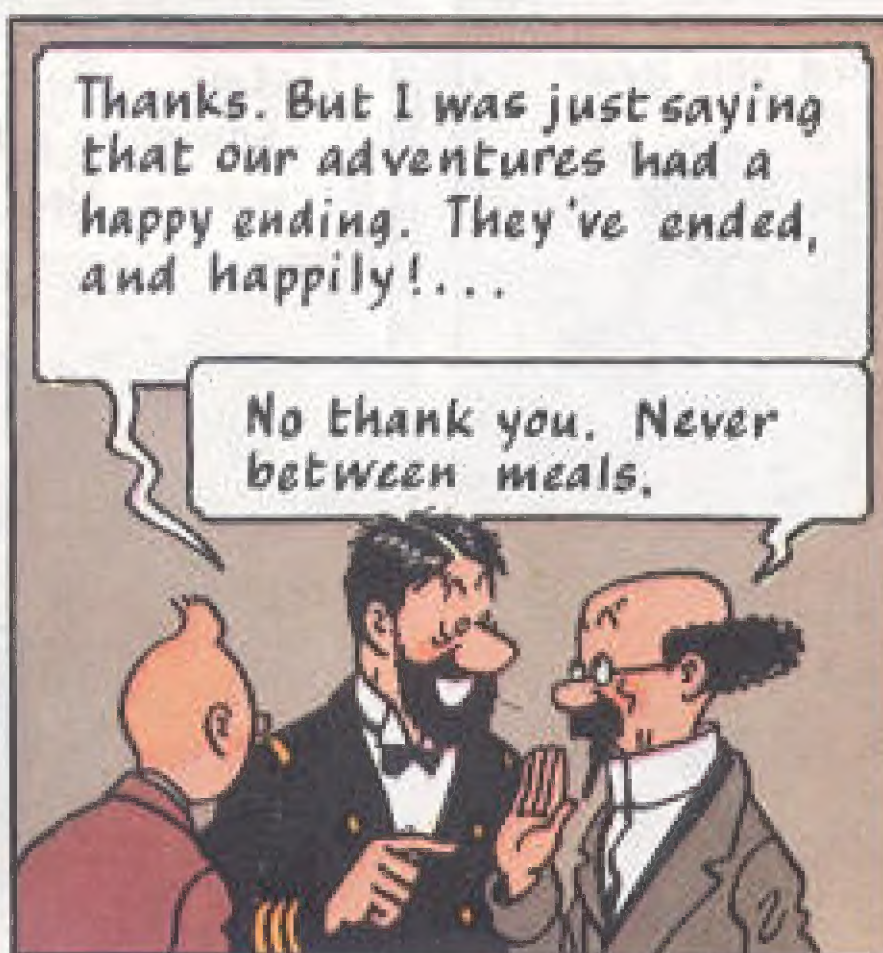
Yes, yes. But I said: all's well that ends well. Don't you agree?

Your maritime gallery? ... I think it is very successful!



Thanks. But I was just saying that our adventures had a happy ending. They've ended, and happily!...

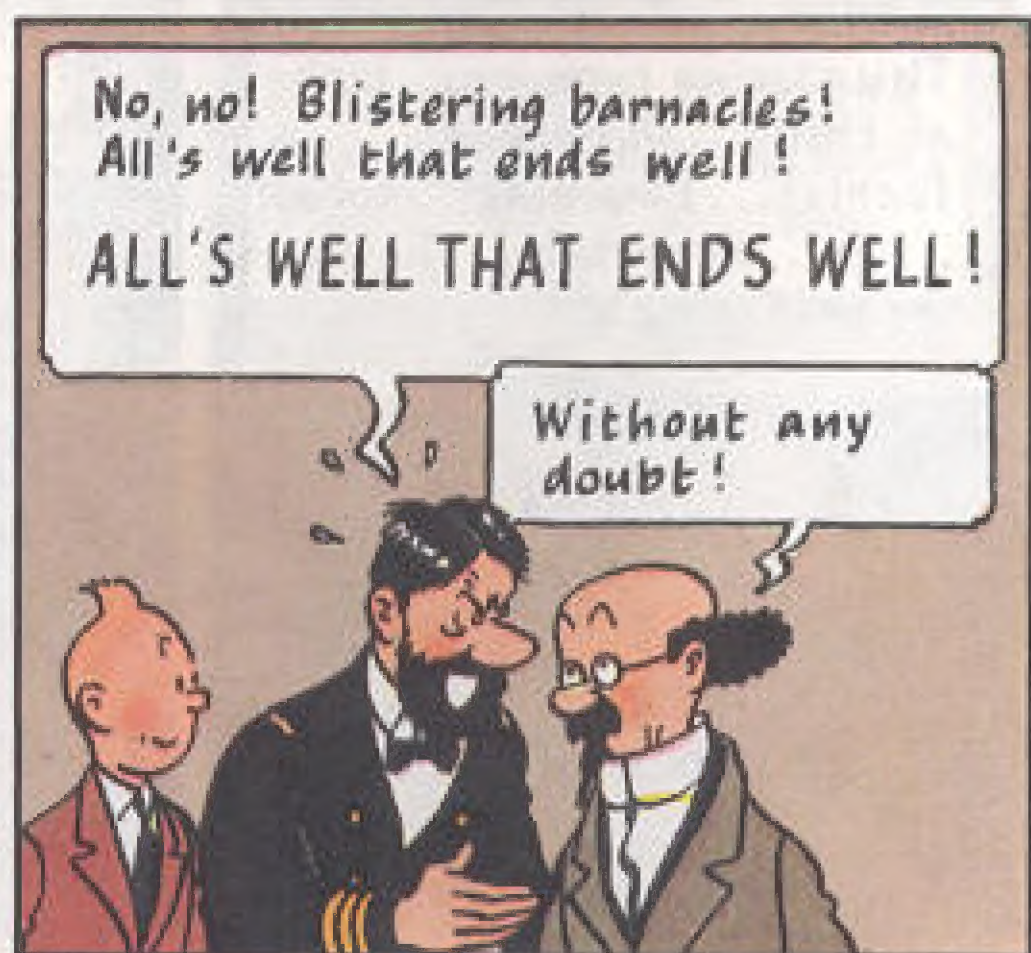
No thank you. Never between meals.



No, no! Blistering barnacles! All's well that ends well!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

Without any doubt!



... and this is just the moment to quote that old saying: All's well that ends well!



HERGE.